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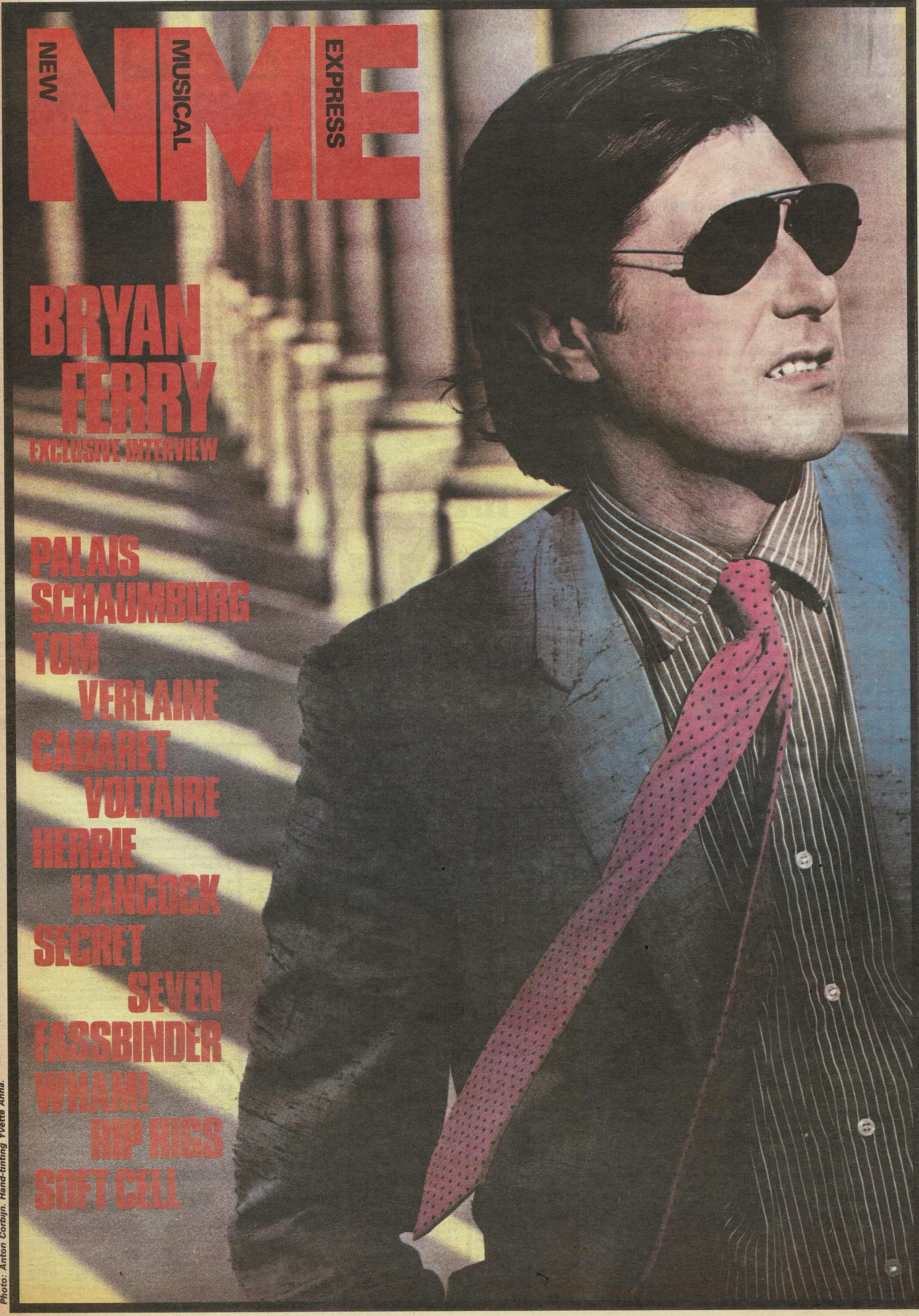
NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS



BRYAN FERRY
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

PALAIS SCHAUMBURG
TOM VERLAINE
CABARET VOLTAIRE
HERBIE HANCOCK
SECRET SEVEN
FASSBINDER
WHAM!
RIP RIGS
SOFT CELL

Photo: Anton Corbijn. Hand-tinting Yvette Anna.

UK SINGLES

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	2	**GOODY TWO SHOES**	**Adam (CBS)**	5	1
2	3	TORCH	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	3	2
3	1	HOUSE OF FUN	Madness (Stiff)	5	1
4	4	THE LOOK OF LOVE	ABC (Neutron / Phonogram)	5	4
5	8	HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF	Duran Duran (EMI)	5	5
6	9	I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME	Charlene (Motown)	3	6
7	6	FANTASY ISLAND	Tight Fit (Jive)	7	3
8	7	MAMA USED TO SAY	Junior (Mercury)	5	7
9	5	ONLY YOU	Yazoo (Mute)	6	4
10	14	3x3 (EP)	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	4	10
11	28	I WANT CANDY	Bow Wow Wow (RCA)	2	11
12	18	I'M A WONDERFUL THING (BABY)	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Ze/Island)	2	12
13	11	ISLAND OF LOST SOULS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	6	11
14	21	THE TELEPHONE	Fun Boy 3 (Chrysalis)	5	14
15	11	I WON'T LET YOU DOWN	PhD (WEA)	8	1
16	13	FORGET ME NOT	Patrice Rushen (Elektra)	6	10
17	10	CLUB COUNTRY	Associates (Associates)	5	10
18	24	WORK THAT BODY	Diana Ross (Capitol)	2	18
19	22	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST	Iron Maiden (EMI)	5	15
20	20	FIREWORKS	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	3	20
21	30	BRAVE NEW WORLD	Toyah (Safari)	3	21
22	(—)	TEMPTATION	New Order (Factory)	3	23
23	16	GIRL CRAZY	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	7	7
24	25	DO I DO	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	2	24
25	23	THE BACK OF LOVE	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	3	20
26	(—)	GOING TO A GO GO	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	1	26
27	15	A LITTLE PEACE	Nicole (CBS)	7	1
28	29	BEATLES MOVIE MEDLEY	The Beatles (Parlophone)	2	28
29	(—)	IKO IKO	Belle Stars (Stiff)	1	29
30	(—)	SHE DON'T FOOL ME	Status Quo (Vertigo/Phonogram)	1	30

Randy Crawford in at No. 9 *Pic: Anton Corbijn*

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS HOT PARADE

UK LONG PLAYERS

ONE	Last Week			Weeks in	Highest
	4	**AVALON**	**Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)**	3	1
2	24	STILL LIFE (American Concert '81)	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)	2	2
3	1	COMPLETE MADNESS	Madness (Stiff)	8	1
4	(—)	THREE SIDES LIVE	Genesis (Charisma/Phonogram)	1	4
5	3	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	4	2
6	9	ORIGINAL MUSIQUARIUM	Stevie Wonder (Motown)	4	6
7	8	NIGHT BIRDS	Shakatak (Polydor)	5	6
8	11	THE HUNTER	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	8
9	(—)	WINDSONG	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	1	9
10	13	PELICAN WEST	Haircut 100 (Arista)	16	1
11	5	LIVE IN BRITAIN	Barry Manilow (Arista)	7	1
12	(—)	ARE YOU READY	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	5	9
13	17	CHARIOTS OF FIRE (Soundtrack)	Vangelis (Polydor)	24	6
14	19	SULK	Associates (Associates)	4	14
15	2	HOT SPACE	Queen (EMI)	5	2
16	15	TROPICAL GANGSTERS	Kid Creole & The Coconuts (Island)	3	15
17	5	TUG OF WAR	Paul McCartney (EMI)	7	1
18	12	THE EAGLE HAS LANDED	Saxon (Carrere)	4	8
19	10	THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST	Iron Maiden (EMI)	10	1
20	(—)	JI	Junior (Mercury/Phonogram)	1	20
21	20	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meatloaf (Epic)	33	9
22	7	CHARTBUSTERS 82	Various (Ronco)	5	3
23	29	SELECT	Kim Wilde (RAK)	3	15
24	16	PINKY BLUE	Altered Images (Epic)	5	12
25	18	THE CONCERTS IN CHINA	Jean Michel Jarre (Polydor)	5	8
26	(—)	SCREAMING BLUE MURDER	Girlschool (Bronze)	1	26
27	21	COMBAT ROCK	The Clash (FMLN)	5	6
28	(26)	NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET	Soft Cell (Some Bizzare/Phonogram)	19	5
29	13	STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART	Patrice Rushen (Elektra)	5	13
30	25	PhD	PhD (WEA)	2	25

INDEPENDENT SINGLES

1	(1)	**Temptation**	New Order (Factory)
2	(2)	**Only You**	Yazoo (Mute)
3	(3)	**Faithless**	Scritti Politti (Rough Trade)
4	(6)	**Brave New World**	Toyah (Safari)
5	(23)	**Waiting For The Blackout**	Damned (Big Beat)
6	(7)	**The Meaning Of Love**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
7	(4)	**Love Is All — Is Alright**	UB40 (Dep Int)
8	(5)	**El Salvador**	Insane (No Future)
9	(10)	**Fashion**	Charge (Kamera)
10	(9)	**Xo Yo**	Passage (Cherry Red)
11	(17)	**I've Got A Gun**	Channel 3 (No Future)
12	(—)	**Total Noise EP**	Various (Total Noise)
13	(8)	**Survival**	Defects (WXYZ)
14	(12)	**Angel Face**	Outcasts (Outcasts Only)
15	(14)	**Bela Lugosi's Dead**	Bauhaus (Small Wonder)
16	(13)	**View From Her Room**	Weekend (Rough Trade)
17	(—)	**Total Noise (EP)**	Various (Total Noise)
18	(20)	**Tearing Up The Place**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
19	(16)	**Attack/Alternatives**	Exploited (Exploited)
20	(18)	**Pagan Love Song**	Virgin Prunes (Rough Trade)
21	(11)	**Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag**	Pigbag (Y)
22	(22)	**La Vache Qui Rit**	Zounds (No So Brave)
23	(27)	**Overspill EP**	Skroteez (Skroteez)
24	(15)	**Nazi Punks Fuck Off**	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
25	(—)	**The Warfare EP**	The System (Spider Leg)
26	(21)	**No Doves Fly Here**	The Mob (Crass)
27	(25)	**I Think I Need Help**	Farmers Boys (Waap)
28	(29)	**The Hop**	Theatre Of Hate (Burning Rome)
29	(—)	**Sick Boy**	GBH (Clay)
30	(—)	**Woman**	Anti Nowhere League (WXYZ)

INDEPENDENT LONG PLAYERS

1	(1)	**We Are The League**	A.N. League (WXYZ)
2	(2)	**Hear Nothing, See Nothing**	Discharge (Clay)
3	(4)	**He Who Dares Live**	Theatre Of Hate (SSSS)
4	(5)	**Wargasm**	Various (Pax)
5	(3)	**Dr Heckle And Mr Jive**	Pigbag (Y)
6	(13)	**Greatest Hits.**	Blue Orchids (Rough Trade)
7	(6)	**4th Drawer Down**	Associates (Situation 2)
8	(—)	**2 × 45**	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
9	(8)	**Two Bad DJ**	Eastwood and Saint (Greensleeves)
10	(11)	**After The Snow**	Modern English (4AD)
11	(12)	**Speak And Spell**	Depeche Mode (Mute)
12	(7)	**Evacuate**	Chelsea (Step Forward)
13	(9)	**The Good, The Bad And The 4-Skins**	4 Skins (Secret)
14	(21)	**In The Flat Field**	Bauhaus (4AD)
15	(19)	**Movement**	New Order (Factory)
16	(14)	**Skinhead Anthem**	Last Resort (Last Resort)
17	(25)	**Metal On Metal**	Anvil (Attic)
18	(20)	**Nothing Can Stop Us Now**	Robert Wyatt (R. Trade)
19	(18)	**Hex Enduction Hour**	Fall (Kamera)
20	(—)	**The Changeling**	Toyah (Safari)
21	(15)	**Seven Songs**	23 Skidoo (Fetish)
22	(10)	**Punk'n'Disorderly**	Various (Abstract)
23	(22)	**Shoot Out The Lights**	Richard And Linda Thompson (Hannibal)
24	(16)	**Mr Yellow Man**	Yellow Man (G/sleeves)
25	(17)	**Chronic Generation**	Chron Gen (Secret)
26	(23)	**Still**	Joy Division (Factory)
27	(—)	**Scientist Wins The World Cup**	Scientist (G/Sleeves)
28	(27)	**Mundell**	Hugh Mundell (Greensleeves)
29	(—)	**Live At Last**	Q Tips (Rewynd)
30	(—)	**Animals Soundtrack**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)

REGGAE SINGLES

1	**Rock Steady Party**	Leroy Sibbles (Gorgon)
2	**Come When Jah Call You**	Michigan & Smiley (Jah Guidance)
3	**How You Come A Dance**	Yellow Man (GG)
4	**Nah Leave Me Chahva**	Charlie Chaplin (Rove)
5	**For Hope and Renewal**	Eek A Mouse (Volcano)
6	**Pain A Back**	Ringo (MIC)
7	**Declaration Of Rights**	Abyssininians / Sir Harry (Church)
8	**Sweetie Come Brush Me**	John Holt (Volcano)
9	**Unmetered Taxi**	Sly & Robbie (Taxi)
10	**Load Shedding**	Jr Murvin (GG)
11	**In This Jungle**	George Jullwood (Roots Tradition)
12	**Why Fools**	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
13	**Don't Be Surprised**	Jr Byles (Morwell esq.)
14	**Conqueror**	Big Youth (Negusa Negast)
15	**Jack Sprat**	Yellowman (GG)

LPs

1	**Chill Out**	Black Uhuru (Island)
2	**Big Ship**	Freddy McGregor (Greensleeves)
3	**Love Has Found Its Way**	Dennis Brown (A&M)
4	**Live At channel One (Dub)**	Roots Radics (3rd World)
5	**Across The Red Sea**	Bim Sherman (on-U-Sound)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, W.1.

US SINGLES

1 **Ebony And Ivory** — Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Columbia)
2 **Don't Talk To Strangers** — Rick Springfield (RCA)
3 **Don't You Want Me** — The Human League (A & M/Virgin)
4 **The Other Woman** — Ray Parker Jr. (Arista)
5 **Always On My Mind** — Willie Nelson (Columbia)
6 **Heat Of The Moment** — Asia (Warner Bros)
7 **Rosanna** — Toto (Columbia)
8 **Crimson And Clover** — Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Boardwalk)
9 **867-5309/Jenny** — Tommy Tutone (Columbia)
10 **It's Gonna Take A Miracle** — Deniece Williams (Columbia)

US LPs

1 **Tug Of War** — Paul McCartney (Columbia)
2 **Asia** — Asia (Warner Bros)
3 **Diver Down** — Van Halen (Warner Bros)
4 **Stevie Wonder's Original Musiquarium** — Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
5 **Success Hasn't Spoiled Me Yet** — Rick Springfield (RCA)
6 **Dare** — The Human League (A&M/Virgin)
7 **Always On My Mind** — Willie Nelson (Columbia)
8 **Aldo Nova** — Aldo Nova (Epic)
9 **Toto IV** — Toto (Columbia)
10 **Chariots Of Fire** — Vangelis (Polydor)

Courtesy Billboard

AUSTRALIA

1 **Mickey** — Toni Basil (Radialchoice)
2 **I Love Rock 'n' Roll** — Joan Jett & The Blackhearts (Liberation)
3 **Ebony And Ivory** — Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)
4 **Key Largo** — Bertie Higgins (Epic)
5 **Have You Ever Been In Love** — Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
6 **It Must Be Love** — Madness (Stiff)
7 **Forever Now** — Cold Chisel (WEA)
8 **Body And Soul** — Jo Kennedy (Mushroom)
9 **Believe It Or Not** — Joey Scarbury (Elektra)
10 **Be Good Johnny** — Men At Work (WBE)

Courtesy Kent Music Report/Billboard

FIVE YEARS AGO

1 **Show You The Way To Go** — The Jacksons (Epic)
2 **Lucille** — Kenny Rogers (UA)
3 **God Save The Queen** — Sex Pistols (Virgin)
4 **You're Moving Out Today** — Carole Bayer Sager (Elektra)
5 **I Don't Want To Talk About It/The First Cut Is The Deepest** — Rod Stewart (Riva)
6 **Telephone Line** — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
7 **A Star Is Born (Evergreen)** — Barbra Streisand (CBS)
8 **Halfway Down The Stairs** — The Muppets (Pye)
9 **So You Win Again** — Hot Chocolate (Rak)
10 **Fanfare For The Common Man** — Emerson Lake & Palmer (Atlantic)

TEN YEARS AGO

1 **Vincent** — Don McLean (United Artists)
2 **Take Me Bak 'Ome** — Slade (Polydor)
3 **Rockin' Robin** — Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
4 **California Man** — The Move (Harvest)
5 **Metal Guru** — T. Rex (T. Rex Wax Company)
6 **Mary Had A Little Lamb** — Wings (Apple)
7 **Saturday Night At The Movies/At The Club** — The Drifters
8 **Oh Babe What Would You Say?** — Hurricane Smith (Columbia)
9 **Sister Jane** — New World (Rak)
10 **Rock And Roll Pt. 1 & 2** — Gary Glitter (Bell)

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

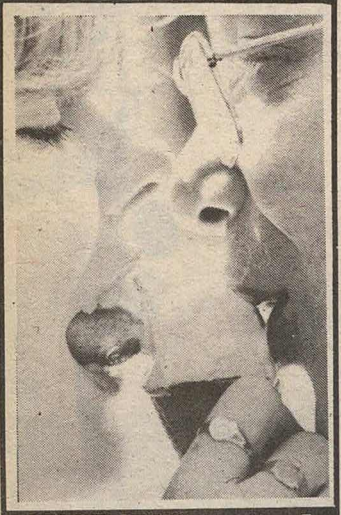
1 **Whiter Shade Of Pale** — Procol Harum (Deram)
2 **There Goes My Everything** — Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
3 **Carrie Anne** — Hollies (Parlophone)
4 **Silence Is Golden** — Tremeloes (CBS)
5 **Waterloo Sunset** — Kinks (Pye)
6 **Okay!** — Dave, Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Tich (Fontana)
7 **The Happening** — Supremes (Tamla Motown)
8 **Paper Sun** — Trafffic (Island)
9 **Sweet Soul Music** — Arthur Conley (Atlantic)
10 **Groovin'** — Young Rascals (Atlantic)

TWENTY YEARS AGO

1 **Come Outside** — Mike Sarne (Parlophone)
2 **Good Luck Charm** — Elvis Presley (RCA)
3 **Picture Of You** — Joe Brown (Piccadilly)
4 **I'm Looking Out The Window** — Cliff Richard (Columbia)
5 **Ginny Come Lately** — Brian Hyland (HMV)
6 **Last Night Was Made For Love** — Billy Fury (Decca)
7 **I Don't Know Why** — Eden Kane (Decca)
8 **I Can't Stop Loving You** — Ray Charles (HMV)
9 **As You Like It** — Adam Faith (Parlophone)
10 **Nut Rocker** — B. Bumble (Top Rank)

NME NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

INSIDE INFORMATION



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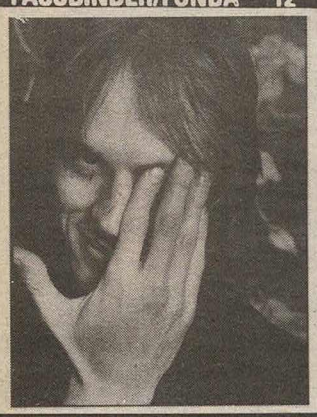

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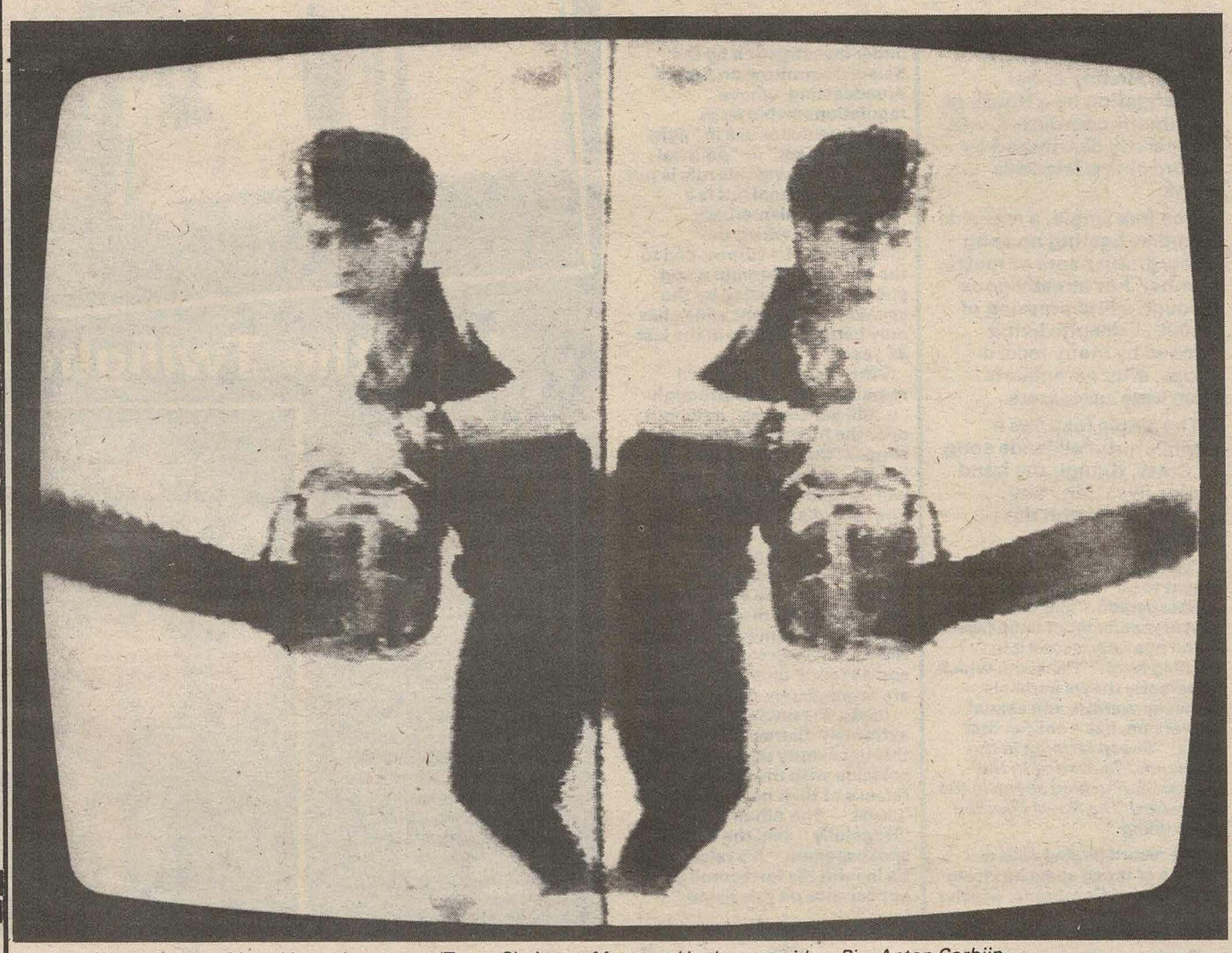
Club audience flees from meat cleaver antics with transsexuals

Soft Cell in 'Sex Dwarf' porn video brouhaha



A slice of the action . . . Marc Almond re-enacts 'Texas Chainsaw Massacre' in the new video. Pic: Anton Corbijn.

By CHRIS BOHN

"SEX DWARF LURES 100 DISCO DOLLIES TO A LIFE OF VICE!!!"

In a bizarre twist to the *News Of The World* headline that inspired a Soft Cell song a controversial new video has landed the duo with their very own tabloid vice story.

The video, which has been described as a pseudo porn version of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre,* features the duo in bondage and leather brandishing a butcher's knife and chainsaw, as well as two transsexuals, the dwarf and pounds of raw meat — in various combinations.

Set among rows of beef carcasses, blood-spattered vocalist Marc Almond is seen massaging his groin while miming to the lyrics of 'Sex Dwarf'. Dave Ball meanwhile brandishes a chainsaw in front of a naked girl strapped to a formica top table.

Later a crate is split open, out of which pops the dwarf — in bondage gear and rapist mask — who drops meat among writhing bodies. Almond strips down to a leather jock strap and throws himself onto the heap. . .

The video has already attracted the *News Of The World's* beady attention. On Sunday they ran a story headed 'Porno Dwarf' alongside an expose of seedy horror porn video businesses. And since its appearance the Soft Cell office has been inundated with calls from the tabloids.

Intended as part of a forthcoming hour-long Soft Cell video LP, it has only been shown once in public — at Hickstead Cinderellas last Friday — where it sparked a near lynching.

The screening came at the tail end of Soft Cell's public appearance there, which by all accounts was fraught with imminent peril. Club manager Lance Nuttall said that Stevo, Soft Cell's manager and Some Bizzare Records label boss, had been winding the audience up before the showing, in his other role of DJ. And after they'd seen the video the audience chased the group off the premises.

Commenting on the incident, Nuttall said: "The group seem

■ *Continues page 5*

Teardrops implode again — to trio size

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES, who've just completed a six-month spell of touring at home and abroad, have slimmed down to trio size — and that's the way they intend to remain. This follows the departure of guitarist Troy Tate who had been with the band for 18 months, and bassist Ron Francois who joined at the end of last year.

So the line-up now consists of founder members Julian Cope and Gary Dwyer, plus Dave Balfe, who's been associated with the Teardops from the start as producer and keyboards player. In fact, it's this reduced line-up that's featured on the current single 'Tiny Children'.

No replacements are being sought, as the change is in keeping with the group's policy of maintaining a flexible personnel, and they'll be recording their third album later in the summer as a three-piece.

Stones plan Leeds supergig

THE ROLLING STONES, notwithstanding all the rumours about surprise appearances, are understood to be planning one last supergig before they finally come off the road. They apparently want to complete their current spell of live work in grand style at the end of July, by playing to the biggest crowd that can be assembled in the UK.

Although the project isn't yet confirmed, their representatives have been looking at possible locations, including Castle Donington. But the favourite at the moment seems to be Leeds Roundhay Park, a natural amphitheatre which could take 140,000 people, and the local council has already given permission — despite Tory objections — for a concert to be staged there on Sunday, July 25.

It's reckoned there's a 50-50 chance of the Stones doing it, even though they're supposed to be in Italy at that time — but this shouldn't present any problem, as they've already had a couple of Italian concerts blown out by local authorities there. It's also understood that Police manager Miles Copeland would be involved in the promotion — which, theoretically, could provide a ready-made alternative if the Stones were unable to appear.

Pigbag 'Bean' down over Hammersmith

PIGBAG have confirmed Hammersmith Palais as the London venue to climax their mini-tour, announced last week — though the date is now July 6, three days later than originally planned. As reported, the support acts are Clint Eastwood & General Saint, Carmel and the Dread Broadcasting Corporation.

To tie in, the band have a new single issued by Y Records (through Rough Trade) on June 25, titled 'The Big Bean'. Although it's their fourth single, it will probably be generally regarded as the follow-up to 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag'.

Synth players to form own union?..... P.4
Crass under Commons investigation..... P.4
Theatre Of Hate dates Reading, Stonehenge line-ups P.33
Dexys LP details P.34

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SHORT SHARP SHOTS

TV21 switch off their set

□ **TV21** have broken up — just a fortnight after they reached the high point of their career, when they supported **The Rolling Stones** in their three Scottish gigs at the end of last month.

The Scots band evidently thought they had achieved all they could as a unit. There were signs of niggling disenchantment within the group and, they said, it seemed logical to quit while they were at the highest peak they were likely to attain.

They had discussed disbandment before the Stones offer came along, and it was no doubt influenced to some extent by the end of their association with Decca Records. It seems likely that lead singer Norman Rodger will form his own group.

Tel Aviv rocks the World Cup

□ **MANY TOP British bands are flying out to Tel Aviv to take part in a big "rock soccer" festival, which the Israelis have enterprisingly dreamed up to complement the World Cup — and they're pressing ahead with it despite their present war status.**

The idea is that every night when there's football action in Spain, the match will be shown on huge screens in Tel Aviv's vast open-air stadium — followed by a rock concert featuring a local outfit and a big-name band from the UK.

Among those already contracted to go are The Stranglers, The Boomtown Rats, Classix Nouveaux, Aswad, U2, Bad Manners, The Beat, The Revillos and Slade.

● The Stranglers volunteered to entertain British servicemen in the Falkland Islands, but had their offer rejected by the Ministry of Defence, whose spokesman commented: "We're not doing anything like that. This isn't a war situation — it's an operational exercise."

Tell *that* to the marines.

□ **Blue Rondo A La Turk** — currently halfway through making their first album, with producers Langer and Winstanley — take a breath from studio work to play a few dates. They're at Manchester Fagins on June 27, and Liverpool Warehouse on June 28.

Crass anti-war flexi refuses to surrender

TWENTY THOUSAND extra copies of a free anti-war single, already under investigation by a House of Commons committee, will be secretly distributed by record shops later this week.

The free single, a one-side flexi-disc bearing no song titles, group name or matrix number, has already gone through a first pressing of 40,000 — despite being banned by many record shops, after complaints from irate customers.

The single features a vitriolic anti-Falklands song by Crass, though the band themselves deny any involvement with the record.

"We played the song on our recent tour," said a band spokesperson, "and we assume that someone must have taped it and has now issued it in bootleg form." The song, which apparently draws parallels between warfare and sexual perversion, has a chorus that goes: *"Sheep farming in the Falklands/Re-arming in the Fucklands/Fucking sheep in the homeland/The Royal Marines are coming."*

The record begins with a collage of taped speeches from the House of Commons, which is the reason it is currently under investigation by the Select Committee on Sound Broadcasting, whose regulations forbid such reproduction for use in "light entertainment" or "political satire". Breaking this rule is not technically illegal but is a breach of Parliamentary privilege, for which the offender can be summoned to the House of Commons and publicly admonished by the speaker — an event which has only happened once in the last 35 years.

Who pressed the record remains a mystery, although "unofficial sources" nowhere near the Ministry of Defence suggest that it was pressed in France, and that a new batch will be ready later this week. The record's distributors are also unknown — it has a habit of just 'appearing' in record shops. Virgin shops have already taken the extraordinary step of publicly disassociating themselves from it, while at the HMV shop in Oxford Street, any copies found on the premises are immediately destroyed.

Crass, meanwhile, are extremely distressed that all this unsavoury publicity should coincide with the imminent release of their new LP entitled 'Christ — The Album'. "Hopefully," said the band's spokesperson, "it's release will tie in with His forthcoming appearance on television."

□ **Bauhaus** suffered a nasty outbreak of audience trouble when they played London's Adelphi last Thursday, which led to the cancellation of the group's scheduled show, at the same venue, the following night.

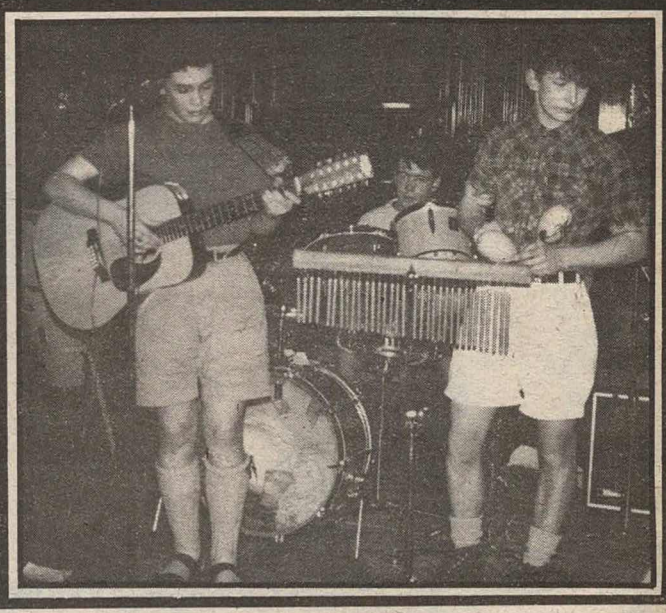
Although unable to offer any explanation for the disturbance, promoter **Nick Lea** explains that a number of seats were wrecked in the affray — far too many to repair in time for the Saturday gig. The decision to scrap the second concert, he says, was taken jointly by him and the Adelphi management. Ticket-holders for the cancelled show, which was sold out, are being asked to claim their cash refunds at point of purchase.

Bauhaus have now arranged to play an extra gig at an alternative venue — at the Lyceum on July 4.

□ Contray to disinformation in **Paul Rambali's** very wonderful computer feature *Making Friends With The Micro Chip* in last week's *NME*, the equally wonderful Sinclair ZX81 is available from larger branches of W. H. Smiths as well as by mail order.

Into the Twilight zone ...

CREPUSCULE, that adventurous international indie, have now set up a connection in England. London's 'Operation Twilight' has opened another line of avant-garde musical communication between Brussels, Paris and New York. As well as releasing work by American experimentalists Tuxedomoon and publishing a book of Howard Devoto's lyrics illustrated by collage artist Linder, they are planning a single by the chic Parisian trio Antena (above), produced by John Foxx, and ACR shortalikes The Pale Fountains (left) from Liverpool.



Synth-persons unite

SYNTHESISER PLAYERS hit back this week against the Musicians' Union members who are attempting to ban their instrument.

A new organisation entitled Electronic Synthesiser Sound Projects has organised a "Union of Sound Synthesists" by way of resistance to the anti-synthesiser motion passed recently by the Central London Branch of the MU.

According to Dave Townsend, of ESSP (who "specialise in the research, development and promotion of electronic-computer-synthesiser sound"), the Union of Sound Synthesists is "basically a collective of people" who support the synth cause — "So the word 'union' has a different meaning in this context," he explains.

The USS is, so far, a list of names and addresses of persons prepared to get publicly upset if the motion progresses any further. Townsend claims this defence mechanism does possess some clout though, saying that a number of disillusioned MU members have volunteered support, and some have severed all links with the MU. As yet he feels unable to drop any names, but hints that some of them are far from unknown.

In fact, he describes the whole business as "really a bit of a joke", doubting that the matter is a serious one just yet. But the existence of USS certainly illustrates the irritation felt by those who stand to lose.

No breakaway knob-twiddlers' union yet then, either official or otherwise. But what of the MU's attitude to the new pressure group?

Mike Evans of the union's national office points out that any pressure from the new group would not be directed at existing policy, but at the bunch of people promoting the blanket ban. "What they (the USS) would actually be doing would be supporting the current union position."

The MU motion now moves on to a body of elected representatives where a decision will be made. Evans "can't really comment as yet", but expresses the hope that "a rational approach will prevail". In other words, the motion, certainly as it currently stands, will probably be rejected as unworkable.

Next week: 'The Great Trumpet Dispute— Should Elephants Be Banned?'

—DAVE HILL

QUICK BEFORE THEY VANISH

PAUL MORLEY extols the charts

10/ Paperlate by Genesis (Charisma)

When people ask me what music I like, I don't think too long about the answer. In 1982, it's no use wasting time. I say, "everything!" — often just to get up the tight noses of unpleasant cool folk (you know the type: all they're *into* these days is early Pop Group, one side of a Roland Kirk LP and a special tape they've put together of the 'best bits' of 'Sandinista'). What I mean when I say "everything!" is probably that I believe everything that goes on inside that pumping Chart: and it takes some believing, believe me. As a thinking individual I take great pleasure in being surprised and amazed — and I'm constantly amazed and surprised by what happens in The Charts, by what happens to The Charts. Does this mean I'm simple minded? I don't think so — it means I'm not cool, thank God. Of course, I don't really like *'everything'*. What kind of critic would I be then!? For instance, I can't stand the Genesis single.

9/ I've Never Been To Me by Charlene (Motown)

And I loathe the Charlene single, like I loathe milky coffee. It's a great feeling, isn't it, to hate things? I hate Peter Withe, I hate J.R.R. Tolkien, I hate Zandra Rhodes, and I hate the Beatles Movie

Not Only Rock And Roll — Lowry

WHAT PASSING-BELLS FOR THESE WHO DIE AS CATTLE? -ONLY THE MONSTROUS ANGER OF THE GUNS...
COME OFF IT, MATE-WAR'S NEVER BEEN MORE INTERESTING, EXCITING OR ADVENTUROUS THAN IT IS NOW!!
BY THE STARS! THESE ENGLISHMEN ARE STUBBORN. THEY MAY BE AMATEURS-BUT THEY FIGHT LIKE PROFESSIONALS!
THE JUNTA WELCOMES THE POPE
HAT BADGE OF THE YEAR. (NEON)
CHOC COATED CORNED-BEEF COOKIES ARGIES LOVE 'EM!!
MEANWHILE-BACK HOME...
IF YOU CAN'T FIGHT, SING, MAKE EXCITING RECORDS, ETC., WEAR A BIG HAT...
THE GRAND LADIES POSE
THE P.M. SPEAKS..
Cruelly handicapped by war's savageries, a man can pick up new skills
WHAT A WAY TO OPEN A TIN OF FREY-BENTOS!!
AND ELECTION FEVER RAGES...
IF THEY WONT ACCEPT THE NEW TECHNOLOGY, PUMP 200 ROUNDS OF IT INTO THAT CROWD OVER THERE...
FREY-BENTOS CO. ARGENTINA.
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Next Week: The work of Patricia Highsmith reassessed. Coronation Street as adult Beano surrogate. All your letters; plus the answer to this week's puzzler - Is there life after deat..deauurghhh..nnnnnn.

Soft Cell

■ From page 3

to be heading for self-destruction, making videos like this. It was well out of order. Just before they showed it Stevo had taken over the disco and was winding the customers up, calling them homos and saying he was going to kill them!"

The trouble at Hickstead began, says Almond, with "a small group of football hooligan wallies spitting, flicking cigarettes and throwing Nazi salutes.

"Well, as far as I'm concerned I don't feel I've just got to stand there and take it so I retaliated and said to Stevo, 'Right, get the video'. Afterward the DJ came to the dressing room and attacked me, so Dave (Ball, Soft Cell musician/butcher) and Stevo went for him. Then the bouncers came for us. It was terrifying, five of us in a room holding the door shut while somebody else was on the roof trying to get in through the window!"

Your reporter forgot to ask if they filmed the affair — but the incident ended with £1000 worth of damage being done to the Soft Cell limo.

So what part did *that* video play in the fiasco, Marc? Is it really so shocking? (A copy spirited into the *NME* office "turned off" the few people who've seen it, but they said it was more a distasteful jumble of sado-masochist symbolism and violence than explicit hard porn.)

"Exactly!" says Marc. " 'Sex Dwarf' was written about the self-righteous and hypocritical tones of those sex stories you read in the *News Of The World*. And with the video we said 'Right! Here's what you want. Sex! Violence! All done like a real sick schlocko horror story.'

"But really the content is very tame," Marc contends. "There's nothing explicit and the interesting thing about it is the people who are in it. Us! Because nobody expects a successful *Top Of The Pops* group to expose themselves in something like this.

"Really," he concludes, "it's just a lot of red paint, play-acting and half-naked flesh which is only shocking because there are people like us in it. Nice people! If it's already got a reaction then that's good, it's proved its point."

"The video was put together to create a reaction, done for a laugh," confirms manager Stevo. "And now I've had the national papers onto me totally concerned and pained about something they haven't seen. Well it must be good if it gets such a reaction from a whole load of human beings in the press."

The hard Cell Soft porn 'Sex Dwarf' video will only be available as part of the Soft Cell video LP later this summer.

Marc Almond in 'Sex Dwarf'

portrait of the artist as a CONSUMER

SHEILA CHANDRA
of Monsoon

FOOD
Moussaka
Dosai sambar
Chicken tikka
Smoked salmon

MUSIC
The Way We Were — Gladys Knight And The Pips
Fame (the album)
Love Don't Live Here Anymore — Rose Royce
Evergreen — Barbra Streisand
Get Down On It — Kool And The Gang
Lately — Stevie Wonder
Give Me The Night — George Benson

TV
Shelley
Kenny Everett Video Show
Mash
Cartoon Time

BOOKS
Flowers In The Attic — Virginia Andrews
Oliver Twist — Charles Dickens

SEASON
Autumn

COLOUR
Cerise

FRUIT
Mango

PASTIME
Long summer walks
Reading

AMBITION
To be well known for singing high quality music

What a wonderful world!

Medley — there are plenty of things to really hate in The Charts (Adrian Gurvitz!), and that's another reason why I love them. This isn't preposterous.

8 Only You by Yazoo (Mute)
It doesn't seem long ago that I was forever moaning in these pages — printed for lovers of impure escapism — that the pop groups who should have been having hit singles . . . weren't having them. I wrote out long lists of the groups who should have Charted — why else make singles! Life's too funny to make singles simply to sell 794. These were lists full of names like Altered Images, Human League, New Order, Simple Minds, ABC, Associates, Bow Wow Wow . . . These groups now regularly rise up The Charts, constantly joined by the unexpected like Yazoo or Fun Boy Three or Paul Haig (it'll happen soon), and this is one of the reasons why The Charts are such a brilliant thing to watch. It used to be a distant world for the new pop groups: now it's getting to be a first home. It's getting to be that it doesn't matter how mad or moody you are, there can be a place for you in this decidedly un-cool room.

For me The Charts are something to take a wicked delight in: someone might call it a surrealist pleasure. There is so much to love, so much to hate, so much to pick at, so *much* to pick: so much for those cool folks who say that nothing is going on. The Charts have evolved over the last few years into a very particular genre — in a world of its own, a world pleasured by its own making, but *not* a deceitful alternative to reality, simply a strange arrangement of facts and fictions. One of the things that is *happening* in music is The Charts: such a small little thing perhaps, but too mixed and active to add up to complacency. Even if The Charts is only good for a tipsy gossip then I'm not complaining.

7/ Mama Used To Say by Junior (Mercury)
Those who say this mythical 'hard edge' is missing from The Charts are generally the same sort of people who snort at the adventures of Cabaret Voltaire and A Certain Ratio and Throbbing Gristle and 23 Skidoo. These people don't really know what they want, apart from the demolishing of pop music, or perhaps something that relates to the 'adult-shocking' rock of the Stones and The Who as were . . . As far as I can see — and I can see for miles — a chart that can accommodate music as different and as marvellous as 'I'm A Wonderful Thing', 'Club Country', 'I Want Candy', 'Look Of Love', 'Forget Me Not', 'Fireworks', 'Temptation', 'The Telephone Always Rings' is not something to sneer at, unless you prefer celery to milk chocolate. (I also get a kick out of 'Fantasy Island' and 'Girl Crazy' and . . . but now it's getting complicated.)

The 'hard edge' — I've never believed in this mythical 'hard edge', as the only difference philosophically between the avid Haircut 100 fan and the raving Killing Joke fan is that one is more bad tempered than the other — makes me think of a room full of Theatre Of Hate and The Clash, which in turn doesn't make me think of a liberation of imagination but that accursed *coolness*. Of course I wouldn't want a Chart oozing with Haircut 100s, but certainly they can have 1/30th of it. Today's Chart pumps so healthily because of its variety. I can't even begrudge Iron Maiden and The Mood having 1/30th. Like I say, The Charts must never completely *please* you: there is nothing like a moan, and I don't mind an aching toe. I like everything, but I hate both versions of 'Iko Iko': both give me toe-ache in fact. That's the world for you — a piece of pleasure, or an aching toe. And that's the chart for you.

6/ Hungry Like A Wolf by Duran Duran (EMI)
Of course when Duran Duran nick 1/30th it can worry you . . .

5/ Fantasy Island by Tight Fit (Jive)
. . . but then Tight Fit can chase those fears away. Duran Duran are ridiculously bland, and belong to a mid-'70s chart: Tight Fit are a ridiculous blend and do their tart bit to contribute to The Charts' tricky interior. The 12" of 'Fantasy Island' is actually better than 'Led Zeppelin III'.

4/ The Look Of Love by ABC (Neutron)
Well, what can an emotional Chart Lover say but: if a single as lovingly crafted, as lovely, as brilliant as 'Look Of Love' can fail to get to number one because of the Bizzare, CBS, Stiff competition then you just know that it's a booming time inside The Charts. As far as it goes for ABC — and it shoots to the moon — life's too serious to make singles simply to sell 250,000. Why else make singles but to reach the number one? The Charts breathe because of such splendid reasoning.

3/ Torch by Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)
I've never got used to Soft Cell . . . they made me write one of the worst pieces of my life. The Curse Of Stevo. Did you know that In The Beginning Scritti Politti used to cover a Chelsea song, and Marc Almond who was in the audience shouted out, "Do your own stuff!!" I wish it was Scritti at number three.

2/ House Of Fun by Madness (Stiff)
The good feeling, or even thrill, that all sorts of people felt when Madness reached number one says a lot about the irresistible pull of The Charts. So much more than a pile of dried up and unlovely statistics: so much less than the world's tallest building. The Charts — some things to some people. Well, it's something to talk about.

1/ Goody Two Shoes by Adam (CBS)
I like this, but then I like 'Pinky Blue' by Altered Images and to be a 'rock critic' and like Altered Images at this moment is asking for the sack . . . (mmm). Of course, I know some people's favourite singles just now will be Duran Duran, Genesis, Blondie, Nicole, Diana Ross, Spandau Ballet, Echo And The Bunnymen, whereas mine are Adam, Madness, ABC, Associates, Kid Creole, Fun Boy Three, Depeche Mode, Siouxsie And The Banshees, New Order . . . those people are not ace like me, merely stupid — but at least they're not *cool*. Cool people don't like The Charts — just the odd single, and oh wasn't it good that Pigbag did so well (Why?) . . . Be ace and be stupid: that's The Charts. Don't be cool; that's Chartless.

It's better to like "everything" than be cool.

NEXT WEEK IN NME

ELVIS COSTELLO ... ADAM ... STEELY DAN ... DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS ... ALLEN TOUSSAINT ... PHIL SPECTOR ... FRANK SINATRA

...are all people we'd love to interview. We've wanted to be able to put together such a cast list of 'exclusives' ever since ... oh, hey, the time round about '74 / '75 when *NME* Next Week Boxes used to pull this sort of cheap stunt to pull in readers and disguise the fact of a crumby upcoming issue. Well, it's not actually a *crumby* issue as such — we have complete faith in all our writers, y'know — but, well, me personally, the one lumbered with writing this poor excuse for metropolitian wit and verve at a moment's tired, emotional — hey, is that Peru vs. Cameroon that's just started? — notice ... well how could you make BLANCMANGE, J. GEILS, YELLO and LAURIE ANDERSON sound awe-inspiring? Hey — what other losers we got hanging round next week's *(sound off:* "Look, I get a bloody pittance for writing this dreck. It's 4.30. Look, FOUR THIRTY. Understand? Yeah, RIGHT. Yello? Look, you make these Eurobores sound .. what's that fella? Yeah, well — the money's *yours* ASSHOLE, you — here, here's the goddamn typewriter —").

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THE SECRET SEVEN GO TO MANCHESTER

AS WE WALK through Manchester's St Annes Square, pleased by an unlikely Saturday sun, Mike Finney laughs heartily as I tell him a little secret about Martin Fry's Stockport past.

Fry, Finney and myself have all spent time wandering through Stockport's deadening precinct: Finney alone remains a Stockport lad. Finney is a survivor: but he wants to be a *winner*. He wants to win in the way Martin Fry has. Through love, to the heart of the matter: through The Song.

"One of the people I'd most like to meet is Martin Fry," he says. Both are gentlemen, and have the same taste in jackets. He makes me promise to bring Martin along next time I'm in town, and he laughs at the prospect. "People are always saying if they could have written such and such a song they would be pleased. Well, I tell you, if I'd have written 'Poison Arrow' I would be very very proud."

Mike Finney is capable more than most of being involved in a song as unimpeachable as 'Poison Arrow'. Indeed, a song sung true by Finney released on Factory Records in 1978 and called 'Time Goes By So Slow' is as close to the world created by 'Poison Arrow' as you could wish, and Finney's relish of The Song and its possibilities is as keen as Fry's.

The one song Finney has carried through from his old group The Distractions to his new group The Secret Seven is 'Time Goes By So Slow', and its delicious, restless feel is something The Secret Seven are determined to recapture and enhance. All Secret Seven songs, Finney tells me, must achieve that kind of completeness, involve those sort of moods, be that rich. "Otherwise there's no point in bothering."

Mike Finney and The Distractions wrote bright enlivening songs at a time when such quality led merely to an enclosed cultist fervour. Along with Buzzcocks, their songs, the arrangements, the articulacy, the naturalness, anticipated many of the styles and sounds that are dominating today's chart.

But they were a little too early: a circular routine and lack of success dulled their gleam. A song as involved and involving as 'Time Goes By' in a sphere where 'Poison Arrow' and 'Party Fears Two' can chart would do what it was meant to do: get *heard* — heartache for every home.

Finney with The Distractions was pre-League/ Depeche/ Haircut. Finney with The Secret Seven without altering his beliefs is post-ABC/Dollar / League. Finney and The Secret Seven are alive with possibilities.

THE DISTRACTIONS, following fun with Factory, a disappointing time with Island, a golden but neglected LP ('Nobody's Perfect' was in some ways a precurser of 'Dare'), confusing personnel changes and pointless tours, finally fizzled out in Feburary. Finney, completely fed up with Distractions disasters and becoming unnaturally cynical, had been planning The Secret Seven since January with his good friend Julie, and latest Distractions Bernie and A.J. joined in.

A new context and a new challenge and all traces of cynicism disapeared. The Secret intention: to highlight Finney's love song class, break away from The Distractions' formal line-up and introduce instrumental flexibility (the new balance and gentle textures developed by the guitarless Japan is much admired by Finney) and as an incidential bring a non-archaic style to the weird but lively northern working men's clubs.

"We went into a working men's club one night, watched these tired old acts, and Julie said they're terrible, surely they can get better than that. I said yeah but groups won't play at these places. She said why don't we, and it seemed a good idea.

"The people who go to working men's clubs aren't getting anything that's close to what they want to see and hear, what they listen to on the radio or see on TV. It's stuck in the past, but the audiences are always there. My mum won't go to the one near her because the last time she went in there was a monkey walking along a tightrope. For entertainment! Christ! Most of the acts sing Tony Christie songs, and yet a lot of young people go to these places who obviously like Altered Images, Spandau, whatever . . . We could play these places, establish a professionalism, avoid the ususal rock places that get so depressing, reach beyond the tribal lines of today, and fundamentally just enjoy entertaining really tough audiences."

Folksy Julie happily calls herself a complete beginner: she never sung before the Seven. Her naivety towards the intricacies of today's music is in complete contrast to Finney's wise insider's understanding. Both of them in their different ways share a naturalness about singing and quality through entertainment that has nothing to do with ridiculous London-imposed divisions and distractions. Together they'll form a double act somewhere beyond the look of love, Lou and Nico, plaintive place and David and Thereza. Finney's songs written with musicians A.J. and Bernie are the work of someone getting into the frame of mind of Lou Reed writing for Bucks Fizz.

As we walk through Manchester's St Annes Square, pleased by the Saturday sun, Finney, as befits a man who can appreciate the sublime shock of The Velvet Underground and also adore the sumptuous shlock of Dollar, chuckles and claims that The Secret Seven are "cute but cutting, easy listening but edgy . . ."

The Seven are a group who would cover The Velvet Underground's 'I'll Be Your Mirror' segued into Dollar's 'Mirror Mirror' — and if they had their way it would be produced by Giorgio Moroder.

HERBIE GOES LITE-WEIGHT

NOW LOOK — I am *not* a purist.

It doesn't bother me that Herbie Hancock effectively quit the most testing areas of jazz for fusion, subsequently seceding into a purer funk and now a virtually ungarnished pop-soul field. Herbie was never *that* essential a player anyway — his greatest strength was as a sideman, a band pianist who could play a rhythm role flawlessly and who fed soloists an ideal line.

When he struck gold with 'Headhunters' I guess even he must have been surprised. What is displeasing about his records since is not that they've been fairly shameless excursions into happy man populism — but that they've *not been much good anyway*. LPs like 'Secrets' or 'Feets Don't Fail Me Now' were either boring jazz-funk or boring twiddly-bits soul — the yawn was the constant, at least. And let me outta here before I gag on these labels . . .

But 'Lite Me Up'! What a comeback, what a great record! This time (after another dull LP called 'Magic Windows' which I doubt if anybody's actually heard) Hancock's hooked up with Rod Temperton, now a guaranteed hitmaking force in soul songwriting, to make a set that sounds to me like one of the classiest lightweight soul albums since 'Off The Wall' — which Temperton also spruced up, of course.

Herbie's had hits before ('I Thought It Was You') but there must be a potential half-dozen in 'Lite Me Up's' eight tracks. In London for a brief visit he looks pleased, expansive; youthful for a 42-year-old cat. So how did the Temperton association come about?

"I was doing the rhythm tracks for Quincy Jones' 'The Dude' when I met Rod and later I thought it might be interesting for us to get together. Then I thought about my favourite people in the area of pop and R&B — Stevie Wonder, Quincy, George Benson, Al Jarreau — people who make influential music that I really like. Their music is so *musical*."

Hancock speaks slowly, chooses his words carefully.

"Well, Quincy had five projects on hand already. But Rod blocked out some time for me — and Jay Graydon, he produced a track — he was talking about bringing in David Foster, Bill Champlin . . ."

AND SO ON, and on. Herbie has a hard time remembering all the names that did come up. American black music has a vast corporate feel to it now: a big record project uses an awful lot of hands. 'Lite Me Up' has three producers, an orchestra of players and arrangers and backing vocalists. It's crafted to the last detail. Hancock repudiates my suggestion that slimmer resources might produce a more cohesive enterprise.

"I've done a lot of records now and I understand what a cohesive sound is. What I am concerned about is getting enough of my own input in . . . I guess it could do with sounding more like . . . something somebody would . . . expect from me."

I have to stifle a grin here. The less charitable could say that it's so good because it doesn't sound like a typical Hancock album, though he does sing a bit more than usual. Isn't this a bit calculated, bringing in a known hitmaker like Temperton to boost your, um, sagging career?

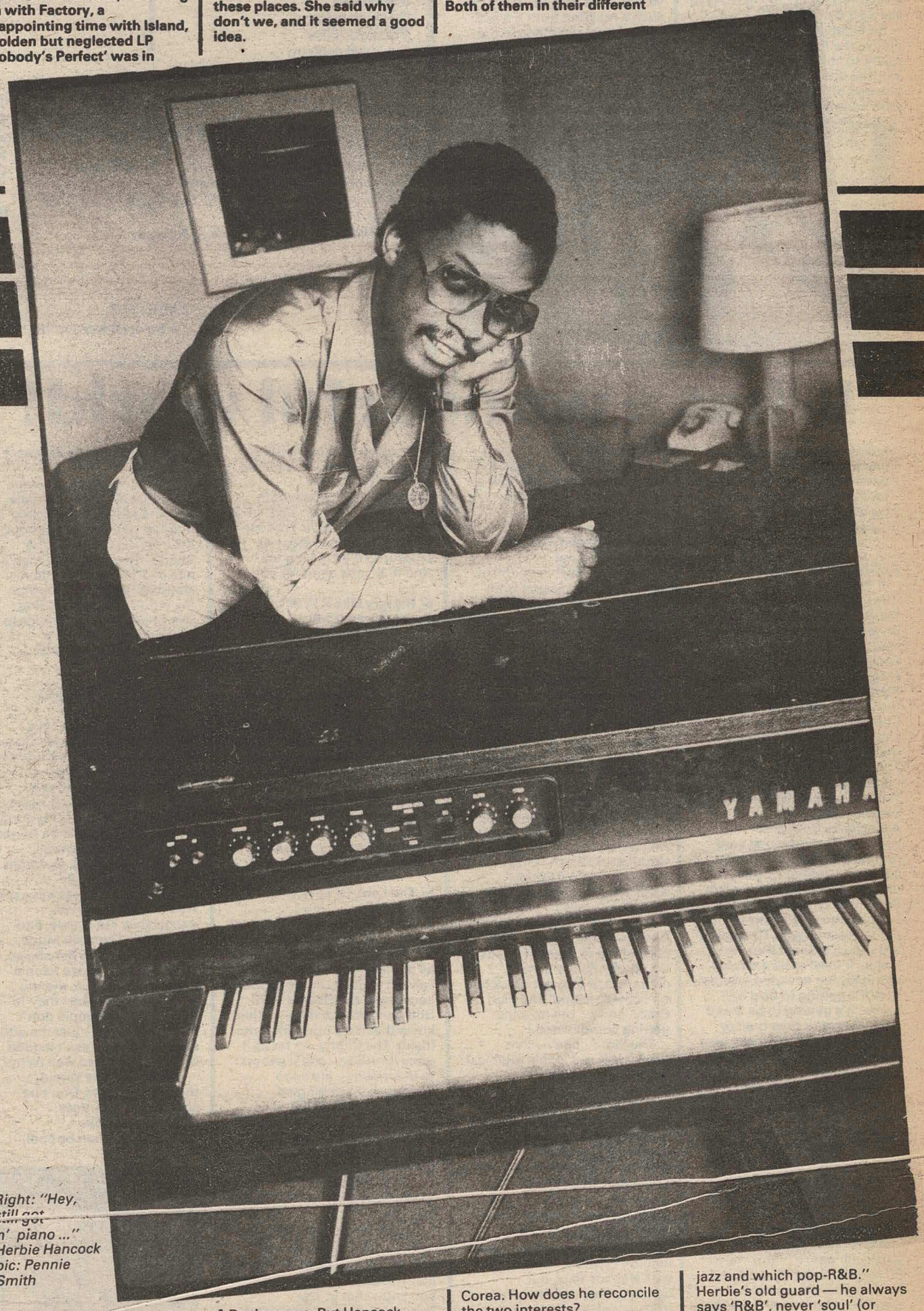
"Yeah! It *was* calculated!" he agrees disarmingly. "I wanted to get together with the people who make the hits today. I listened to some leftover tracks from my last few records and thought, I don't wanna make another one like *that!* This time I'm gonna nail it. So I went to the masters of today. And I learned a lot because I've never done that. I don't know how far back you remember . . ."

Well, I know about Blue Note gems like 'Maiden Voyage' and his '60s tenure with the Miles Davis group. But Hancock hasn't exactly given up jazz; in fact he's managed to run two careers in tandem, still making 'proper' jazz records with the likes of VSOP and (ahem) Chick Corea. How does he reconcile the two interests?

"I'm contracted to doing a certain number of albums over a number of years — I usually decide two or three albums in advance which are going to be jazz and which pop-R&B."

Herbie's old guard — he always says 'R&B', never 'soul' (or 'disco').

"I know that the audience for a jazz album is going to be stable. The challenge in making a pop album — it's really head. I



Right: "Hey, still got m' piano ..." Herbie Hancock pic: Pennie Smith

. . . or how Mike Finney became a post-ABC/Dollar/League heart-throb

By PAUL MORLEY

"It's not so much cute," decides Julie, "but really romantic. When the telly's gone off you could put our music on, two lovers at midnight, just before they got to bed . . ."

And the sex?

"Oh, I like it," laughs Mike, and thinking about sex seems to force him to be serious. "I never thought about things as carefully as I do now. In the present climate I know that we've got a real chance to break through — quality is appreciated and accepted, and I'm not going to waste the chance. I've proved that I can write and sing good songs, lately people have proved good songs can get high into the charts, and I want to follow that through. Yeah, but I would like to meet Martin Fry. . . although I must admit I don't know how he manages to keep a straight face during the spoken bit in 'Look Of Love'. If I did that I'd burst out laughing at myself . . ."

"If you did that spoken bit," says Julie, "the whole group would burst out laughing at you."

Where there's a Finney, there is always laughter, and there is always love. Look!

Right: Julie and Mike share an ice-cream Saturday. Pic: Kevin Cummins

. . . or how Mr H came to make a "real non-jazz pop R&B" album

By RICHARD COOK

have to think in terms I'm not used to — just as a person, not as a musician."

A very businesslike attitude: wouldn't he prefer to do just what was most fun, though? He looks astonished, spreads his hands in supplication.

"What makes you think it's not fun? If I didn't enjoy one or the other *I wouldn't do it*. I'm not starving. Nobody's putting pressure on me." He smiles a little ruefully. "I get a lot of negative criticism from some reviewers. They want me to play what *they* want. I just ignore it. Both areas challenge me — so I feel I have to do them. Unless I'm going to be a real flake and cow-tow to what's expected of me. That's too flaky! I couldn't sleep nights if I did that!"

HERBIE'S NO FOOL. He could still be trotting round the gluey environs of jazz-rock. Remember 'Return To Forever'? Cobham's 'Sabazz'? Herbie Hancock's 'Headhunters'? So does he.

"I got *bored*. I really did. I started hearing so many groups doing that that weren't so hot . . . it was so shallow and stereo-typical. The spark was lost.

"But I never really wanted to do that in the first place," he insists. "When I did 'Headhunters' — I was trying to make a pure funk album! Then it wound up with a jazz fusion label on it. After that I did try for that kind of feel . . . on 'Thrust'. That was kind of scattered.

"Then I just got closer to now, a real non-jazz pop R&B record. Now I know how to do it."

How long will he go on doing it?

"Until I get tired. I'm pretty flexible — versatile. I learned jazz the same way I learned R&B, using my ears."

Does he still feel obliged to put in a bit of keyboard doodling, like 'hey, still got my piano', as happens a couple of times on 'Lite Me Up'?

"It was Rod's idea," he

■ *Continues over*

C.P. Lee heralds Lord Buckley revival ...

God's own sweet Goof

AS A CULT figure, you couldn't get any more obscure than Lord Buckley without being completely erased.

Yet from June 21 at The Gallery, Manchester, ex-Albertos satirist C.P. Lee will devote the next five lunchtimes to endeavouring to re-enact aspects of Buckley's little-known life and delivering some of his more bizarre monologues.

Sporting a white pith-helmet, monocle, waxed moustache, raised eyebrow and elegant tuxedo, Lord (Richard) Buckley cut a most absurd character on the stages of the American mid-west in the 1930s. Fuelled — often in full view of his audience — by anything that could be sipped or sucked, he delivered a non-stop stream of Bop-speak babble.

To the accompaniment of the coolest jazz, Buckley would gabble away in a voice that was a concoction of Colonel Blimp and an archetypal Harlem hipster, his subject matter ricocheting between pointed punter put-downs to his unique retelling of the life of Jesus — 'The Nazz'.

Naturally, Buckley — who'd learned his skills on the medicine show circuit and around Al Capone's Chicago speakeasies — succeeded in offending almost everyone with his personal brand of anarchy, finding work outside of the jazz fraternity difficult to secure. He died unappreciated, in 1960, amidst unproven rumours that he'd been *'seen off'*.

As with so many visionaries, Buckley may have failed to achieve recognition during his own lifetime, but his stylistic influences have proliferated through the work of Lenny Bruce, George Carlin and Frank Zappa (who released one of Buckley's few albums). Currently, Robin 'Mork' Williams continues to pay personal tribute to his Lordship by incorporating speed-rap monologues into his high-powered solo act.

An album compiled from Buckley's club appearances is being prepared by devotees whilst Elektra' 'Best Of' is, I believe, still available on import. Meanwhile, if C.P. Lee has his way, God's own sweet Goof will soon be the hip name to drop. Pity it's taken all of 22 years!

— ROY CARR

"I am the ghost of Lord Buckley and I have come to claim my royalties ..." C.P. Lee in his one-man show.

Dick — we can build you (up...)

THREE MONTHS after his death, cult science fiction writer Philip K. Dick is still in the news.

Last week it was announced that a new prize — the Philip K Dick Award — is to be set up in America for the best new SF paperback of the year. Ursula Le Guin and Thomas Disch have volunteered themselves as judges.

The announcement came at a commemoration of Phil Dick called *The Strange Pilgrimage*. Several hundred people filled London's City Lit to hear Britain's leading SF writer Brian Aldiss, film expert Philp Strick and others who knew Dick reading his work and talking about the man.

Meanwhile, French electronic musician Richard Pinhas, who recently played the Venue on his first UK appearance, is planning an album devoted to musical illustrations of Dick novels. To be titled 'The Life And Fall Of Joe Chip' (Chip is a character in Dick's novel *Ubik*), the album will be recorded over the next couple of months in Paris.

In New York, the hype for *Blade Runner*, the movie made by Ridley Scott from Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* is rising to a loud crescendo, making the movie one of the most eagerly expected big budget spectaculars of the moment. The film opens in New York late in June but not before the autumn in England.

Finally, Dick's last novel *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer*, just released in America, has been bought by Gollancz for UK publication in October.

— MAXIM JAKUBOWSKI

The Lone Groover — Benyon

SOME CHICK GOT HURT DURIN' YOR GIG T'NIGHT — BEFORE SHE'S TAKEN TO HOSPITAL SHE WANTS TO SEE YOU — SHE RECKONS Y'LL MAKE HER FEEL BETTER
SIGHO!!! — NOT TH' ROCKSTAR LAYIN' ON OF HANDS BIT — OK! WHEEL HER IN.
OH, THANK YOU FOR SEEIN' ME.....
LISTEN, KID, Y' SHOULDN'T THINK OF ME AS SOME SORT OF GOD FIGURE....
I DON'T....
.....I JUST WANTED TO —
YAARGH
— THAT'S FOR A WASTED NIGHT — HOSE NOSE!!!
SPLAT!!
WOW!!! I FEEL BETTER ALREADY!!!

MAYAKOVSKY

LOOKING BACK ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY'S FIRST MAN OF THE FUTURE

IN CURRENT best-seller *Gorky Park*, Moscow's Chief Investigator Arkady Renko takes time off his triple murder investigation to dine with his old school friend Misha Mikoyan and Misha's wife Natasha. Mikoyan drags Arkady and the pre-supper peppered vodka into the family bathroom, to admire his immaculate new 'Siberia' model washing machine — which the Mikoyans have waited ten months to own.

Misha twists the knob of the roaring spin-dryer to show it off. "Fantastic, no?" he shouts to Renko. "Poetry," replies his obliging comrade. "Mayakosvsky's poetry, but still poetry."

Some say Vladimire mayakovski was the first rock'n'roll star. russian poet adolescent anarchist handsome 22 years old rushing the streets howling blue face. a guy with huge piano teeth and a marshall amp installed in his chest. he was always crashing church meets bars pool halls. were there pool halls in russia? who knows. but if there were he hit them all. he was the 7 feet tall poet bullt with the amazing megaphone mouth. did god know about revolution rhythm of the painful promise of a poem? well mayakovski knew and thousands of kids rocked in russia behind him. until one morning while the crowds were waiting our hero was penning his last booming aria: 'me and life are quits' he writ. he put on a clean shirt, swaggered to the mirror maybe glanced in the mirror russia's marlon brando cocked the trigger, and blew his heart out. the funeral was like after the pop festival — those last shots of monterrey — no sound — minds blown. mayakovski — a god unto himself to say nothing of his fans — had pulled the rug from under his own life. — *patti smith, 1979.*

Both Renko and Smith's assessments of the legendary Vladimir Mayakovsky (1893-1930) are fairly accurate ones. Mayakovsky was a poet and a performer, a ranting revolutionary gadfly who launched public appeals through propaganda and initiated revolutionary romance through a series of flickering film performances (*Fettered By Film* and *Not for Money Born* were two). To quote AP Efimova, *"his poems were not as much read by his contemporaries as* heard" — for like other Russian poets, Mayakovsky preferred to declaim his work.

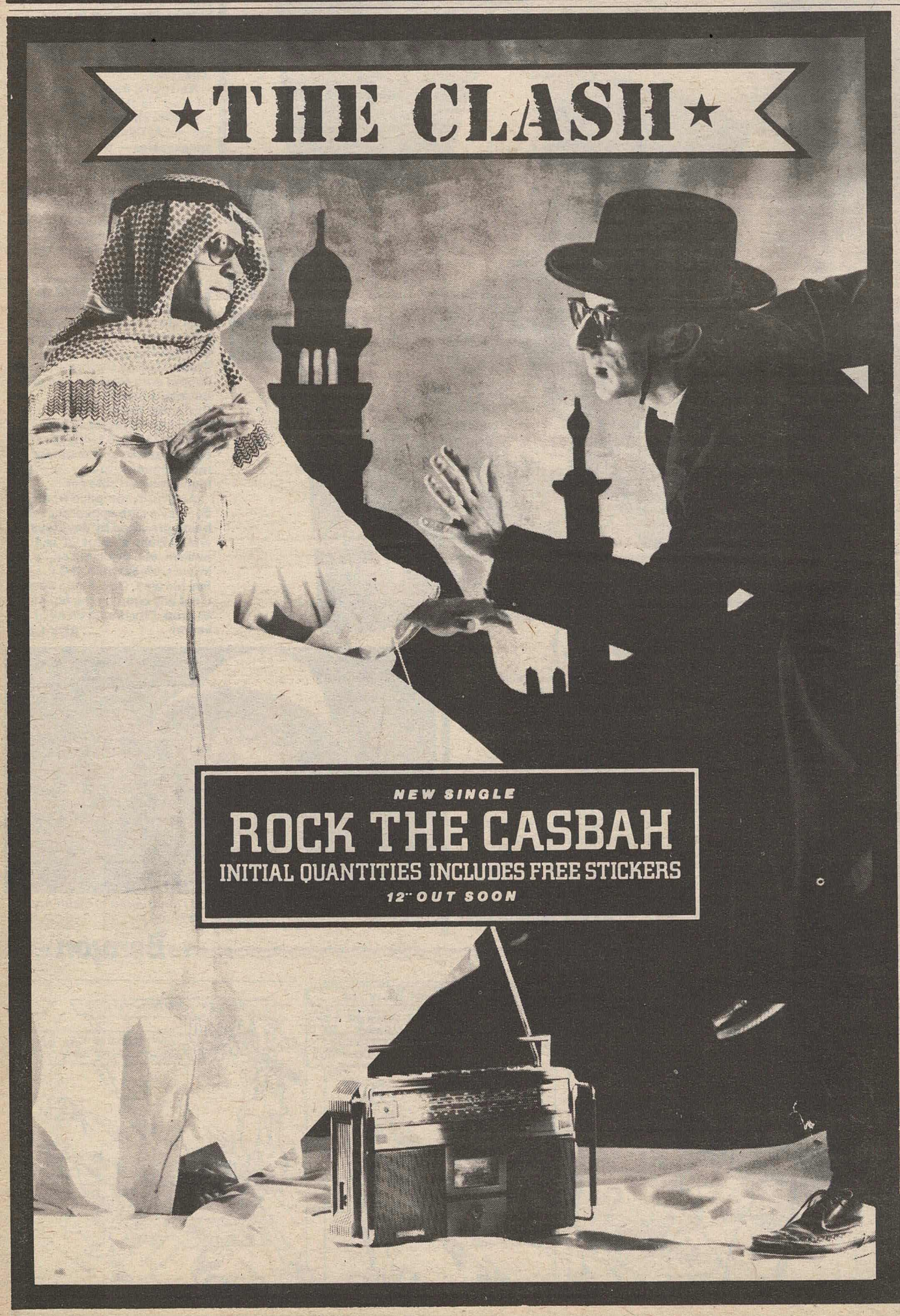
It was a new poetry, too — partly because it synthesised formal language with colloquial speech, using the rhythms of slang. Mayakovsky's performances were dramatic appeals on behalf of art as action. And, although he was never of the Communist Party, his polemics and personality were totally of their time: "My revolution" he called the establishment of the Soviet state.

Mayakovsky's passionate 'I' towered over even his politics; the famous folk who surrounded him during his lifetime (among those familiar to Westerners were Sergei Esenin, who married Isadora Duncan; Rodchencko; Boris Pasternak; and film-maker Eisenstein) acknowledged the force of his charisma. Painter David Burliuk's wife described him thus: *"He used to wear a black velvet coat with a turned-down collar. At his neck was a black foulard scarf, a crumpled ribbon was visible, and his pockets bulged with cigarette and match boxes . . . His cheeks were yellow, his mouth was large, hungry for kisses, sweets, tobacco."*

The suicide of this playwright / artist / performer / poet / actor / agitator / adman / scriptwriter / Traveller came in February of 1930 at the age of 36; his weapon a pistol used 12 years earlier in *Not for Money Born*. At the time he was emotionally unstable and a current affair was not going well; two months earlier he had carefully assembled a retrospective exhibition of his role in the heyday of Russian futurism to bequeath the state. This exhibit of D-I-Y and heroic revolutionary cultural arts was patronised mainly by the young when it was first presented. (Mayakovsky simply nailed it to the walls at the time: now it is all under glass). There seems no reason to believe that its forceful optimism should not attract exactly the same constituency today.

'Mayakovsky' opens next week at the Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, Hammersmith, London W6 (01) 741-2251- *Mayakovsky: 20 Years Of Work*, the excellent accompanying book, is available for £6.96, either from arts / political bookstores or from the Museum of Modern Art, Oxford, 30 Pembroke St, Oxford.

Above: Mayakovsky makes friend in the 1918 film 'Not For Money Born'. Top right: the classic shot by fellow revolutionary constructionist and skinhead Alexander Rodchenko. Both pix courtesy David Kiz collection.



Herbie Hancock

■ *From previous page*

admits with a laugh. "Look man, you're still a keyboard player! I like the way it came out — but it's like being aware of my experience. In a sense I have to consider that with each move I make. For some people that might be the only tune they want to hear, with a keyboard solo on it!"

Keeping the people happy. Herbie muses on his work from the depths of his hotel sofa. How about his singing now?

"I like the quality of it -- kind of innocent, not too professional. It's hard to find that, professionals who sound innocent."

What does he think of American black music now?

"There's some pretty records out now. I just heard The Temptations' new record — boy, that's *smokin!* Patrice Rushen, George Duke . . ."

Is it still fresh enough?

"Compared to when?"

Well . . . '60s Motown, early '70s Gamble and Huff, Brown's great period, Sly Stone — is this a great time too? Herbie thinks hard.

"OK. What the times are great for are the approach of guys like Quincy and Stevie — pretty chords and melodies, good ballads. Plenty of sophistication. But the rawer stuff . . . I don't know."

Has he heard Defunkt? Herbie knows the name but not the music.

"Some producers jump on a bandwagon. People have done that with Prince. I like him, but some are copying him too much.

"With the record industry in dire straights economically people don't want to take chances. It's understandable. People are afraid of losing their jobs. It's not a healthy climate for chance-taking."

And inside the monolith of organised music in America, difficult to shake up at the best of times, the soft option is inevitably the norm.

I ASK HIM if he's seen the current group led by his old boss Miles Davis.

"I heard them in Boston, before Miles had his official re-emergence at Newport in New York. I liked them very much."

Is he disappointed that Miles has dropped a keyboard player?

"No. I mean, so what? I'm a musician, man, and a human being! You're making me a keyboard player — that's what I do, not what I am."

He stays good-natured. Did he speak to Miles?

"The last time was in Boston," he says rather quietly, and offers nothing more. I don't press him.

He fixes me with a look. "You know, I get the feeling every question you've asked me has been loaded!"

Me? Loaded questions? Didn't I say I wasn't a purist?

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WHAM!

FIVE FLOORS up from the chic cafes and slick shopfronts of London's opulent South Moulton Street, two young musicians meet daily to pool resources and make plans.

Singer George Michael and guitarist Andrew Ridgeley are the founder members of the Wham! organisation, a dynamic duo dedicated to delivering the breath of fresh air that they believe Britain's youth now demands.

Their West End rendezvous is the office of Innervision Records, the label which recently released their remarkable debut single 'Wham! Rap (Enjoy What You Do?)', an exhilarating exercise in impatient pop percolation and the sort of record that restores one's faith in the capacity of the single suddenly to throw up hitherto unheralded teenage talent.

Produced by Bob Carter — the man behind the Linx and Junior albums — the record is fiery and febrile, frothy and effervescent. On a good club sound system, it springs from the speakers with a power and precision that makes most mainstream jazz-funk flotsam sound like the tame and tepid slush that it is.

The song itself is a stinging attack on the stigma of unemployment. Rather than moan about the miserly prospects facing the jobless school leaver, however, Wham! sing of soul on the dole; of having a good time in spite of the hard times. Youth, they argue, is too precious to waste: *"Do you enjoy what you do?/If not, just stop./Don't stand there and rot!"*

The duo's message, prompted by their own experiences on the dole, is sincere, although it is not without its tongue-in-cheek humour, as George explains.

"It's not a totally serious song. It's not a matter of us saying that this is what people should be doing. If people take the song too seriously, they'll wonder what we're on about because there are a lot of contradictions in there."

"And a lot of intentional cliches too," adds Andy. "The song was originally going to be a real parody of a disco rap, but once we got into the studio, that all changed and we went for a much harder, more aggressive sound."

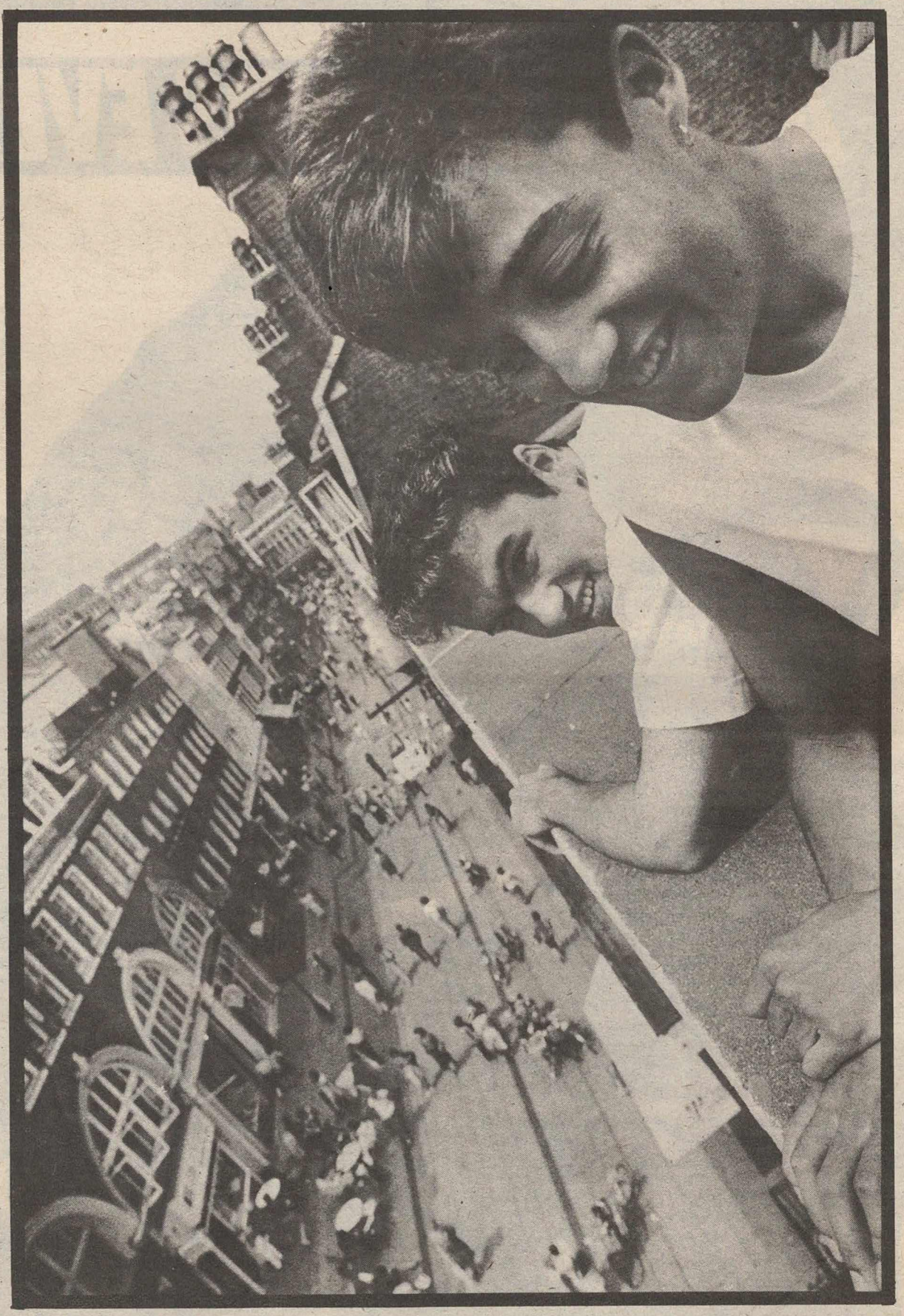
"What we are saying in the song is that unemployment is *there,*" continues George. "And, for all the campaigning that everyone is doing, it's not going to go away. What we *should* be doing is educating people into how to deal with it, how to use their leisure time. If you're not going to be able to do anything about it, you might as well have a laugh about it. We managed to do that quite well when we were on the dole. It is possible to have a reasonable time without that much money. If a lot of your mates are on the dole too, you can have quite a good time."

Certain people might find the song — and the Wham! attitude — mildly offensive. How do they answer charges that they are patronising the million or so young unemployed?

"The song is certainly not meant to be patronising," says George. "I mean, we were unemployed when we wrote it. I think that people will see the humour in it. It might offend older people, the sort of people who think that a hard day's work is the only way to earn a living.

"My parents seem to swear by the work ethic. At one time I had a part-time job as a DJ and a cinema usher. I was earning pretty good money, but my dad couldn't accept it because I wasn't getting up early every morning and going out to work.

"He kept on asking me when I was going to go out and get A Real Job. He thought it wasn't worth it, because I wasn't sweating for it!"



ADRIAN THRILLS hears how two people called WHAM! are taking soul off the dole and into the pop charts.
Pic – PETER ANDERSON

IT WAS DURING their year on the dole after leaving school in Bushey, Herts that George and Andy, both just turned 19, decided to form the Wham! organisation as a vehicle for their ideas. Their only previous musical experience had been a ska band, Executive, "which fizzled out with the 2-Tone thing", leaving the two of them as the core of a songwriting team.

They recorded some rough demos and presented them to a friend called Mark Dean, who was in the process of setting up Innervision Records after a successful stint in the A&R department at Phonogram, where he signed ABC. Dean was impressed enough to put them into the studio with producer Carter and a pool of musicians including drummer Andy Duncan, bassist John McKenzie and saxman Chris Hunter, the sessioners who contributed to the Linx albums.

The result was eventually vinylised as 'Wham! Rap', the first release on Dean's new CBS-distributed label.

"Wham! is basically just the two of us," says Andy. "When we were putting our ideas together, we just couldn't find anyone else who was on the same wavelength, anyone else with the same sense of humour. It was easier to stick to a team of just two. When it came to doing the single, it seemed a good idea to stick to the musicians who Bob usually worked with. In the future, though, I think we will probably assemble our own team, although I don't think it will ever get to the stage where we have a proper fixed band.

"We want to be able to use different musicians. I like the idea of being able to change your sound for each single by using different musicians. When you have a fixed band line-up, there are always contractual problems when you try to do that."

For producer Carter, the single's hard-hitting abrasive edge represents something of a departure from the smoother work he has done with Linx and Junior, although the current 12" mix is supposedly not the final version — the band were this week jetting to New York to oversee an American re-mix of the track. This could become as confusing as 'Mama Used To Say'.

"I think our appeal lies in the fact that the mood of the record isn't bland," says George. "We're aiming for people who want something more than just a commercial pop single, although we also want as wide an audience as we can possibly get."

"The trouble over the past few years is that kids are trying to relate to bands with images that are much more *adult* than they want to be," adds Andy.

"People are taking pop too seriously. It's great to have slick, neat records, but there are not that many records with much guts at the moment. There aren't many groups with a very honest image. People are going for images that are good to look at, but they are things that are not really that accessible for ordinary kids to look at or have a laugh at.

"Things are all very slick and glamorous at the moment. Kids want to have a bit of glamour, something special, but they don't want to have to *pretend* to be something special.

"It should be possible to have a certain glamour and be able to have a sense of humour at the same time."

On the strength of their single, the last laughs could well be on Wham!

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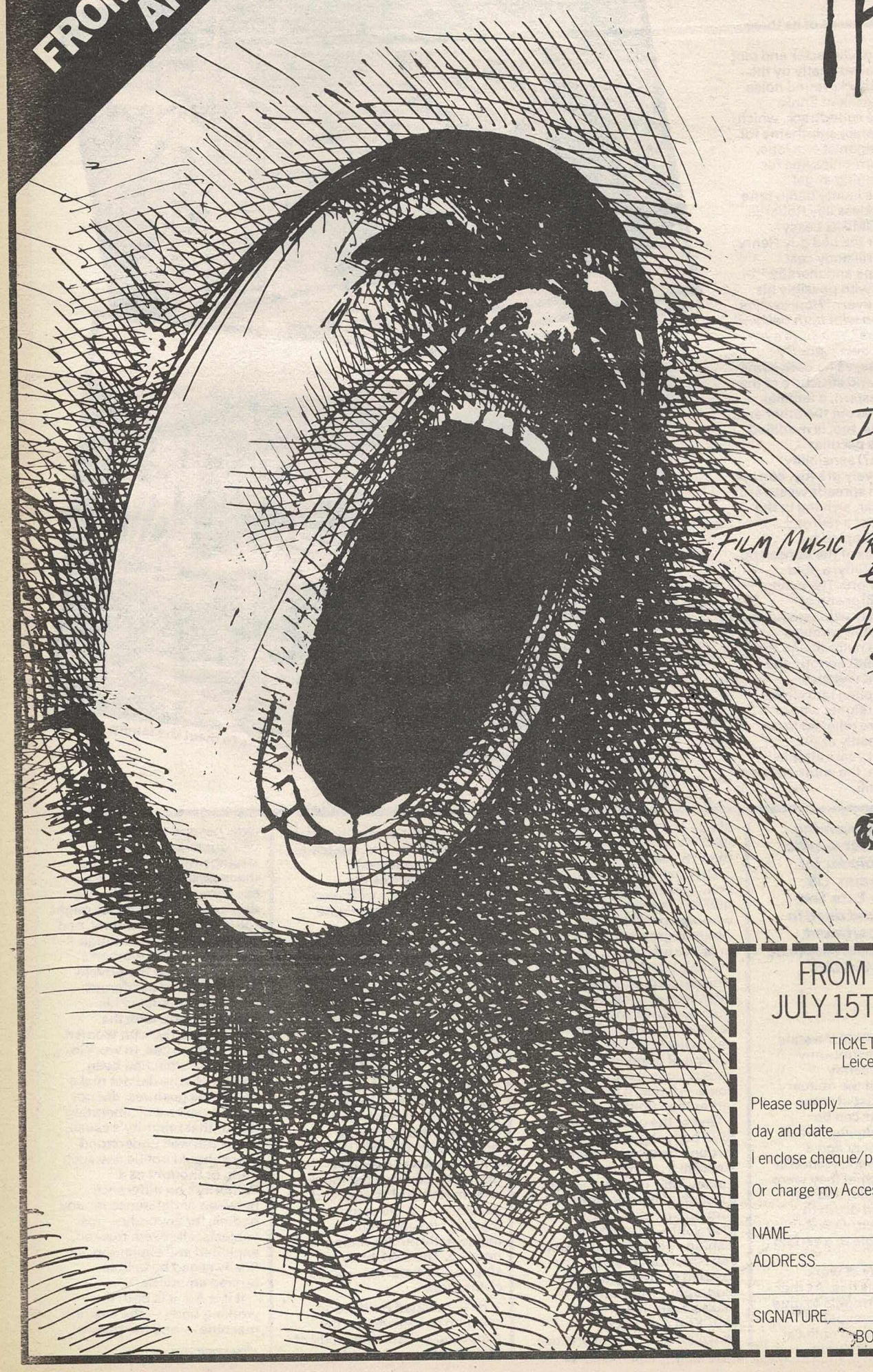

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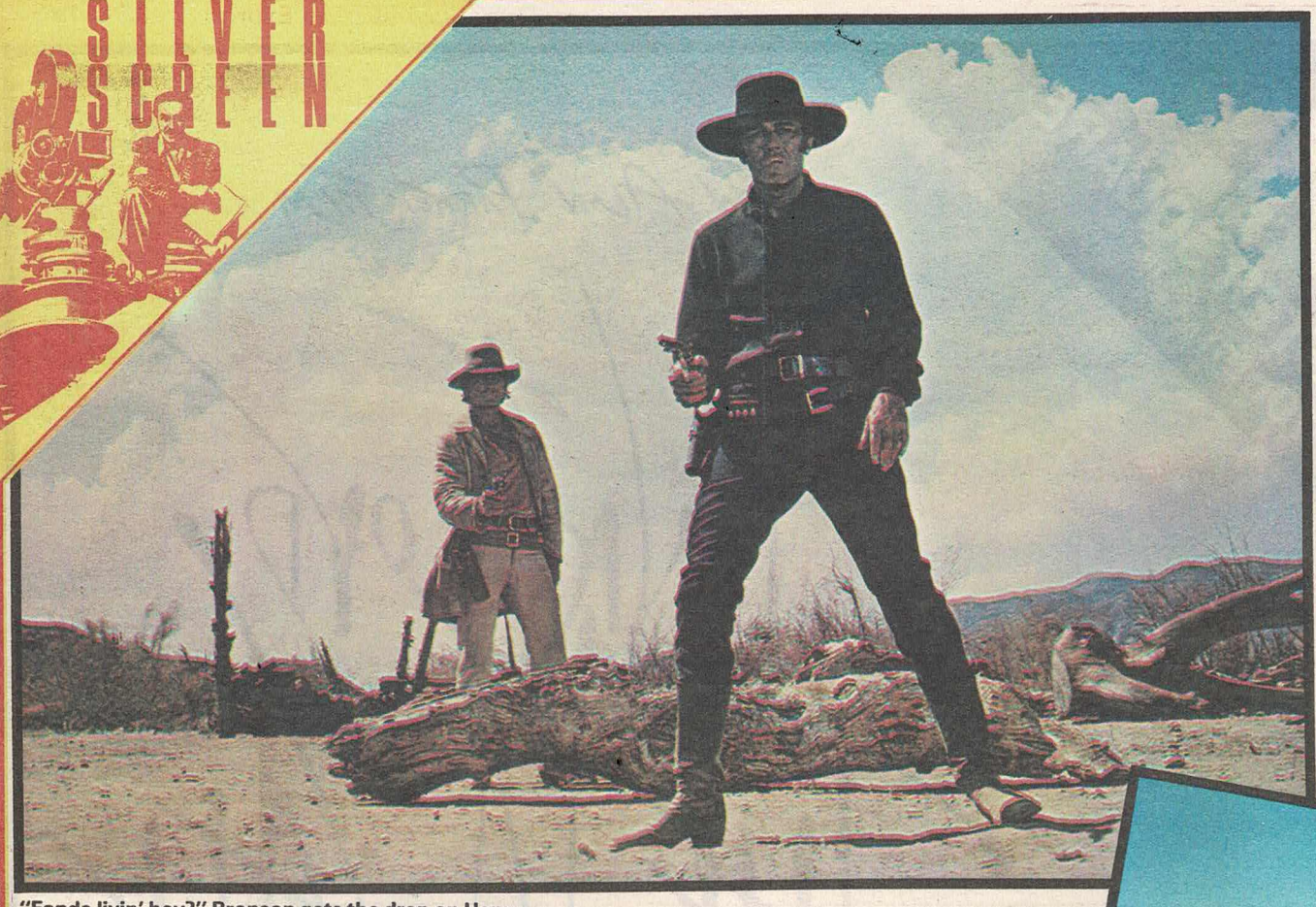


"Fonda livin' boy?" Bronson gets the drop on Henry . . .

PLAY ME THE SONG OF DEATH

The greatest Western ever made? Or just a clever pastiche of cowboy motifs? Chris Bohn celebrates the re-release of Sergio Leone's masterpiece — now being shown in its uncut form.

Fonda twists and . . . cut!

Just married/suddenly widowed Claudia Cardinale gets to meet the family . . .

Once Upon A Time In The West

Directed by Sergio Leone

Starring Charles Bronson, Henry Fonda, Jason Robards and Claudia Cardinale

THE WESTERN was a dying thing until Sergio Leone re-invented it.

It crawled into the '60s carried along on a whiff of nostalgia for simpler times in the elegaic codas to John Ford's career, shedding dead cowboy stars like Gary Cooper on the way. Other more blustery figures like John Wayne survived, but simply went out of fashion, taking the genre with them.

Clearly the Old West needed revising, but having peddled such formulaic myths Hollywood was neither in the position to do it, nor trusted its mavericks — Sam Peckinpah, Arthur Penn — to re-adjust history for them. Until, that is, a new breed of Western from Italy established their continuing commercial and aesthetic viability.

Though faddishly successful, most all of them were dreadful excepting for those of Sergio Leone. With his Clint Eastwood / Man With No Name trilogy, he re-introduced Hollywood to its most enduring '70s star, while presenting them with a new-style hero — emotionless, ruthless, almost mirthless, yet unstintingly honest — suited to the times. His qualities, if you can call them that, are spread across the three good, bad and ugly protagonists of his real masterpiece *Once Upon A Time In The West.*

Once Upon A Time ... betrays more interest in motifs than motives, thus it sidesteps the knotty revenge psychology of the '50s Western, just as it refuses to get drawn into the allegorising of its few contemporaries, while its preoccupation with form mitigates against it getting dewy eyed, like Ford's early '60s work. Though remarkably straightforward, it did clear the way for more complex '70s Westerns, even fuelling them with its processed imagery.

It is, nevertheless, more than mere homage to, or pastiche of, the genre. After dredging communal movie memories for gestures and situations, Leone hones his haul with his impeccable sense of style down to extraordinarily charged sequences where a minimum of movement is enough to suggest the action.

Every frame of its (almost) three hours is beautifully judged, whether it is one establishing a few characters in a Monument-al landscape, another cluttered with workers on a railroad gang pushing civilization through the desert wilderness or, most bravely considering its cinemascope shape, one of the many filled with the arid, motionless faces of its three stars.

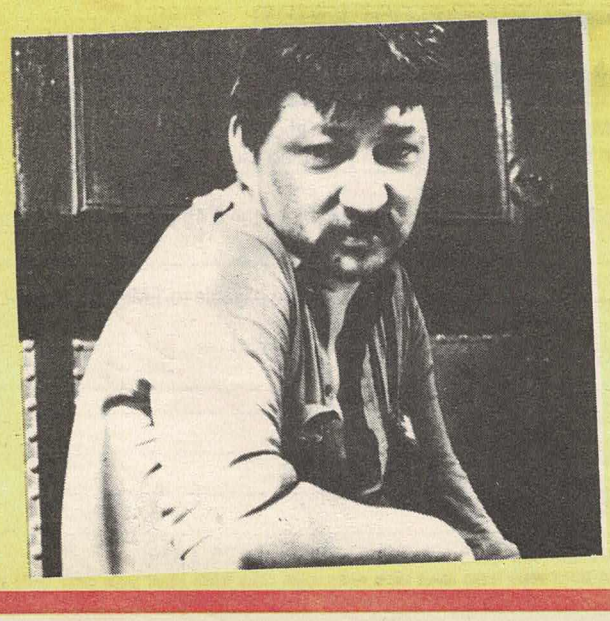
Details of character and plot are dovetailed neatly by the amplified background noise and the excellent Ennio Morricone soundtrack, which has a separate sub-theme for each protagonist — a lone, sucked harmonica line for brute avenging angel Bronson, a jaunty banjo tune for his reckless ally Robards, and a BOOMING bassy rumble for the bad guy Henry Fonda (brilliantly cast against type and thereby rewarded with possibly his best lines ever: *"How can you trust a man with both belt and suspenders? You can't even trust your own pants!"*)

Of course, as he uses some language and structure of the classic Western, a familiar story comes out the other end, though this, too, is modified by Leone's peculiar (European?) sensibility:

Obsessively greedy, corrupt civilization spreads westward like a cancer, arriving in the sick shape of a railroad magnate crippled by tuberculosis of the bones and, more hopefully, a gold hearted whore. The action, including Bronson's mysteriously withheld grudge against Fonda revolves around the railroad and the girl's (defiled) honour, the consequent violence choreographed into slow, fraught gunfights whose tensions are relieved in the sudden, deadly draw ...

Fourteen years after its conception, the shots resonate still.

RAINER WERNER FASSBINDER
MAY 1946 — JUNE 1982



Last Thursday morning Germany's most prolific director Fassbinder (of* Lola, Maria Braun, Lili Marleen, Fear Eats The Soul*) was found dead in his Munich apartment. This is a personal response to the news from IAN PENMAN.

THERE'S INEVITABLY a stale reverence that haunts any words on the recently deceased, and if the obituary concerns an artist of some sort the respects can be religiously deadening; what was just a moment ago a living body of work, etched in the present — what they were doing, about to do, had just done — is boiled down to a now finite stretch, an A-Z.

It's unavoidable to a certain extent, but . . .

The RWF body of work especially mocks this. As the Press tributes struggle to glue together: homosexual pessismist personal political melodrama cruelty drug abuse erratic 40-plus films (plus TV plus theatre) in less than 15 years.

Or, don't save a minute of your time for any psychology of RWF: that the lonely child who was packed off to cinemas grew up into a lonely outsider who could never get enough attention, even in his exasperated, pleading, relentless cinema. Whatever truth any such analysis might contain, discard it. Confirm only what you find, in a cinema of dramatically lavish, perspicuous rhetoric. Find flows — flaws, if necessary — rather than unities.

One of the openings in the RWF body: he *didn't* work through cinema in order to stabilise a neurosis (e.g., money/ME, in order to feed a mouth of bourgeois anxiety; something increasingly prevalent — in a different fashion — in both European and American movies. The frenzied overweight RWF biography — the corpus — makes a damn glorious MOCKERY of much fay-minded authorial practice. He worked breathed lived cinema. Don't accept the offer of any obituary, any language, which strangulates or otherwise reduces the sprawling bloody outraged drunken vigilant profligate libidinal . . .

If there should be any reflex now it should not be one of mourning, only perhaps a guilt over ourselves, if we should have for one moment taken for granted the working body of an RWF, for one instant letting it settle into an accepted niche, if we should have the vanity to imagine we understood it as a totality and stop letting it invade and insult our thoughts. The non-stop RWF was in thrall with the idea of making a discreetly commercial movie — something of quality and passions — at the same time making his rude affairs indiscreetly public, hiding nothing. The RWF body stopped as it started — in the public gaze.

RWF ravaged Hollywood, refusing to believe that the supposedly 'feminine' body of Melodrama was worthless (was beyond exploitation!); without stringing us up in stratagem, he checked the mechanisms of nationality, economy and sexuality. He tore apart what analysts might call patriarchal economy, and studied its history through — of course! — the woman's body. Although the private RWF preferred a different world, he infatuated his director's gaze with the woman's body, with women who tried, to use, to work in, to reverse what had been affixed. But he did not make movies as gestures, did not make a gesture of 'liberating' this or that minority's cause, for he full well understood there should not be any such thing or thought as a 'Minority'; no difference between or deference for any bodies, for anybody — just subjects, all sexed, marked, exploited and exploiting, all finally caged by fallible human emotions.

If it is Art, it is both the working body — the desiring machine — and the body of

CONTINUED OVER

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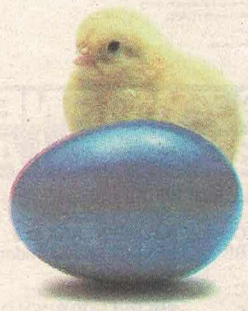

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Cowering in this massive wake, Ian Penman sifts through a hack's dozen — "three ... if we can sober him up" — of new releases: Arthur Penn's long-awaited *Georgia's Friends (Stop waiting, fans. — Pennman);* the politically sensitive *Tomorrow's Warrior;* and David Hamilton's Rad Fem analysis of pubescent sexuality, *Laura* ... (Voice heard off: "I'm OK on that crappy Penn, Monty, but can't the Cyprus one and that Hamilton dog wait till next ...")

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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

work, the *"art of living counter to all forms of fascism"*. It is *"the tracking down of all varieties of fascism, from the enormous ones that surround and crush us to the petty ones that constitute the tyrannical bitterness of our everyday lives."*

Or, if he already had an epitaph, it might be this preface for his amended visual treatment of Fontaine's *Effi Briest: "or Many Who Have a Notion of their Possibilities and their Needs still Accept the Prevailing Order by their Actions, and by Doing so, Strengthen and Confirm it."*

RWF's death is the first such public death to really shock me — not because it was unexpected, just that electric shock of loss, the first 'hero' of mine to suddenly disappear. Given the determinedly desperate nature of RWF, it will be called a "tragic waste", which is meaningless, for above all this gambler *knew the risks.* On the contrary, it might be celebrated as only the deepest mark of an unyielding hedonism, proof that such living need not necessarily result in slow paralysis, but produce and support a plurality of openings. For unlike others who have "lived fast, died young" RWF bequeaths a substantial (in all senses of the word) body of work. A "tragedy implies that it could all have been resolved *some other way* . . .

Could it?

RWF: Artaud's "body-without-organs" crushed into a rushing body without organisation. *"And so . . . until your blood runs to meet the next full moon, Your madness fits in nicely with my own."*

RWF: a living body of work.

Quotes from Michel Foucault and Robert Wyatt.

Voice Over

Directed by Chris Monger
Starring Ian McNeice and Bish Nethercote (BFI)

PROBABLY THE worst film I've seen ths year, *Voice Over.* As a horror picture it's farcically mishandled; a paranoid morality tale it musters all the resonance of carrot soup, finally stumbling to a conclusion so idiotic it douses the few fleeting glimpses of mystery in the plot in a dribbling, noxious cop-out.

Ian McNeice sweats and lumbers uncomfortbly as Fats Bannerman, the storyteller broadcaster (no *Marvin Gardens* Nicholson, he!) whose romantic serial turns into gothic horror to when he realises its 'serious' content is ridiculed. Living in a derelict area is bad enough for his homelife — when he discovers a catatonic rape victim and attempts to nurse her back to health too it hardly makes for chuckles over the cornflakes.

If director Monger wants this as an index of urban anxieties, artist-on-the-edge frustrations and the retributive neuroses of desire — or have I just lost my mind? — I have to disappoint him.

The film fails shabbily to posit any sense of atmosphere, location or character, atrociously edited and looking as though it were made on a fraction of its £11,000 budget.

I finally gave up at the moment when Fats, doing his tortured final broadcast, begins (for no apparent reason) wailing into the microphone on a battered alto sax, like a crassly enfeebled James Chance.

Over and out on this stiff!

Richard 'Slim' Cook'

IN THE CAN

Body Heat (Directed by Lawrence Kasdan). Ingenious re-working of *Double Indemnity,* the classic film noir atmospherics so well carried off that it's a shock to realise the setting is contemporary. William Hurt is a perfect putz, Kathleen Turner an extremely fatal femme. **(Warner Bros)**

Britannia Hospital (Lindsay Anderson). Lindsay may well be miffed at us (see *Gasbag*) but humour's a funny thing, isn't it? If only this ambitious satire was (funny, I mean). As a film it lacks the ingenuity of *If* . . . and the vitality of *O Lucky Man*; as a state of the nation report it's as crude as a *Sun* political cartoon. **(EMI)**

Clean Slate (Bertrand Tavernier). Excellent black comedy set in French colonised West Africa in the late '30s, dominated by Philippe Noiret's magnificent performance as the beleagured police chief andTavernier's evident delight in making his move *move.* **(Curzon)**

Making Love (Arthur Hiller). Relentlessly tasteful homo-hetero triangle with desperately sincere performances from Kate Jackson, Michael Ontkean and Harry Hamlin. Totally unbelievable. **(20th Century Fox)**

Missing (Costa Gavras). Lauded political thriller that comes complete with the Cannes festival's Palme D'Or, striking central performances from Jack Lemmon and Sissy Spacek, and a commitment that shines out of every frame. What's missing, I'm afraid, is dramatic tension; not so much *Z* as zzzzzz . . . **(UIP)**

Prince Of The City (Sidney Lumet). At last, a limited release for one of the very finest American films in years. Treat Williams is the cop who turns informer, enjoying the game at first but gradually made aware that the whole house of shit (New York and its finest) is about to blow up in his face. By turn funny and frightening, *City* is profoundly grim, brilliantly made, wholly remarkable. **(Warner Bros)**

Private Lessons (Alan Meyerson). Dumb vehicle for Sylvia Kristel, who eases a rotten kid through his adolescent sexual anxieties to the accompaniment of an AOR soundtrack. **(Sunn Classic)**

Towering Inferno (John Guillermin). Maybe re-released to coincide with the hot weather, who knows? Big stars cope with a big building on fire, just as they did two years ago on television. **(Warner Bros)**

Monty Smith

ON THE BOX

Ian Penman previews a scanty selection of TV movies, recycled from the well-thumbed* NME *Halliwells

Friday June 18

Dark Star (John Carpenter 1974) 2001 laughs in Carpenter's first — a low-key lampoon of the outer limits. A benign alien bops about the cabinspace of the Carpenter craft, already replete with HAL-logical talking bomb and bombed-out bored silly crew. Gleefully daft. **(BBC1)**

Saturday June 19

The Nutty Professor (Jerry Lewis 1963) Enough hi-fanatic visual verve to stock a half dozen Madness videos (that's a compliment, boys!) as Lewis directs himself and Stella Stevens through a loony-glass; the Prof dabbles with chemicals and goes schizophrenically Stylish — great mugging from JL. **(BBC1)**

A Pain In The A... (Eduord Molinaro) Jacques Brel and Lino Ventura in European precursor of Wilder's latest, *Buddy Buddy* (Matthau and Lemmon). "Wildly funny" says Chris Bohn. Hey, Chris, how many Poles does it take to— **(LWT)**

Sunday June 20th

The Pink Panther (Blake Edwards 1964) My interest renewed in ol' Mr Andrews by both *Victor/Victoria* (critics were ALL wrong, as usual) and the recent Beeb2 screening of *Breakfast at Tiffanys.* I won't say no to this World Cup Family-appeaser. The first Panther; the best . . .? **(BBC1)**

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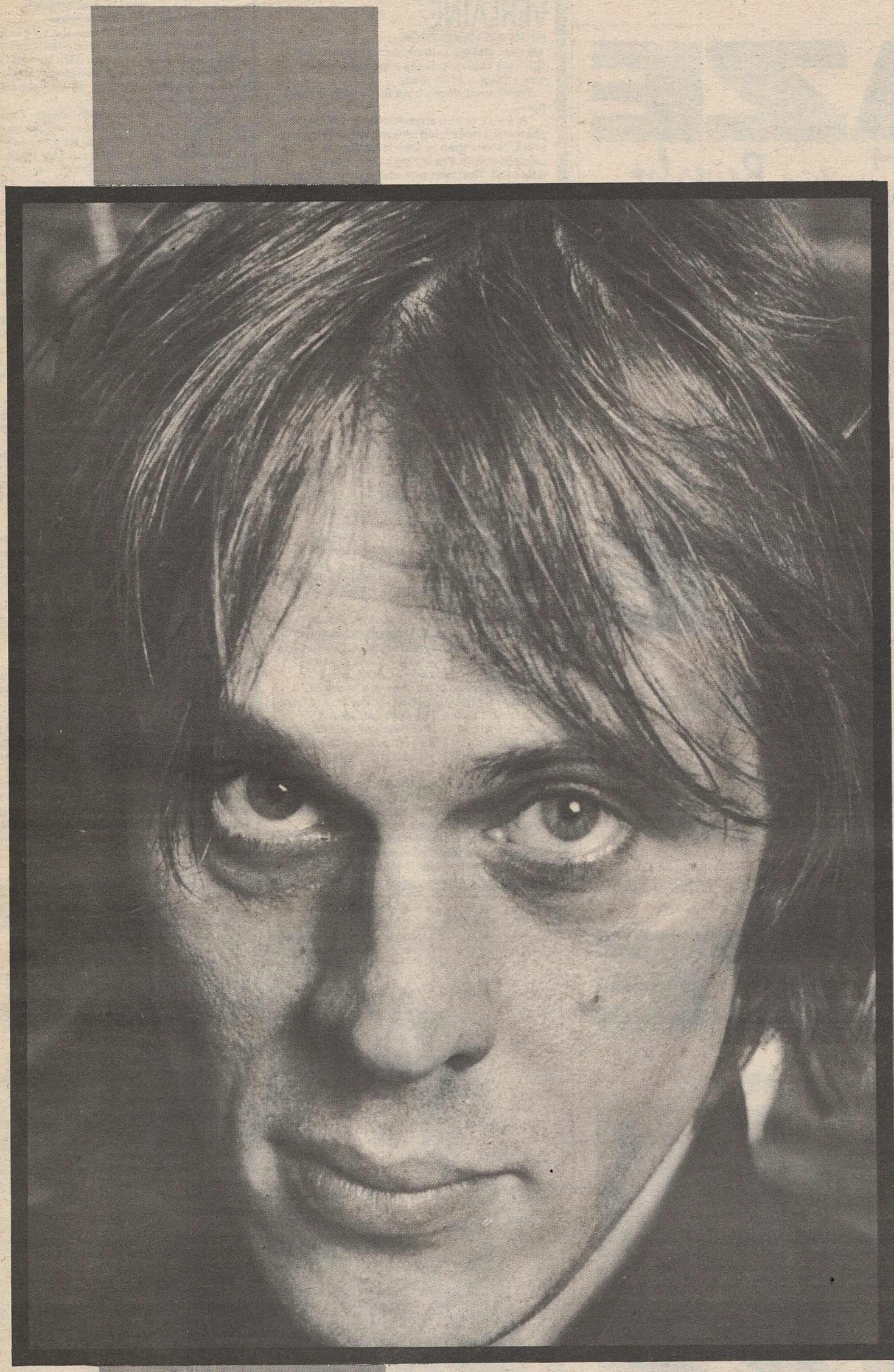

V·E·R·L·A·I·N·E

ONLY A GHOST OF HIS FORMER SELF

Richard Grabel gets into a scrap with a fallen idol. Referee: Joe Stevens

IT DIDN'T CLICK UNTIL I took a tape of the album out with me for a walk with my Walkman on a warm moony night. In this way — relaxed, the usual noise around me abated for a while — the dreamy lyricism and romantic meditation of 'Words From The Front' finally got through to me.

'Postcard From Waterloo' — a hint of the wordcraft Verlaine used to muster as a matter of course, and the only really memorable melody here. 'Words From The Front' and 'Days On The Mountain' — little dramas I was now able to let myself be pulled in by, canvasses of sound I was now ready to be caught up in.

It had taken a lot of prior listening, but I finally found the use. An album for quiet moments and moods, for reflection more than movement, for bemusement more than enlightenment. Not what I go for most these days, but certainly something with a place and a purpose.

But my problems with this record weren't done. There are sounds on it that captivate me, pull me back for more. But there is dead space too. There are drawn out bits of ideas, playing for more time then they are worth, trying to sound profound when they are just bluffing to cover up their emptiness. Even after discovering a garden of delights in certain corners of this record, I still find large spaces where it is a stagnant pond.

It wasn't going to be easy to break this to Verlaine. Last time I interviewed him, just after his first solo album came out, I was still an unabashed fan, a former Television fanatic who thought that first solo record was brilliant. This time it would be rougher.

But there were good reasons for doing an interview. Verlaine has been a very major influence on many younger guitarists, especially in England. Television ghosts walk through the records of Echo, Teardrop, U-2, many others. And, even a lesser Verlaine album has its moments of greatness. And, in his slow, purposeful way, Verlaine is going to keep working. He's not going to disappear, and he's quite capable of surprising us again.

VERLAINE IS physically an unusual figure. He's very tall and very thin, with long bony fingers, a long nose, a long neck. Everything about him is long and loose and dangling, like a body of sticks held together by string.

He is a very private person, and volunteers nothing unless asked directly. To get things going I ask whether he though his new work stood up against his old.

"I think it's all one song, in a sense. Whether it holds up in anybody else's mind is their opinion. Maybe it's something slightly new and slightly the same every year."

Are you recycling your ideas?

"Uh-uh. I mean a person usually has a certain thing. I like the sound of two guitars, bass and drum. I haven't become disenchanted with that sound or its possibilities."

Your new songs seem less focused, more abstract . . .

"Well I'm tempted to just terminate this whole thing, 'cause we're not getting anywhere. You don't appear to be interested. And I'm not looking for attention or anything."

No. I am interested, very much. But I want to compare your reactions to mine. What I'm asking is how much the records means to you, do you stand by it?

"Of course. I wouldn't go on tour otherwise. I'm not trying to defend myself. I don't feel a need to defend my own work . . . Like I've said before, I don't have much to say about it unless you ask something specific."

Are your songs sometimes too introspective, self-involved?

"Well, it's not commentaries on pop culture or what's going on in the club on Friday night, I'll grant you that. But, like, introspective in the way of somebody who's talking to themselves in a song, which was very popular in the early '70's, Jackson Browne, that kind of thing, which never appealed to me either . . . I don't see myself as guilty of that."

No, but a lot of your songs sound mystifying and obscure.

"Yeah, but I know people that love them. Everybody writes songs that someone is going to say that about. Because people are conditioned to a certain type of verbal communication. So anybody that follows their own bent, that attempts to communicate something in their own way, a lot of people are gonna say that."

Well, take 'Words From the Front.' Is that really about a soldier?

"That's part of it. Or a person under some sort of conflict. With certain ideals. Conflict is a big part of life, isn't it? I mean look at this interview. It might be what life is itself, just a series of tensions that you have to somehow find your way through.

"The mind tends to fixate. That's how it operates, it fixates on things. There are people I've met who think 'Marquee Moon' will never be topped. And then there are people who didn't start liking anything I did

CONTINUES OVER

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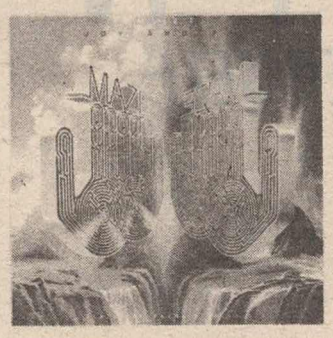

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Capitol Records

VERLAINE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

'till that Elektra solo record came out, who thought Television was a bit unvaried or something, a bit at odds."

Your music does strive for harmony more now.

"It's also the arrangements that have changed. I have tried to keep simplifying my work, rather than to take it into more complications. I'm trying to get more essential. That was one of the main things about the new record, I just wanted to do what was essential to get the result across, rather than get architectural about it. If I do another architectural record I want to use more keyboards on it because sonically I think it works better than piling up guitars. I've already done guitar records. I've always been interested in horns, I've got a lot of ideas for horns. It's just finding people that are adaptable to them because they're not R&B charts.

"I got an offer from another label to do an instrumental record. I don't know if I'm going to do it, but that's something that's always interested me. You wouldn't have to keep reminding yourself that there's a vocal in there, you could expand the whole arrangement."

VERLAINE HAS recently made his first real foray into the video world.

"I knew what I didn't want to do. I think the trouble with video is that the people who are getting into it have no background in film, they have no background in script or content. They've just learned certain techniques and their attitude is surface.

"I read a couple of lives of film directors. One of them was Mankiewicz who did *All About Eve* and a few other classic comedies. To me the whole downfall of films in the last ten years is scripts.

"I wanted to do videos that projected the mood of the songs. So 'Words From the Front' is very slow moving and stylized in a certain sense. And there's one for 'Clear It Away' that's actually a parody of video and of performers who think they are "sexual". Whether or not people are going to pick up on that I don't know. They are somewhat contrary to the image I seem to have in the music business. It's not me standing there playing the guitar. I'd find that pretty uninteresting."

He is modest about the influence he has had. I tell him that Television's records are frequently cited in this paper's *Portrait Of An Artist* section, and he's surprised.

"Is that right? I haven't seen that. I've met some of them and they've said nice things, but I didn't know that it was in print.

"I met the guys in U2, just through acquaintances, and they told me complimentary things. I met the singer from The Teardrop Explodes, who wanted me to produce for them, but that didn't work out.

"I don't know if there's anybody interested in playing guitar anymore. Or that are taking it up when they're 16.

"I can see the fun of synthesizers. You lay one finger on it and all this sound pours out. I like keyboards myself, they lend themselves to instant melody. Whereas guitar lends itself more to personal expression at the moment.

"Another thing I find about the music scene today is that there are a lot of ideas men. David Byrne is an ideas man. Eno is an ideas man, though he does have some melodic gifts. They have an interest in music and they like to hear it, but whether they really have it in them to project out of themselves to my mind remains to be seen. But they do create some interesting sounds. But the minute I hear certain records I know exactly what records these people have been listening to."

On the other hand don't we need to get away from the dominance of the musos, people involved in technique for its own sake? Where do you think you fit in between the idea of men and the musos.

"Well, I'm not putting myself into their category, but John Lennon was neither of those. Dylan never struck me as a concept man. The Band weren't . . . These aren't records I sit around and listen to, this is just stuff I realise was in my life when I heard it. They had a certain quality which wasn't a concept and wasn't virtuosity. It was on the beam. Presley, The Stones. It's basically personal expression. It comes from something real, in the sense that your body feels it. Reggae. The roots stuff might have some religious dogma involved in it, but it's basically not a concept and it's not based on virtuosity."

What advice would you give to a 15-year-old guitarist who was forming a band or something and came to you?

"I'd probably say, stop listening to everything he's listening to for a while.

"All I can say is that I never consciously tried to imitate anyone. Some people, that's the way they learn. They sit down with . . . I guess these days they sit down with an Eddie Van Halen record and they pick out the licks. I never tried to do that. That's what I would say. If he started giving me the stuff about being a *fan* and liking the guitar playing I would probably hit him pretty hard and say Why, what for? Because if you want to create something in this world, you have to maintain your ability to appreciate other people's work, you can't close yourself off, but at the same time I don't see the point in imitating anything."

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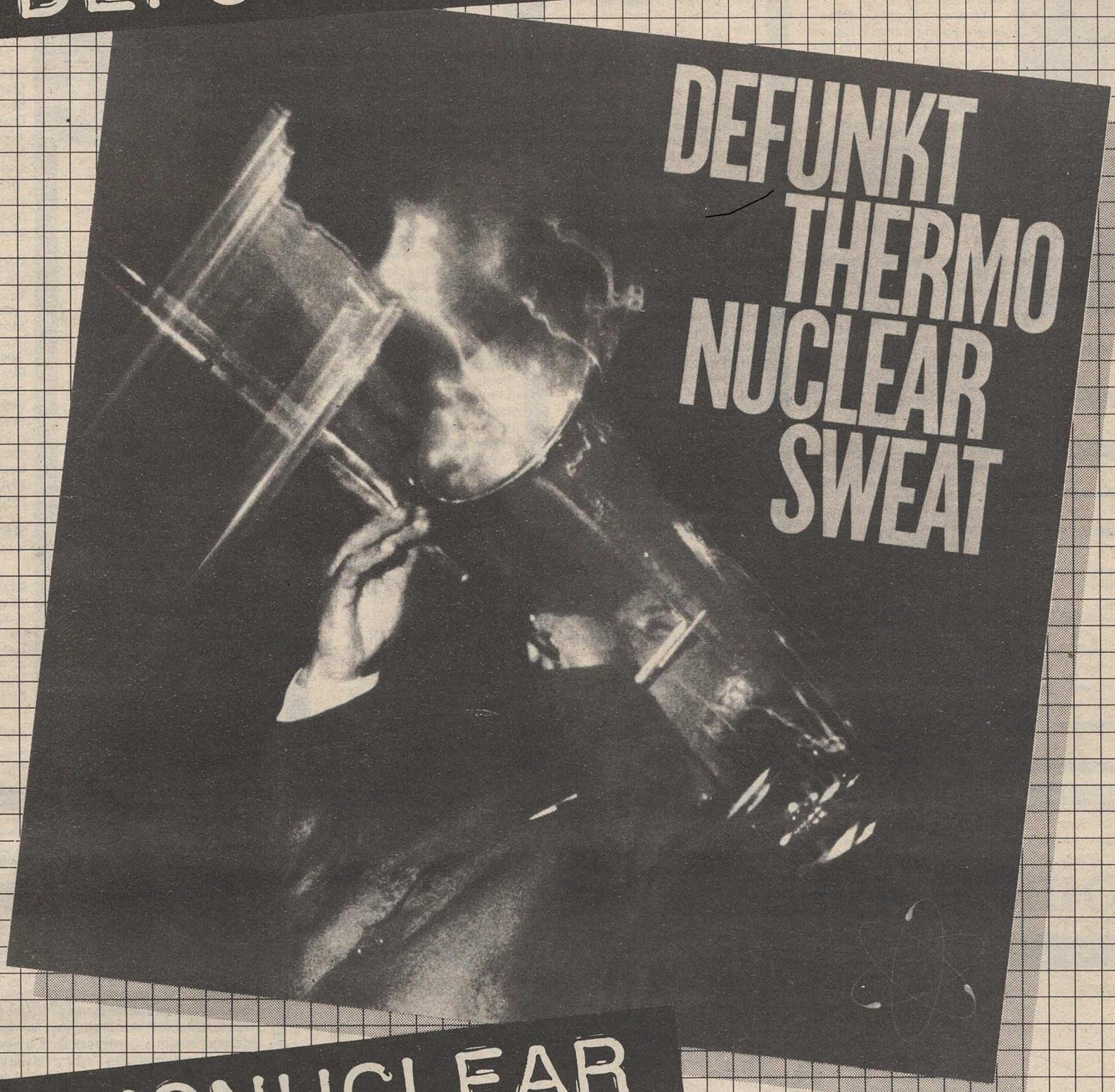

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SINGLES

GUEST REVIEWER
X. MOORE

THE POWER of singles may be nowt on the power of the organised working class but those buzzing 45s tingle and spark like no other form of music. Sizzling summer singles provide a potent backdrop to a brief heatwave/strikewave — shank this way . . .

Yo wanna know what the bright young things'll be dancing to on the picket-lines this month? Let's kick off with Leon's Old Boys . . .

MENSHEVIK INTERNATIONALISTS

THE THREE JOHNS; English White Boy Engineer/Secret Agent (Hijos Del Pueblo A Las Barracades En Discos)
We've heard it on Peel for a student called 'Tiggy', let's hear it for Newport! The Three Johns start up and stir nicely — cashew nut bass, tremelo scratch guitar and SIN-drums. Evil! 'English White Boy Engineer' was The M*k*ns' best track and it still is. Once, it seemed all but lost to a Peel session and history but now, darling, it can be ours (double A-side smash-wise) courtesy of the nice people at Hijos . . . The blow dealt here to apartheid is rivalled only by the blow dealt to Calvinism on the other side, where Langford falls foul of the worst impression of a Welsh Baptist minister to be messed up this year. Peel said it was "rum" but I say it was a double whiskey (and I should know). Cut out the booze and set free the sheep — God bless the M*k*ns!

LEFT SOCIALIST REVOLUTIONARIES

ERAZERHEAD; Shell Shock (Flicknife)
No alcoholic haze here. Erazerhead down tools, pick up guitars and STRIKE! 'Shell Shock' fair shook me, grey Bolshie bore that I am (and SWells got nostalgic too). Astounding!

CHANNEL 3; I've Got A Gun (No Future)
Another one! Tough as a Commissar — Channel 3 steam like a McCain's apple pie on a wet Friday night. 'I've Got A Gun' rockets like 'Safe European Home', twice the racket and thrice the sense. Martin Leon walked in to say it's too good to be anything but American — how come Stateside punk singles hold the monopoly on good back-up vocals these days? Start flyposting — When thrash is good, it's beautiful.

THE GUN CLUB: Sex Beat / Ghosts On The Highway (Beggars Banquet)
The Gun Club are the ones who got away to play mental with the blues. Beggars Banquet are the lucky ones who've caught them and, in a fit of summer outlandishness, put out the two best album tracks on a double A-side. Noisy and magnificent. The Sisters Of Mercy took R Asheton, The Gun Club take R. Johnson, both complain bitterly — Catholics get screwed up summat chronic.

NARODNIKS

LIVING LEGENDS: The Pope Is A Dope (Up Yours)
Sound analysis, boys and girls. Dope makes you happy and stupid and so does religion.

CRASS: Falklands Flexi
This transparent flexi bootleg got a decidedly naff review in the House of Commons from the Tory MP for Belper — what better recommendation? This is, b'truth, the best thing Crass have done since 'Rival Tribal', a slice of history, which only makes the rampant incomprehensibility all the more regrettable. Penny's boys crash in after a crossfire of war commentary and speeches in the House with cries of *"When we're finished with the sheep in the Falklands battle, we'll invade Argentina and bugger the cattle."* Libertine mocks Thatcher, and the rest of the gang provide mutton sound effects over tortuous 'Friggin In The Riggin'. Narodniks made a lot of noise and very little sense. Here, the lyrics may be garbled but the message is in the moozic: Baaaa . . . Explosive!

X. and pals hail a cab on the Edgware Road.

SNUKY TATE: He's The Groove (Ze)
Rapping Catholics? Flamin' auras! Actually, these aren't Narodniks but the SDP — with August Darnell's miserable circus well upstaged by the Vatican's Polish drag artist stageshow, Ze got jealous, calmed down and now get humile. Do The Genuflect — *"He's the groove / He's the man / He's the Pope in the Vatican"*. Failed kitsch — after seven crackers it's time for an ulcer and this was it.

NOVAYA ZHIZN

LAURIE ANDERSON: Let X be X / From The Air (WEA)
Novaya Zhizn; suss intellectuals. Gorky would've loved this — suitably obscure and separatist. Laurie Anderson says let X be X; which is alreet by me, and on the other side does a jitter-smooch musical 'Airplane'. Performance artists schmartists . . . all seems pretty harmless.

COSMETIC: New Complexion (Rough Trade)
Ornette Coleman's bassie, Jamaaladeen Tacuma, finds a skanking jazz bassline in the closet and learns to heckle and jive again. James Watkins' saxophone pumps some intelligence amongst the sweat. Next week: Miles Davis joins The 4 Skins.

PIGBAG: Another Orangutango (Masterbag Flexi)
Another version (seven and a half minutes). This time, lightweight but mobile. Who cares if they've moved in on someone else's territory — he who hears a good noise and does not nick it is a prannet.

CODEX: How Much Are They? (Island)
Too good to forget. The Bloods' 'Button Up' features some neat bass and Mick Karn slides nice but Wobble's bassline just drrriveS! Still a winner . . .

TRUDOVIKS

NOAH HOUSE OF DREAD: Stand Firm / Murder (On-U Sound 10" Disco Plate)
One for oppositionists everywhere, 'Stand Firm' has strength, subtlety and message and hits you with all three. Go forth, tuff ones, and set up your sound system on the nearest health workers' picket-line. Not a scab in sight.

UNDIVIDED ROOTS: Move Up / England Cold (Well Crucial 10")
"Move up now — we've got to move up!" The vocals sound like the '60s but bite like the '80s. Actually, the vocals sound like *"They said we should change our style / They said we were out of tune . . ."* in which case they're certainly out of touch; Strummer flogged that couplet to death five years back. Elseways, defiant and joyful. Agitational dance — well crucial indeed.

SHRIEKBACK: sexthinkone (Y)
It must be the heat.

ROUNDTREE: Hit On You (Virgin)
A name worse than Smethwick but . . . a sound like Newport. Tight. Rolls along like one of D. Ross' fight-the-flab flicks and not an inch of surplus to be found.

DISLOCATION DANCE: Rosemary (New Hormones)
Tea bags.

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FOR YOUR HI-FI'S ONLY

Having saved the world once again, our hero looks forward to an evening of aural delight, listening to a little music with a good bottle of red. He places the record on the turntable, but the sound is not good. "I don't know much about these things" says the blonde "but I'd say you have a deficiency at both frequency extremes, a hump around two kilohertz and poor channel separation." "Where did you learn that?" asks our hero! "From this" she replies, producing a well-thumbed copy of Practical Hi-Fi. "The July issue includes a budget tuner comparison feature, moving coils go moving on, and yet more 'Supercut' records — from Quincy Jones, Joan Armatrading and Supertramp." He moves across the room and lays down beside her. "Amazing" he murmurs "turn up the lighting I've got some reading to do."

PRACTICAL HI-FI

July issue out NOW

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Special feature YOUR GUIDE TO HOTSPOT SWIMS FOR THE OPENING WEEKEND

Angler's Mail

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JOE JACKSON: Real Men (A&M)
"Man makes a gun, man goes to war / Man can kill and man can drink and man can take a whore / Kill all the blacks, Kill all the reds / And if there's war between the sexes then there'll be no people left." Joe schmaltz-rants 'bout the Falklands, notes that gays are into leather and says: *"Don't call me a faggot."* Confused? As a CP line, pal.

THE DAMNED: I Think I'm Wonderful (Bronze)
Amiable fruitcakes? Wonderful rap, wonderful guitar and a wonderful Hendrix steal. Grave robbers extraordinaire.

YEDINSTVO

SHALAMAR: 'A Night To Remember (WEA)
'I Can Make You Feel Good' was great. This isn't.

LINX: Plaything (Chrysalis)
'Intuition' was smart. This isn't.

NARADA MICHAEL WALDEN: You Ought To Love Me (Atlantic)
'I Shoulda Loved Ya' was neat. This isn't. Putting 'Shoulda' on the B-side makes this no less miserable, Mr Walden.

THE GAP BAND: Early In The Morning (Mercury 12")
'Oops Upside Your Head' was the business. So was 'Burn Rubber' and 'Humpin'. This still buzzes a bit because it is The Gap Band but, whereas 'Oops' made it onto the terraces, the only gonks who'd chant this soggy mouthful are the Revolutionary Communist League of Britain (Marxist-Leninist Teabags).

LIANOZOVISTS

Yedinstov had their moments. Lianozovists were ulcers from the start.

FREEZE: One To One (Beggars Banquet)
Frozen. As in stiff.

VISAGE: Night Train (Polydor)
Most of the credits on the back are for the mug-shot on the front. Roll? Crediting "Hair" to Ollie would seem somewhat superfluous when the photographer, Nikki English of *Tatler* (but of course), has managed only to get Steve Strange's knees in but not the top half of his head. There's clever . . . The pic of Steve, standing in front of what looks like corrugated iron roofing, was in fact taken at "Le Palace, Paris" in case you thought young Steven was posing moodily on a building site in Newport. SS., it must be said, hails from Newport — so do Ralph & The Ponytails. SS has a silly hairstyle — so does Ralph. The similarity ends there. 'Night Train' is cack . . . a sleeper, no doubt about it.

A TASTE OF HONEY: I'll Try Something New (Capitol)
Pop-idealogical slip — why try something new when plagiarizing Roxy's as easy as ABC (oops!) A Taste Of Honey get caught poaching in the wrong territory.

FUNKAPOLITAN: Run Run Run (London)
Funk sunk without trace.

CADETS

THE TEARDROP EXPLODES: TX-82G (Mercury)
. . . And just as I was starting to grin. To hell with po-faced gorillas - try some sulphate, Kevin.

OCTOBRISTS

BARDO: Talking Out Of Line (Epic)
Take the 't' out of Bardot and replace it with teabags.

SHAKATAK: Streetwalkin (Polydor)
Fetid background music for bad chat-up techniques.

QUEEN: Las Palabras De Amor (EMI)
Freddie Mercury boldly goes where everyone else has gone before; this record should've been shot at Kronstadt.

JOAN JETT: Crimson And Clover (Epic)
The Blackhearts have six good chords and they used them all on 'I Love Rock 'n Roll'. Joan Jett is the Last World's rock 'n roll star.

Ph.D: Little Suzi's On The Up (WEA)
Sod off!

MAXIMALISTS

'Obstructing The Doors Causes Delay & Can Be Dangerous' — so runs the warning.

CONFLICT: The House That Man Built (Crass)
John Reed nailed Maximalists — *"An insignificant group of peasant anarchists"* — the pity is that Conflict could be so much more, so much better if only they'd stand clear of the doors.

ESSAIRES

SPECIAL DUTIES: Police State (Rondolet)
Put this up against Xtraverts' 'Police State' (or the Paisley RAR ep, Metal Urbain's 'Cle de Contact', anything by Crisis . . .) and watch this poodle piddle. If New Punk had any strength, it'd have the confidence to take on the Octobrists — just as the K9s' 'K9 Hassle' slapped the cap on all the Hustles (British and otherwise) going down in '76. All my money's on Beergut 100.

PUBLIC DISGRACE: Toxteth (Probe Plus)
Kenneth Oxford's talkover is hilarious but this is dated — someone should tell him rap was last year's thing.

TOTAL CHAOS: There Are No Russians In Afghanistan (Red Rhino)
I've been trying to get hold of 'Revolution Part 10' for months and here it is on the B-side. Brilliant — the perfect compliment to the splendiferous Mouth.

INFA-RIOT: The Winner (Secret)
Lee Wilson swaps Mensi for Malcolm Owen and Floyd sets it up with neat bass harmonics. The Infas continue to impress and improve — not yet in a rut. The perfect antidote to junk.

MENSHEVIKS

BAD MANNERS: 'Psychedelic Eric' (Magnet)
Another B-side classic. Dancetrack supreme, 'Psychedelic Eric' is the best thing Madness never did. Say it again, say it again . . . "Submerging now, nanny!"

MARI WILSON: 'Baby (Discotheque Arrangement)' (Compact 12")
Advertising were ulcers but Mari . . . mmm. The Jackson 5 (retread) faction feel threatened by her; she's no sweet litte pin-up and she doesn't sing-saccharine like Thereza or Clare. The Olde Rockers are embarrassed by her; she provokes them into acting their age — she also sounds like the stuff their parents were listening to then and reminds red-faced Olde Rockers that it's *them* who are the parents of today. (Rock of Ageists — go take a leap!) The 12", complete with indispensible intro from Hank and extended outro, makes its little sister look less grand. The best bit is the guitar/horn break when Mari sings . . . it's even better. Debri says it's sound and shoe should know — Better than best.

GENIE & TASH: 'The Ladies Side' (Volcano)
The smartest reply to Smilie's 'Diseases'. The girls grin their way thru' this sublime put-down (wit, suss & style). Women singing strong and hitting back — too good to lose.

13 TO BE RECKONED WITH

'Complete Control' by The Clash
10 Woodbines
Kenny Dalglish
'Gut Feeling' by Devo
Shreddies
Rennes with No. 3s
Hand drawn Tetleys
Shirley MacLean
'Tommy Toilet Humour' by Little Brother
'Mindless Violence' by The Newtown Neurotics
'By The Time I Get To Phoenix by Isaac Hayes
All Out Strike by Sheffield Nurses & the Yorkshire Miners

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

BOLSHEVIKS
(End with the best)
Harder Than The Rest — the sharpest of them all
NOAH HOUSE OF DREAD: Stand Firm (On-U Sound 10")
Once opposition is everywhee, 'Stand Firm' has the strength, subtlety and message and hits you with all three. Go forth, tuff ones, and set up your sound systems on the nearest health workers' picket line.
RAW SEX PURE ENERGY: Stop The War (Island)
How many Shreddies does it take to be a patriot? A lot less than it takes to talk sense. Prosim! Neneh Cherry and mate let rip with Edwin Starr's brave anthem (written during the Vietnam war). Explicit groover ...
"Think about all the soldiers that are dead and gone today / If you asked them to fight again what do you think they'd say? / Stop killing! Stop shooting! Stop burning! Stop looting! / Stand upright in the down dive / Hold onto your firm and individual strive / Don't let them buy you for money or buy you for pride / Stop killing for the sake of a flag ..."
No argument: 'Stop The War' says it all.

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BUT HOW GERMAN IS IT?

TIMO

Chris Bohn comes on all Cocteau with great German pop constructivists Palais Schaumburg.

Photography: Anton Corbijn.

GERMANY RETURNS WITH A TAN, ON A CHARTERFLIGHT FROM OVERSEAS . . .

Half of Palais Schaumburg hustle me from the airport to a waiting car and into Hamburg. We get out, greeted by explosions echoing across the city. Thunderclaps like syndrum slaps bounce off the lake, ricochet from walls and upwards where . . . gunpowder implodes, spraying awed, upturned heads with blinding flashes and bewildered colours. The fireworks climax with *Star Wars* effects that leap through the night sky-aye-aye. Ahhh! It's over. Applaud and disperse.

Aw shucks fellas, that's the grandest welcome I've ever had, but you needn't have gone to so much trouble.

It's nothing. Really.

The genial Schaumburgers — Thomas Fehlmann and Walther Thielsch — escort me to a cafe in the sort of park couples crave for, tucked away so neatly behind their dream homes. Tonight, it seems, they're all clustered on its terrace, jealously eyeing those lucky few who've grabbed the tables. Palais Schaumburg's other two Kinder, Ralf Hertwig and Timo Blunck, have hogged one for themselves with a set of chairs for us besides, and take a malicious delight in teasing the deteriorating tempers of the Summer funsters.

"Is this place free?" beseeches one, whose high heels makes prolonged standing painful.

"NEIN!" snaps Timo, his angelic face contorting itself into the livid shape of a brat mimicking his teacher's angry bark. The girl shrivels, the players around the table dissolve. Schoolboy drummer Ralf follows through by dragging us to our feet. Then, accurately anticipating the lunge for the emptying table, promptly seats us all again, sending ripples of disappointment and disapproval through the crowd, which is growing to resent this ill-mannered disturbance of order.

The faces of beautiful people, curdled by their fear of dispossession . . .

You all think your cafe's the centre of the world! (Jean Marais in Cocteau's classic film *Orpheus).*

IF BASSIST Timo and drummer Ralf are *les enfants terribles,* children of the game — no, no, not that one! Another of their own devising — the older Walther is an Orphean who cultivates an aura of melancholic detachment to reinforce his vision of himself as slightly suffering artist. As mediator between the Palais Schaumburg playpen and the deadening realities of the German music industry, synth/trumpeter Thomas is a patient ferryman, an inspired logician, who ensures Palais Schaumburg's de-montages finally take shape.

I'd imagine his task isn't always easy. They are four individuals who don't jell so much as temporarily dwell under the Palais Schaumburg roof long enough to complete songs, between pursuing their other interests. Palais Schaumburg is a good place and — so far as I can tell — a good way to be.

The strength of their loose format is attested to by their ability to swallow the loss of founding father — with Fehlmann-Holger Hiller, who stuck with them through the release and promotion of their debut LP for German Phonogram, watching it make the Top 30, before quitting to devote time to his solo projects.

Holger was with the group when they played their two London concerts, but he misses the long-delayed British release of their LP — this week, on The Fall's Kamera label. Though the delay means that the group coming over to promote it shortly is no longer the same, it doesn't really matter, as the record isn't particularly bound to any time or movement.

Produced by David Cunningham, it's a fine example of a group who, while ignoring pop's obsession with clammy sweet sound, effortlessly work odd, ungainly shapes into a conventional framework. They matched Holger's riddles and rhymes with shards of melody and rhythm. And in Holger they by-passed the perennial German problem of finding a singing voice that doesn't just grunt gutturally. Instead they simply let him caterwaul.

Holger's is the most distinctive non-voice in modern music. It whines, cajoles, harangues or — at its most endearing — it registers its owner's sheer amazement when faced with the absurdities of life. It is most affecting when noting the bizarre metamorphosis recorded in Palais Schaumburg's second single 'Telephon': *"I think I am a telephone/A romantic little telephone!"*

His gaunt, gawky figure, topped by a mass of greasy hair falling in a lank fringe across his forehead rendered him one of pop's more off-centre heroes. So off-centre that he's quietly slipped off the Palais Schaumburg picture, to be replaced by his poet friend Walther, who has never sung professionally before. That such a known group should choose a novice vocalist isn't out of keeping with their askew policies. Nevertheless, in terms of image, Walther cuts a more conventional romantic lead, what with his Jean Marais looks.

His lyrics, however, are only slightly less puzzling than Holger's, in other words well in keeping with the Palais Schaumburg scheme of things.

THE PALAIS Schaumburg scheme of things consists of each member owning a four track cassette machine. An idea is committed to tape and circulated from home to home. It sounds like Consequences to me.

"It's a little bit more sophisticated than that," laughs Thomas. "We can all hear what each one is doing."

"It's the carpet principle, you know," adds Timo, "processing layers until it's complete and them abandoning the carpet."

For example: "We have this song called 'The Tiger And The Voice'," says Walther, "which is about the Hamburg city elections. The tiger and the voice could be the two candidates and maybe you can see the conclusion of this song suggesting a coalition" *"Who's the winner/He can only be the Tiger with the Voice")* "but it's not important. There's a story behind it, but it's not necessary to know it. It helps me write the song."

WELL, HERE comes a big BUT. Pray tell: how German is it? Why listen to Palais Schaumburg when you can more easily tune into a language you can understand? I could make sweeping — even justifiable — claims about the universal element in Palais Schaumburg's music, namely its unignorable quality, but I'd rather point out the differences that ought excite the curiosity of the listener.

So where do we start? Around Thomas' kitchen table consuming coffee and cakes, the likes of which you can't easily find here. Now that's pretty German.

More importantly, they've fashioned a disjointed, though accessible music through the rigorous application of logical dismantling processes, dredging the ruins of memory for reminders and references. Arguably their greatest non-hit — the 12" reworking of 'We're Building A New Town' — provides a new location for '20s modernist Paul Hindemith's children's opera, 'We're Building A Town'.

Its splendid fusion of instructive words and colliding, skidding rhythms recalls the giddy, desperate optimism of '20s Weimar, the Bauhaus and Russian constructivist visions of a bold future undermined by the violent battles going on in the streets.

Palais Schaumburg shamelessly tap the energies of the past, looking beyond pop's limits for methods to rejuvenate it.

"We're applying the traditions of another field to pop music," asserts Walther. "It's a mixture of contexts . . . I see it together as part of the new consciousness in Germany. Before people looked to imports from other countries and when the Germans started to sing in German, people like Udo Lindenberg did so in a classical rock style. Now groups like us have re-discovered other traditions outside rock. Things like Dada. And finding a sort of spiritual father for what we're doing has helped us. But the important thing is not to reproduce what has been done but to use similar techniques in a different context."

"For me," continues Thomas, "pop was a chance of making clear that art was very important to me. It meant something to me," (he's another art student turned musician) "and I'm not going to say, Urgh! Art! That's for fools, not for me! I taught me certain ways of approaching things, processes that we can use in pop."

Aren't Palais Schaumburg in danger of becoming more obsessed with technique to the expense of content?

"No," Walther denies. "It's the relation between the two. I could simply say, for instance, that I am for peace, which is true, but what does this word 'peace' mean? And do we have it? It interests me more not to say that I am for peace, but to build a structure of words around its meaning, to introduce an atmosphere of peace."

Thus Palais Schaumburg avoid the easy way of saying the right things to find an easy audience. If Dada is a

useful tradition to periodically revive, others — namely the political song tradition of Brecht, Weill and Eisler — have become a hindrance, primarily because their predilection for honest talking (which was both innovative and politically dangerous then) has been misinterpreted over the years as an excuse for institutionalised plain talking. Words bandied about in the name of a cause. They would rather confound expectations than live up to them. Sure of their own aims, they rarely lose sight of them. But their provocations aren't without dangers.

"Some people recognise what we do as tunes, others don't," kids Timo.

Their indirect approach to politics mitigated against their playing at Munich Rockdays — a televised festival reported on in *NME* recently. People in Germany still want it written down for them what is wrong and what is right," asserts Thomas, sorrowfully, who is, incidentally Swiss. "We were turned down by Munich Rockdays for political reasons, which is the first time I noticed people taking what we do as some kind of political statement. They probably don't think our jumbling of meanings is direct enough. They don't know how to judge it.

"It was obviously a misinterpretation, but I'm not so interested that I want to discuss things with this organiser, to explain ourselves."

Wasn't their wearing of Bavarian clothes on the LP sleeve meant as some kind of provocation — not that wearing German clothes necessarily carries disturbing implications?

"No," replies Timo. "We wanted to make a German statement. Just as with music we like going into corners that are not very well known, we like to do the same with dressing styles. Besides, it fits the music."

"We had a bad experience wearing Bavarian clothes in Munster," recalls Thomas. "People noticed the haircuts, the Bavarian jackets, saw three people together and they started calling Nazis after us."

"Left wing people in Germany have their problems with short hair," points out Walther. "People in Germany are quick to call you Nazi . . ."

(They're not so fast fingering the people who really betray disturbing right wing tendencies. Hamburg journalist Klaus Frederking bemoans the fact that the Left, Right and Centre only recognise fascists if they're wearing badges and obstinately refuse to notice the subtler oppressions that manifested themselves most openly during the recent anti-Turkish scare stories about unemployment and the collapsing miracle).

Normally so noisy, Ralf has remained quiet throughout most of the interview. Why so shy all of a sudden?

"My opinion is a little different from the others," he bashfully answers "When I make music I don't think so much about it. I haven't the same background, I don't have the same experience. I think Walther and Thomas are a different generation than me — I'm 19. But I like what we're doing, even if I don't think about it so much."

He ponders for a moment. "My Aesthetic is different, it's more natural . . . I don't know why, but when I'm on the toilet, you know, I get good drumming ideas . . ." Sitting on the lala, waiting for the ya ya to come?

"Is There still meaning to life?" asks Holger Hiller. *"To be happy is easy/If you reach/The yearned for aim/How marvellous this game/How bitter however If there's always a hole/Where the longing sinks/And thereafter stinks."*

IT'S A SUNNY Sunday afternoon so, like all good Germans, Palais Schaumburg take a stroll through the forest. Birds sing, families wander peacefully and all's well in this bucolic world. Until Ralf and Timo adopt angry gestures and glare at bewildered passers-by.

"Waldpunk!" yells Ralf.

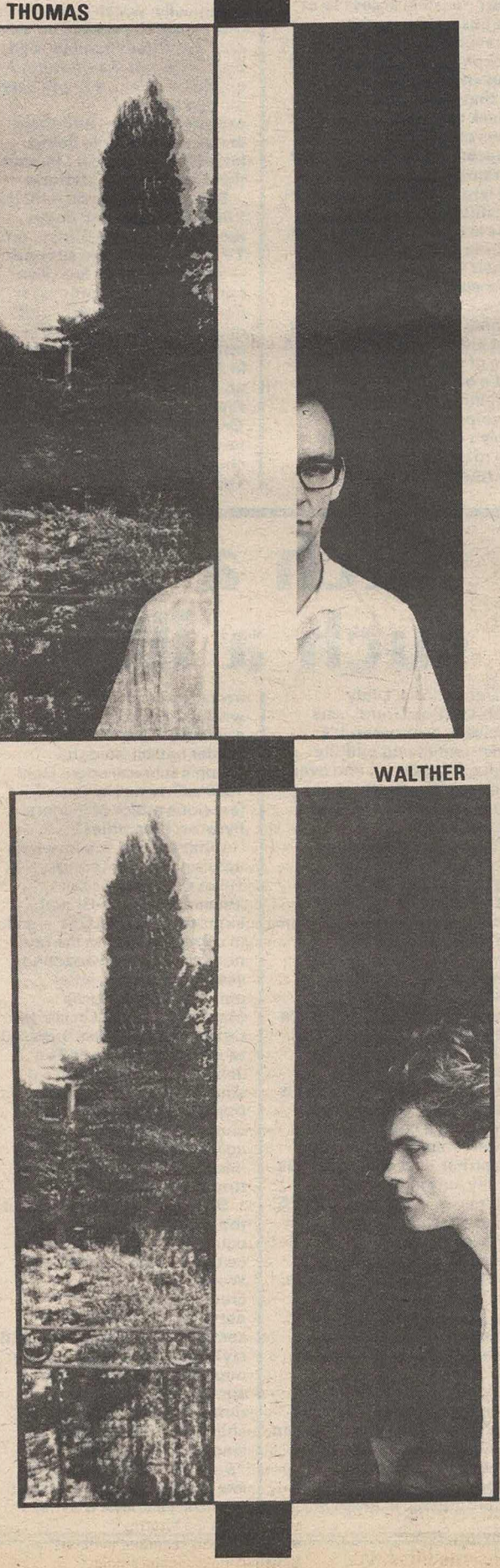
"There are punks in the forest, too!" he spits, climbing up a tree overhanging a creek to taunt unsuspecting canoeists. Walther challenges Timo to a race, Thomas looks on benevolently. The Palais Schaumburg Game continues unhindered. Their bursting with joy highlights the dearth of mirth that threatens Germany. It defies the strict divisions of life into work and pleasure. Outsiders coming into contact with The Game are temporarily shocked, but quickly compose themselves and walk on, pretending not to have noticed, still determined to enjoy their leisure.

"Are they alive?" "They think they are. There's nothing as stubborn as professional enthusiasm". (Extract of dialogue from Cocteau's Orpheus)

RALF

THOMAS

WALTHER



King Crimson

Adrian Belew, Robert Fripp, Tony Levin, Bill Bruford

Beat

New Album and Cassette

eg

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VIDEO SYNCRASY

The men who put the 'Mask' on Bauhaus

Piers Thompson talks to video guerillas Chris Collins and Ken Lawrence

Invasion of the polythene snatchers

Pic: Chris Garnham

ONE OF THE few promotional films which has challenged the current video ground-rules of grandiose glamour and edit-suite wizardry is Bauhaus' 'Mask'.

Made by Standard Pictures, aka Chris Collins and Ken Lawrence, its Gothic images — centring on a somnambulist Pete Murphy swathed in darkness — are heavily reminiscent of an expressionist German silent. Although never shown on British TV, it's gained cult status with viewers in clubs both here and in the US.

The piece's ambience and use of devices filched from those early horror movies — sped up action and white faces bright against a background of daunting shadow — provide some context for the screeching din of the soundtrack. Such influences seem much more appropriate for the promo-maker than the stagey talkies which make up the staple diet.

Ken: "Every film about a band should show the strengths of that artist. So of course 'Mask' is a promo because, hopefully, it's what Bauhaus are about. If you listen to their lyrics at all, if you know the way their music is structured — it's thought-provoking, it evokes mood and it's very atmospheric music, and that was our approach to making the film."

The nature of the film and of the band conspired to prevent 'Mask' being shown on a wide scale, so why did the record company — in this case Beggars Banquet — put up the money?

"You have to remember that Bauhaus had done one video already, for 'Telegram Sam' (with Mick Calvert of Slits' Pics fame) which got, I think, one showing. But full marks to Beggars for doing it. It was a low-cost project. The flexibility of being a small unit enabled us to get some images down which would have cost a fortune if we'd had a full crew. In some respects it would have been better, but whenever you look back at a piece of work you see how it could have been better."

What sets 'Mask' apart from the rest is that, though still very cinematic in form, it attempts to broaden the perspective of Bauhaus' image, giving depth to the song rather than simply presenting cardboard cut-out rock stars in a wacky environment.

Chris: "Foremost in our minds was to make something interesting, so somebody who'd never heard of Bauhaus before and suddenly saw that video might say, 'God, that's really interesting, I want to know more about that'.

"I think there should be a record and a video which goes with that record, but which is a separate entity, like a different mix. For instance, it would have been good if 'Mask' had had some sound effects laid behind the track, quite musical sound effects but ones which enhance the picture, which make the picture more alive. Whenever you get just music laid over a film, you lose some presence from the whole thing."

Like most sensible people, Chris and Ken see the most exciting future for video in "the people's end of the market", in allowing the widest possible access to at least basic video tackle. However, there are problems: the expense ("the great thing about small labels in the '70s was that they were cheap"); the lack of access to the means of distribution (ie broadcasting facilities, which will remain in the hands of very large organisations); and the pitiful self-indulgence of some art college film-makers. As Chris says, "The basis for all their work seems to be, be as obscure as possible."

Ken, at least, has hopes of Channel 4 breaking down the strict entry requirements for a piece of the broadcast action.

"It's going to be very interesting, because people are going to see a lot of rubbish on Channel 4, and they're going to see a lot of very rough material on Channel 4, and people are going to talk about it. It cuts two ways — no doubt British TV is of a very high standard technically, which is terrific in one sense. But when you've only got three channels, and they've all got that standard applied to them, you get very narrow areas of experimentation. And there are so many people doing interesting things in film that there should be a platform."

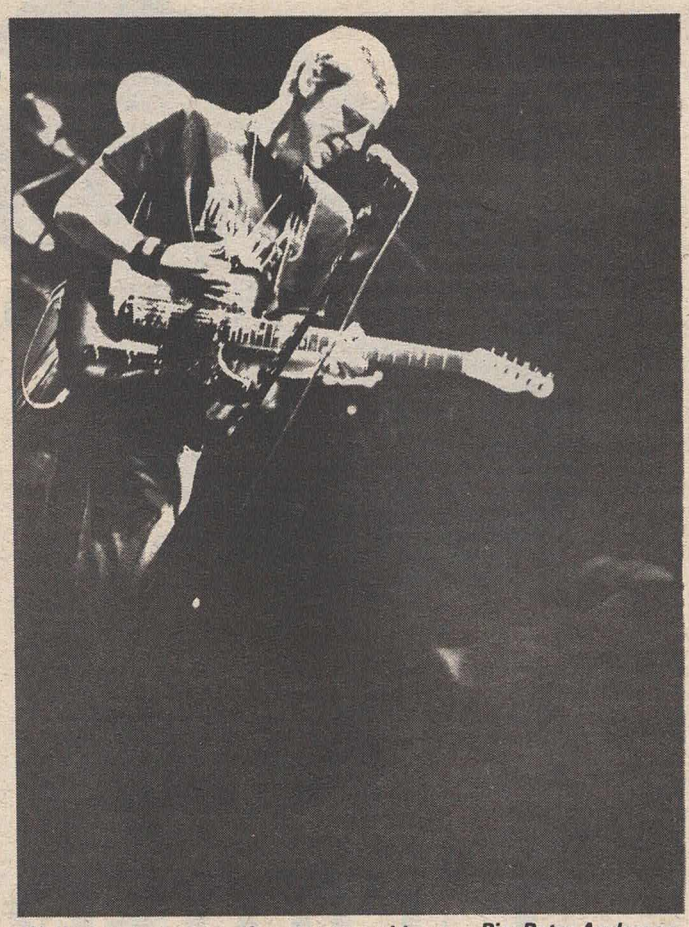
But even when you fulfil the BBC's technical and union requirements, the outlets on TV — particularly in summer — are pathetically few. Ken and Chris's latest promo for Bauhaus' new single 'Spirit' has just been completed — but it's more likely to be seen in America than here. "With no *Tiswas, Swapshop, Riverside, OTT* — and the *Old Grey Whistle Test* finishing next week — what can you show it on if you're not in the Top Ten?"

Standard Pictures are now embarking on a punk rock movie. Their office is gradually being equipped with editing and mixing facilities, albeit very primitive. "We want to make this a centre for people working in Super-8, and make information available; to work with other people who are there, in the right place, at the right time with a small camera and recording what's happening."

Standard are contributing to the genre and not simply raping the future. Their material may lack the polished charm of the latest Spandau or the cynical wit of Mike Mansfield's Adam extravangazas, but it does work. And aren't you beginning to weary of endless romance served up with your big beat sounds?

Such a big band, such a little video

PHIL McNEILL gets short-changed at The Jam's first cassette show



Weller: a spartan crop for a spartan video *Pic: Peter Anderson*

THE JAM'S eagerly awaited new video, recorded at Bingley Hall, Stafford, in March '82, is finally . . .

Sorry, start again. The Jam's eagerly awaited *first* video is finally available. After five years, dozens of double-A-sided number ones and permanent tenure of the *NME* Readers Poll All-Comers Association Trophy, The Jam have given their fans . . . a live video. A despised *live* video.

But then, The Jam *aren't* a video band — they're a rock group. Whereas Madness can put together a compilation LP of non-stop video classics, The Jam . . . well, I'd be hard pressed to remember a single Jam promo video. Eventually, maybe, there'll be a Jam greatest hits video — or possibly some kind of 'The Kids Are Alright' style retrospective. But for now, it's quite logical for The Jam to do a live video — all that matters is that, in the same way we expect Madness' hits set to be the best compilation video, so we can justifiably expect The Jam to put out a live video that trashes the rest of the laughable 'competition' into tiny little pieces of shrivelled magnetic tape.

Not for nothing is the live video despised. From Adam & The Ants' turgid Mike Mansfield-produced Japanese effort, to grim and grimy 'celebrations' of squalid early-'70s festivals like 'Stamping Ground', almost all live videos treat the audience at home like undiscerning morons who'll grab the first 30 minutes of over-priced, under-edited, unimaginative garbage they can lay their wallets on, as long as it features their precious idols in action. Even worse, in fact, than the audience in the flesh.

In their small ways, Thin Lizzy, Bette Midler, Eddy Grant have all challenged the get-five-cameras-at-a-gig and shove-it-out-quick ethic. But it's about time someone challenged it in a *big* way — and that requires a *big* band. The Jam, for instance.

'Trans Global Unity Express' (PolyGram) lasts precisely 29 minutes. It's under-edited and pitifully unimaginative . . . and even at the comparatively cheap figure of £19.95, I call that over-priced.

What's more, the stage lighting is terrible, the beginning is half-cocked (in fact you get the impression director Gordon Troeller wanted to film the band coming into the venue but they wouldn't let him or couldn't be bothered); the sleeve is scrappy (terrible live shots by one Twink, and no indication that trumpeter Steve Nichol also plays keyboards); and the editing is frustratingly restless, never giving you a chance to see Weller — such a fascinating performer — at close quarters for any length of time.

But even if, as video, 'TGUE' leaves much to be desired, in terms of sheer energy it makes all other rock videos look tame. The Jam remain a magnificent live act, even when performing the somewhat lacklustre fare Weller's been presenting of late.

Of the nine songs, six are taken from 'The Gift' — The Jam's muddiest album both in sound and style; hence the presence of Nichol and saxophonist Keith Thomas. Unfortunately, in swerving away from his usual rock writing mode towards an attempted rock-soul fusion, Weller has blunted the group's musical edge. Only 1980's 'Private Hell' has the ferocious attack of 'Funeral Pyre' or 'Eton Rifles'.

What's more, the four new uptempo 'fusion' songs — 'A Town Called Malice', 'Precious', 'Trans-Global Express' and 'The Gift' — pale in comparison with the one non-original, a devastating vocal and instrumental performance of Curtis Mayfield's 'Move On Up' that Dexys would be hard pressed to match. It stands as The Jam's best ever rocked-up soul classic — though the fact that there are so many to choose from dispels any accusations that 'Malice'/'Precious' were just trendy stabs at funk.

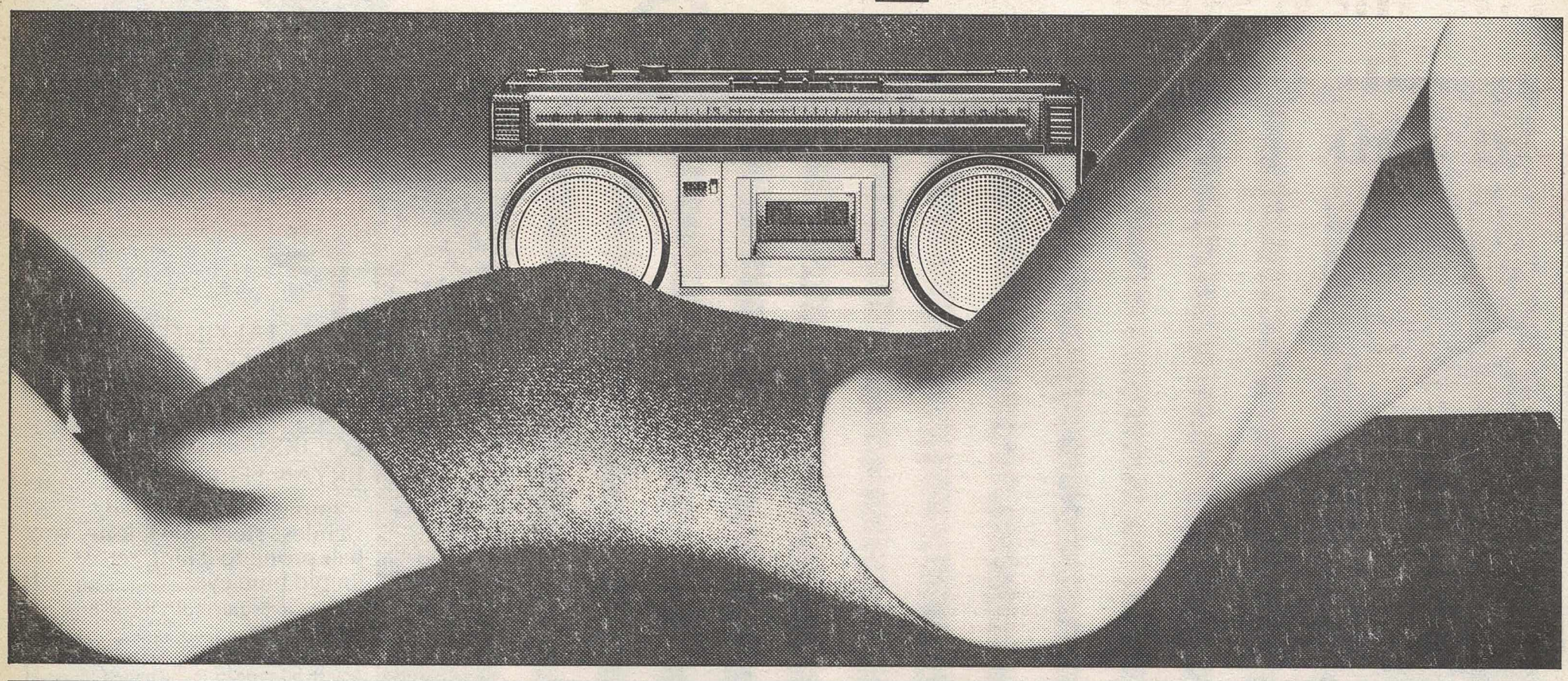
So the video's careless and the material's not what it could be . . . but still, at the centre of it all, there's Paul Weller, gaunt and crew-cropped, every nerve-end showing, a seething confusion of studied style and naked truth, master musician and novice-like songwriter. On 'Ghosts', a remarkably 'open' song to share with 5000 people, he sings a lumpy couplet like *"But you keep it hidden just like everyone/You're scared to show you care, it'll make you vulnerable"* — and you're still left wondering whether the lumpiness, which enhances the intended vulnerability, is an accident of bad songwriting, or an extremely subtle twist of *good* writing . . .

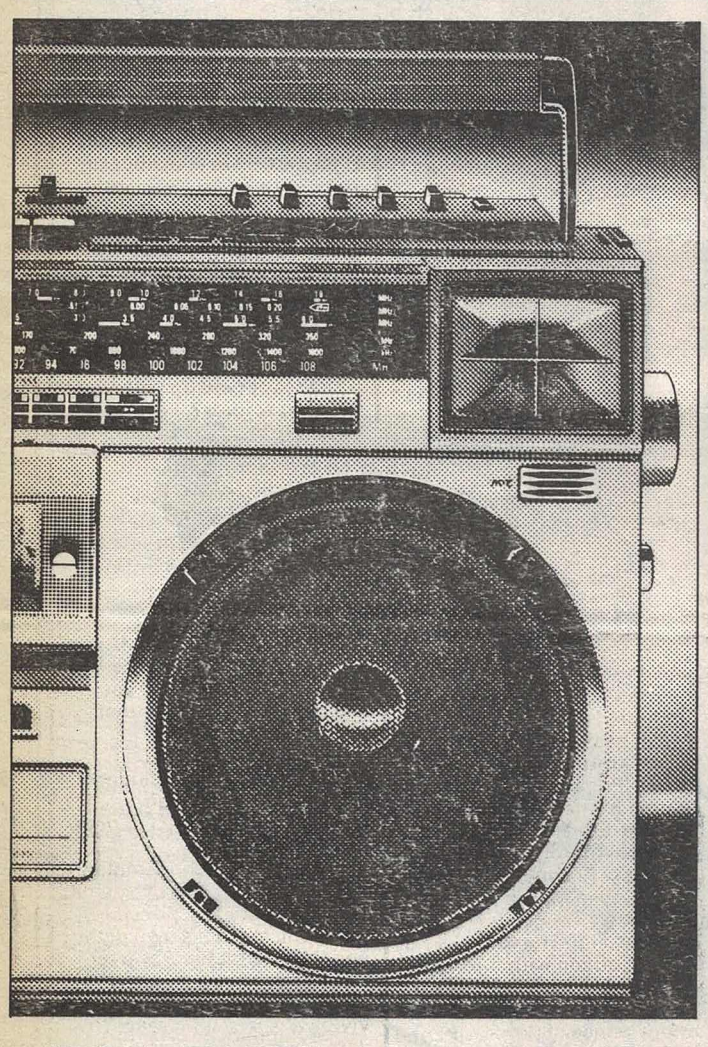
An enigmatic, charismatic man, Weller constantly seems to strew obstacles, principles, antagonisms in his own path and then batter his way over them with brute determination. I remember vividly the first time I saw The Jam playing live on-screen: on the *Old Grey Whistle Test* in '77, doing 'A-Bomb In Wardour Street'. In that claustrophobic studio they wrestled electrifyingly with the constrictions of a song written *not* to move, the veins bulging on Weller's head as he rammed his energies down the steel-tight barrel of that spartan little song.

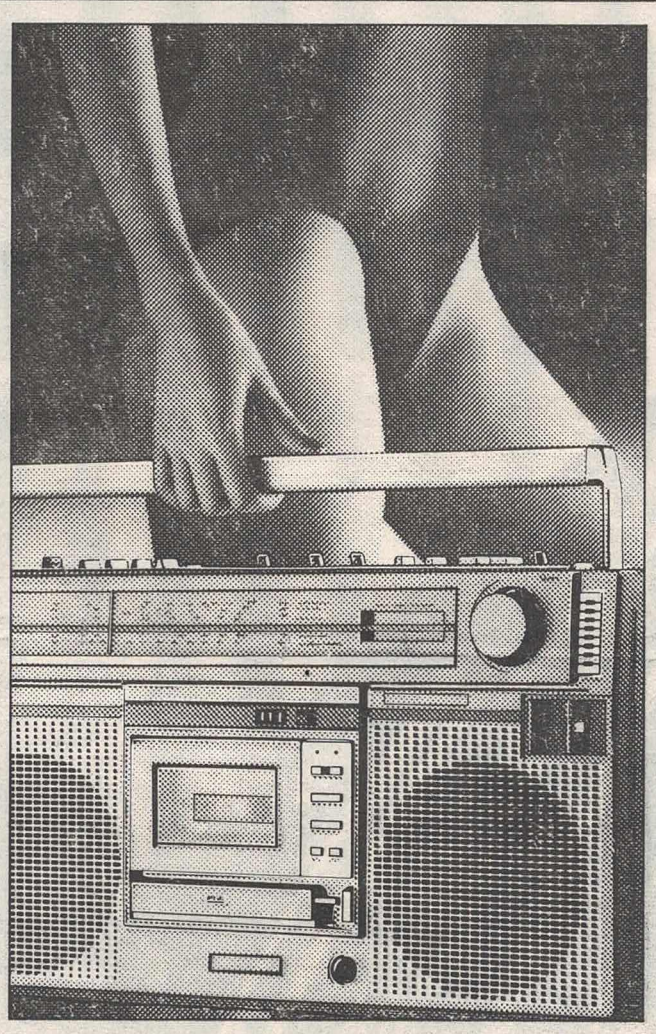
Well, this is a spartan little video. Cheap and a little nasty, no greatest hits to give it some width even though you know they played them — just a very narrow view of The Jam onstage one night in March '82. Perhaps it's cynical, or perhaps it's careless . . . or perhaps Weller is arrogant enough to believe he can set himself in such an unpromising context and still win through.

And perhaps he's right.

Portable power!







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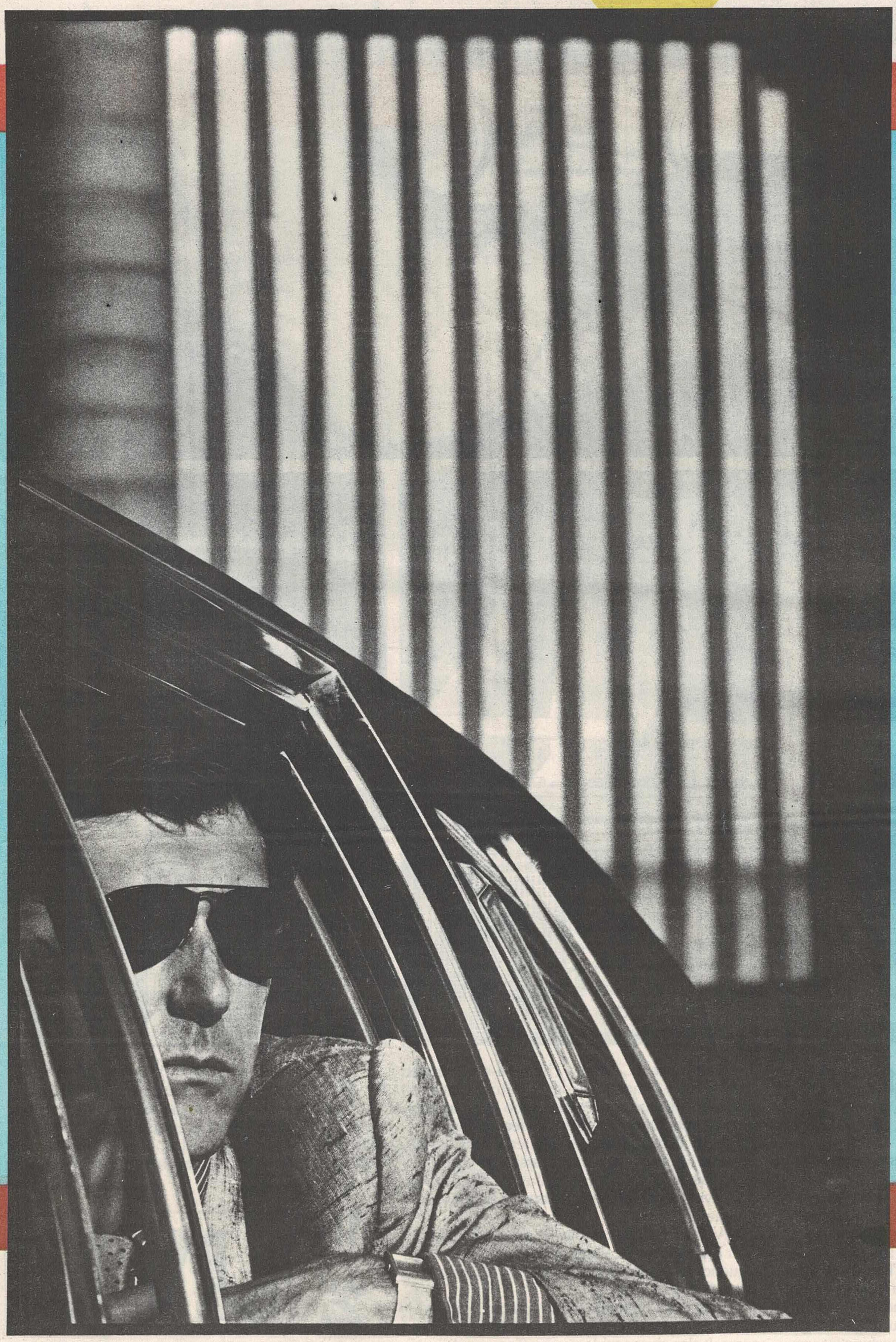
IN A LONELY PLACE BRYA



I'M TALKING WITH BRYAN FERRY AT THE E.G. OFFICE ON LONDON'S KING'S ROAD AND HE LOOKS . . . WELL, LIKE BRYAN FERRY.

Impeccably groomed, stainless steel smile, long, lank hair prone to falling across limpid blue eyes.

He is a disgracefully handsome man.

The surprising thing, however, is how boyish he appears in the muted-blue suit.

Ferry is endearingly unsure of himself and — can it be? Yes! — Rather shy! Don't get me wrong, Ferry's got style to burn. He handles a cigarette with incredible elan and, the mark of a true gentleman, he makes those around him feel at ease. But there's a wistfulness and vulnerability about him that's distinctly at odds with his image as an oily lounge lizard who slinks through a rarified Helmut Newton world of cruelly beautiful women, Persian rugs and champagne.

Ferry has been accused of being a decadent escapist, a *fin de siecle* dandy who's made a tainted fortune chronicling the twitches and tinglings of the idle rich.

In truth, Ferry depicts his central theme, romance as an arena fraught with oppportunities for heroism. His preoccupation with form and style — also attacked as shallow hedonism — can, in fact, be seen as an attempt to impose a semblance of (artificial) order on a chaotic world.

Really, what can one do when the world's gone mad but pluck a rose for one's beloved!

Ferry retreats further into the mist of eros on Roxy's new album 'Avalon'. Avalon is actually a part of the Camelot legend, a place described by Ferry as "the ultimate romantic fantasy land", and this record, lyrical and smooth, conjures that terrain with impressive grace. There are no rough edges whatsoever on this music. It rolls in like a glittering fog, and Ferry's shivering croon sounds downright mystical.

It goes without saying that many of the bands currently dominating the charts have learned a lot from Ferry but he's not the sort of man to claim he was *the first*.

Beyond the fact that he is his own harshest critic and is rather humble, he is far too preoccupied with his own private world to fret about pop trends.

Ferry keeps his world private by meeting with the press as infrequently as possible and although he reveals bits of himself in this interview, I felt he got away with many secrets intact.

Style, secrets, soul — such is the stuff pop heroes are made of.

INTERVIEWER: KRISTINE M
PHOTOGRAPHY: ANTON C

N FERRY

During a truce with the music press, Bryan Ferry allows a rare insight into the creating of the Roxy Music hit LP 'Avalon'. And he explains how his music and pose have survived into the '80s.

YOUR MUSIC is often attacked as being escapist. Does an artist have any obligation to address the political issues of his time?

It's useful for the artist to interpret the times he lives in and reflect things that happen, and obviously political events are part of all that, but I don't think there's any obligation to do it. I have nothing against political themes being used by artists and those things can provide some interesting material.

When I was at University I was taught by this artist named Richard Hamilton who lives up in Oxfordshire. I hadn't seen him in years and was up there the other day so I went to see him. He was working on this enormous painting that looked sort of religious to me. It was based on a photograph that was taken in the Maze Prison over in Ireland where they have political prisoners. But Hamilton said that for him it wasn't a political painting even though it will be interpreted as that by an audience.

He simply thought it was a striking image.

I once covered a Dylan song, 'A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall', which had a political theme, but that wasn't my interest in it at all. The lyrics are very strong in that song — as they are in a lot of his things — and I was simply interested in the richness of the imagery. And that's a good instance of how you can do something that has layers of meaning.

Are you often surprised at the things that are read into your music?

No, because when you write something and then look at it, typewritten, you tend to become quite analytical about it and you see all the possibilities. In Shakespeare there are always double meanings — and that's one of the great things about the English language.

You don't write with a specific point you're trying to make?

Sometimes. It depends on the song, or even the line, but often you're simply playing with words.

How did you feel when punk was dominating the charts and established pop stars were being dismissed as obsolete?

I felt great faith in myself and felt that I wouldn't be discarded by an intelligent audience.

How powerful is pop music? Can it effect real social change?

It probably can in that it's the art form — if you want to call it an art form — that's closest to the people. It's much closer to people than movies now, at least to young people, and it has been for quite a few years, certainly since The Beatles.

So yes, I think it does effect the culture. For instance, the way that musical artists look has become quite important in the last ten years and that has effected the way that people dress and wear their hair. You can see its impact in ways like that.

Do you feel any responsibility as a role model then?

Up to a point, but I don't feel any grave seriousness about that. I don't feel inhibited by it or think, God, I mustn't do this . . .

I heard you interviewed on the radio the other night and you were quite complimentary about many of the new groups who've been heavily influenced by you. Do you really like Soft Cell and ABC, or were you just being diplomatic?

I'm a Libra so it's hard for me to be openly nasty. I also don't feel that it's my place to criticise other people's work. And, there's always something cute about something, even if it's lightweight. Soft Cell, for instance, look really weird. In all the gay bars you've ever been in you see guys like that with really bad make-up, and I think that's kind of interesting. It's sort of like a very English; a very provincial version of Berlin decadence.

Do you keep up on trends in music?

No, that's one thing I don't find too interesting. I listen to the radio when I drive, especially if I've got a record out, I'll listen to see what it sounds like on the radio and how it compares to the other records that are being played. Radio in England is so good that I tend to listen to the other channels rather than the pop channels. I listen to Radio 3, which plays non-stop classical music because it just seems to suit me more. And driving from the country into London I listen to Radio 4, which has things like plays, quiz shows, nature programs, and weird, very English things.

HOW IMPORTANT is an exaggerated, easily understood image in selling records?

Incredibly important. Whenever you do an album cover, that's the main issue you're dealing with. (Laughing) My image isn't very clearly defined and that's why I'm not that successful.

You don't see yourself as successful?

In a way . . . I have no real complaints. It's interesting that in America the simpler the image a star has — be it movie star, television personality, whatever — the more successful they seem to be. That's not as true in England because the British are more prepared to accept weirdness and complexity, and I think that's because the hard sell principle doesn't happen quite as intensely in England. Things are just made available and the audience then makes a decision.

In America there's this sense that things are much more important. There's more money at stake so success is more important. If an American record company decides to break an artist, they put a lot of money into it and push him very hard. That never really happened with me.

So, you feel that you don't have a clear image in America?

I might have one, but it might not be accurate. Maybe I'm just seen as a guy who wears suits or something.

I think a lot of people see you as a romantic fatalist along the lines of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Oh, that's very flattering. I don't mind that at all.

Your image is also that of an affluent gentleman of leisure, or country squire. How accurate is that?

Not very. I have stayed in houses where the life-style is that of an 18th Century country squire and it's not a life-style I could totally live. It's great to play at, but it's too negative and too much like living in a museum. There are aspects of it that seem truly civilised though.

Yesterday I went to visit an old friend of mine who's the sort of mad eccentric who could only live in England. He's a dean at Oxford and I walked around there with him and found it really an amazing place.

I thought to myself, Christ, this is the way I ought to live! Leather volumes everywhere; very old buildings with knowledge just sort of dripping off the walls. But ultimately I couldn't do it because I like electric guitars too much, plus, I thrive on change.

Are you playing a character onstage?

With every song you do that a bit. You take an aspect of yourself and either simplify it or ham it up. To some extent it's like method acting. In an hour and a half show you go through a lot of different moods, one right after the other, and people aren't really like that. You say to yourself, How does this song go? Oh yeah, then you get into a role for it and leave that role when the song ends.

Is that the extent of your interest in acting?

It is so far. You have to be a bit more of a show-off than I am to be an actor. You really have to love yourself, and there are people who really do.

I've got nothing against that because I love movies and stars. There are certain faces that you just like to see — Charlton Heston, Marlon Brando, whoever. I once played a small role in a Swiss television show and I hated watching myself. I kept thinking Oh God, what a terrible camera angle. I'd rather not be seen than look bad. My reaction was a sort of vanity really.

Is vanity a vice?

No, not at all. It can destroy people but it all depends on how you use it. I'm only vain in the sense that I'm unsure of myself. I'd love to be the sort of person who never looks in the mirror because they're always confident that they look great. I generally feel that I look terrible which is why I don't like cameras or being photographed. Cameras make me stiffen up.

Even after all the success you've had, that hasn't changed?

Not really. I don't mind being photographed by friends, holiday snaps and that sort of thing, but when you get into a studio with the lights and all, I usually find I'm just not in the mood for it.

WHY DO YOU do so few interviews?

I always feel vaguely embarrassed talking about myself. There's something not quite right about it. Plus, I like to think that the work speaks for itself and doesn't need footnotes.

How has success changed you?

Not that much, maybe because it's taken a long time and come to me fairly late in life. I didn't start making music until I was 25, and by that time you're usually fairly well formed as a person and less likely to change if anything extreme happens to you. I've enjoyed most aspects of success, although it does impose certain limitations. You can't really live like a normal person because you aren't a normal person.

Has success forced you to live an insulated life?

Yeah, somewhat. I live in the country most of the time. The only city I really enjoy being in is New York because it's very easy to become anonymous there.

New Yorkers do have a different code governing the treatment of celebrities.

Yes. New Yorkers are too cool to bother a celebrity, and that's why it's very pleasant there. Say you're walking down Madison Avenue, you might pass one or two people who look and recognise you, but they'd never stop you, or if they did, they'd do it in a very charming way.

Are you surprised at what you've achieved in life or did you always feel driven to leave your mark on the world?

I did always feel different, maybe because where I came from, Newcastle, is a rough part of the world with no possibility for anything but escape. I was the third in a family of four children and had three sisters. My family always felt I was bright and they encouraged me with school and going to university. They saw education as a ladder to something and would've liked me to be a doctor. But I never considered anything like that for a second and always felt drawn to creative things.

What's the earliest memory fixed in your mind?

My first piano lesson, which I had when I was five years old. I can remember coming home with my little music case and sitting down and playing this scale. My sister, who was a great pianist, then came in and started teasing me and saying, No, you don't do it like that, you do it like this! She then sat down and started playing Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata very well. I got so angry I started punching her and I never took another piano lesson. I play now but I'm totally self taught.

What was the first record you bought?

Jazz 78s. Jazz is what I was really interested in and the first EP I got was by Charlie Parker. I played it so much that I can remember every solo on it to this day.

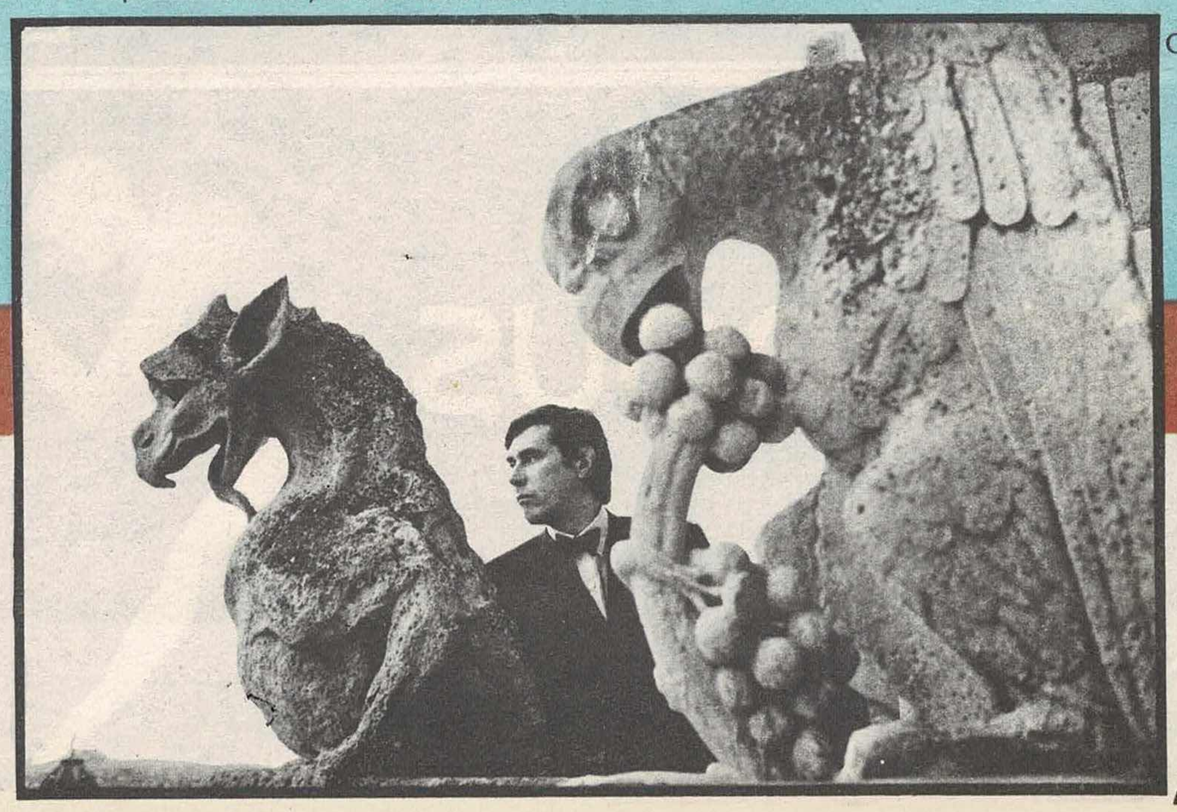
Do you feel that there are jazz and blues elements in your music?

Definitely. I see my music as sophisticated modern blues, and perhaps that's why I always relate to sad music. My main influences were black American artists, and yet I'm very white and very English. Those are the two polarities and there are a lot of things in between.

So, you see yourself as more in the tradition of Parker, Cole Porter and Frank Sinatra than the pop/rock tradition?

Cross those three with Jimi Hendrix and Otis Redding and that would be the sort of party I like.

HAVE THERE been pivitol episodes in your life that in retrospect you can see clearly changed you?



OVER

McKENNA
ORBIJN

FERRY

CONTINUED

I think living in LA, as I did for six months in the mid-'70s made me a bit more resilient.

I love going to Los Angeles for a week or two, but when I lived there I stayed in Bel Air and it was quite an experience to live in that weird land of the lost. There's no real focus in LA and I found it difficult that there were no streets leading to a centre. I was a night person at that point but there weren't any nightclubs.

I'd gone there to write so I spent most of my time locked up in this house and the only person I ever saw was the maid. I'm not a very social person, although if someone rang me up and said do you want to go to a party, I always went. But I never really organise things myself, and LA is the sort of place where you have to have lots of friends you really like and you have to make an effort and have them around you.

And you can go a bit weird if you start running around with strange movie-type people. I got into one of those slip-streams when I was there, where I saw the same people every night but in different locations. I wrote The Bride Stripped Bare while I was there and that's a very gloomy album.

Do you see yourself as a melancholy person?

Basically. Up and down, sometimes to quite an extreme. Occasionally I can be really funny to be with. The people you laugh with are generally the ones you know best and humour is usually the main basis for any close friendships I have.

Is there humour in your music?

Sometimes. Perhaps it doesn't come through as often as it ought to. Making records gets to be a very serious business for me because I'm very passionate about it. So perhaps my brooding, melancholy side comes through more on record. I can imagine someone who didn't know me listening to my work and thinking, God, what a gloomy person. But I suppose that's the side I find most creative. When I'm in a light-hearted frame of mind is the last time I'd ever want to go sit at the piano and work.

It's a popular theory that an artist has to be in some kind of conflict or turmoil to do good work. Do you think there's any truth to that?

Yes, I think there is. But then, if you have a good memory you can always remember what it was like when you were last in turmoil. Making Avalon was interesting in that, for a change, I wasn't going through much. But I've found that although you might think your day to day life is fine and there's no great trauma going on, as soon as you start making music, all kinds of angst seems to appear out of thin air. I don't know if it's from memory or what. Perhaps it's just the introspection — asking what's the meaning of life: why am I doing this? Why does this chord sound good next to that one?

Do you have structed writing habits or do you have to be in the mood?

I do have to be in the mood, unless I have a deadline. I'd love to be one of those writers one reads about who get up at six in the mornings and write until nine, then answer correspondence. My head is very sloppy. I like everything around me to be neat and well ordered but inside it's frequently rather muddled, especially when I'm working.

I once read a book that posited the theory that physical beauty and romantic love were the most destructive ideas in the history of human thought. Do you think there's any truth to that?

I think romantic love has been constructive because it often goes hand in hand with unrequited love, and the best art seems to come out of those emotions. That sense of longing produces great art because it's almost as though you're creating something to replace what isn't there. In a sense you're making a surrogate love object. And you're also trying to make something beautiful so that people will applaud you and want you. (Laughing) I think it always helps if you're a bit fucked up in the head.

How do you define glamour?

Questions like that are inhibiting because one sees such marvelous definitions of things like style and glamour in *'W'* magazine. You know — "style is a white carnation on your dinner table." I suppose I'd define glamour as the best of its kind.

Is there an element of unattainability in glamour?

When a thing is well presented it sometimes seems unattainable. There is something glamorous about something you want and can't have.

YOUR LAST album, 'Flesh and Blood', was one of the most commercially successful albums you've made. To what do you attribute that?

The music was more clearly defined and controlled as opposed to the earlier stuff which was slightly more complex and not so easy on the ear. And I don't think it's necessarily a bad thing to make a record people can hear and like instantly.

Is your music evolving more in that direction?

I think so. Avalon, is even more that way and if those are the reasons that the last one did well then this one should do even better.

What does Avalon mean?

Avalon is part of the King Arthur legend and is a very romantic thing. When King Arthur dies the Queens ferry him off to Avalon which is sort of an enchanted island. It's the ultimate romantic fantasy place.

You've said that this isn't a concept album yet the title implies that it is.

Yes it does, but there you are. I've often thought I should do an album where the songs are all bound together in the style of *West Side Story* but it's always seemed like too much bother to work that way. So instead I have these ten poems or short stories that could, with a bit more work, be fashioned into a novel.

Do you ever do any writing that's not related to music?

No, I'm not a natural writer in that I don't keep a diary or have to write every day. I wish I did but I'm not disciplined enough. On the other hand, I think things happen when they have to happen. You can only force or encourage yourself so far and then there must be a natural desire to do it.

Are you satisfied with what you've accomplished or do you feel that you've yet to paint your masterpiece?

I hope it's still ahead of me. I'm very self-critical and don't feel at all satisfied with what I've done so far.

Which of your work functions as a central reference point for you? A particular song or album that you measure others against?

I think perhaps my LA album, I didn't actually make 'The Bride Stripped Bare' in Los Angeles, but it certainly came out of my experiences there. It had a very intense, manic quality which I liked. There are so many people making pretty songs and although I like a good tune, I'm more interested in all the other things that can lie beneath the surface of a song.

Do you feel that you take risks as an artist?

Not enough. I'm sometimes discouraged to do that by managers and whatnot, and generally they're right. Perhaps I've been going through a period of consolidation but as far as I can see it, the new album is not taking risks, although I think it's quality work nonetheless.

Was 'The Bride Stripped Bare' your riskiest record?

In a sense it was. It was done in 1976-77, which was when the punk explosion happened and I was aware that if I made a record like my first records from six years before, which were sort of rough edged, it would've been just right for the time. But instead I endeavoured to make an album that was smooth on the surface, but jagged underneath — jagged on its emotional side. So yes, that was a risky thing to do.

HOW IMPORTANT is commercial success to you?

Fairly important. It goes in phases where I don't care too much and then if I want something and find I can't afford it I think (laughing), Gee, I should be selling more records!

But that's not my chief motivation in life and I think life would become really miserable if it did become too important. I just see myself as a well paid artist and that's quite a good thing to be.

What's the difference between an artist and an entertainer?

An entertainer cares more about the audience than the work he's doing and the reverse is true of an artist. An artist is interested in the audience's reaction and he wants a good reaction, but he won't compromise to get it. An entertainer will stand on his head or do anything to get the applause.

What do you see as your chief strength as an artist?

I have a very vivid imagination and I work quite well with other people. I'm good at directing other musicians and bring the best out of them by talking to them in a slightly different way — saying things like, Think green or whatever. I hear music in a very visual way.

What painters to you particularly like?

I like Bonnard very much. I sort of collect English painters of the 1900s — Wyndham Lewis, Virginia Woolf's sister Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant who was part of the Bloomsbury Group. They aren't too expensive yet because most American museums are just starting to collect them so most of them are still fairly obscure. Wyndham Lewis is my favourite of the people I collect.

Are you looking forward to touring again?

I love performing. I get a bit of stage fright but that's quite good because it's a form of adrenalin. But the novelty of touring has worn off and I'd prefer to just go back into the studio. The argument is that you double your record sales by touring, but I've never seen any proof of that and generally contest that argument.

Touring is such hard work and it's a kind of work that I find somewhat destructive. The thing about it is, there are 23 hours of the day to fill outside of that hour on stage. And then there are the nights when you just can't face going on. Maybe you've got a sore throat or just don't feel up to it, but you've got to do it because the audience is sitting there waiting. I've never called a show, and sometimes the shows you dread the most turn out to be exceptionally good. But you quickly reach the point of complete mental and physical exhaustion. The last time we toured I wound up going to hospital, and we had to cancel two weeks of shows in Spain. It's not the healthiest way to live.

You know, Atlantic is a great record company and I was kind of sad to leave them. (Roxy have moved to Warner Brothers in America), but they always had us figured as a low budget act, you know, art music from England. Even though we had number one albums they still saw it as, well, their sales have been such and such, therefore they get this size promotion budget. After a few years of that we stopped touring because we lost money every time we did tour. Even though we filled medium size halls everywhere we went, we couldn't fill really big places and that's the only way you make any money.

It gets a bit depressing going out and working really hard then coming home and being told, well, you only lost $50,000 on this tour. I've always thought that video could accomplish what touring accomplishes and now that they've got that television channel in American that shows nothing but music video, maybe it will. For years I've been asking why can't we just make a video of the album and send it out? Anyhow, our tour plans are still up in the air at this point.

WHAT WOULD you like to change about your life at this point?

Nothing major. I sometimes wish I were more inclined towards self-preservation or more interested in myself, which probably sounds weird. When I'm working I'm *only* interested in myself and I am a fairly competitive person. I like to win in any situation, although I'm quite a good loser if I'm playing sports or something.

With music I want every record to be a huge hit as well as an artistic triumph, but if I have to choose, I'd rather have the artistic triumph than the commercial blockbuster. You know, it takes a few years, but you finally learn to accept that there are only so many people who are going to like what you do.

What's the biggest obstacle you've had to overcome in your life?

Shyness. I've learned to deal with it fairly well but I'll always be a rather reserved person and not particularly loud. It's just my natural role to be the detached observer.

LPS

HOT, BOTHERED AND EXPLOSIVE!

DEFUNKT

Thermonuclear Sweat (Hannibal)

DON'T LOOK now, but I think you're going to have to party whether you want to or not.

A long time ago I saw The Ohio Players in a very big hall deep in the ghetto in Detroit. The place was jammed to capacity with local youth, and the Players were received like war heroes. They did an incredibly elaborate act involving half a dozen dancers, numerous costume changes and the slickest lights I'd seen all year. The whole thing was delivered with what can only be described as murderous precision.

When they'd performed virtually the same set in London, numerous rock critics had commented upon what they considered to be the 'slick', 'jivey' or even 'Uncle Tom' aspects of the show. What they hadn't considered was what a performance of that nature said to a black audience in the States, which was: 'We are *tight*, we are *powerful* and nobody can mess with us. Because our tightness and power comes from you and is yours too, that also means that nobody can mess with you.' Without a single overtly 'political' sentence being uttered or sung, a vital political point was made in terms that were completely understood.

All through 'Thermonuclear Sweat', you can hear that point being made, only Defunkt enter the discussion several stages past where the Players or their successors leave it. For reference, check side two track one: it commences with Joe Bowie scatting by himself around the title, 'Avoid The Funk'. Then the band slam in and you get the full line 'avoid the funk, it's gon' gitcha anyway'. And then it does; they step the intensity and then you're surrounded. Overpowered by funk: this is *not* background music for *anything*.

I suppose you could say that Defunkt play jazz-funk, but the music generally described by that term is quite often purely functional, a pleasant flattering soundtrack or the sonic equivalent of air-freshener. Defunkt take their jazz and their funk from the hottest, most feverish, most passionate well-springs. They play everything as if it matters, whether they're coasting easily and stylishly through Charlie Parker's 'Big Bird (Au Private)' or lighting a fire under the classic O'Jays hit 'For The Love Of Money' that boils the song over into something that makes the original sound dull and plodding.

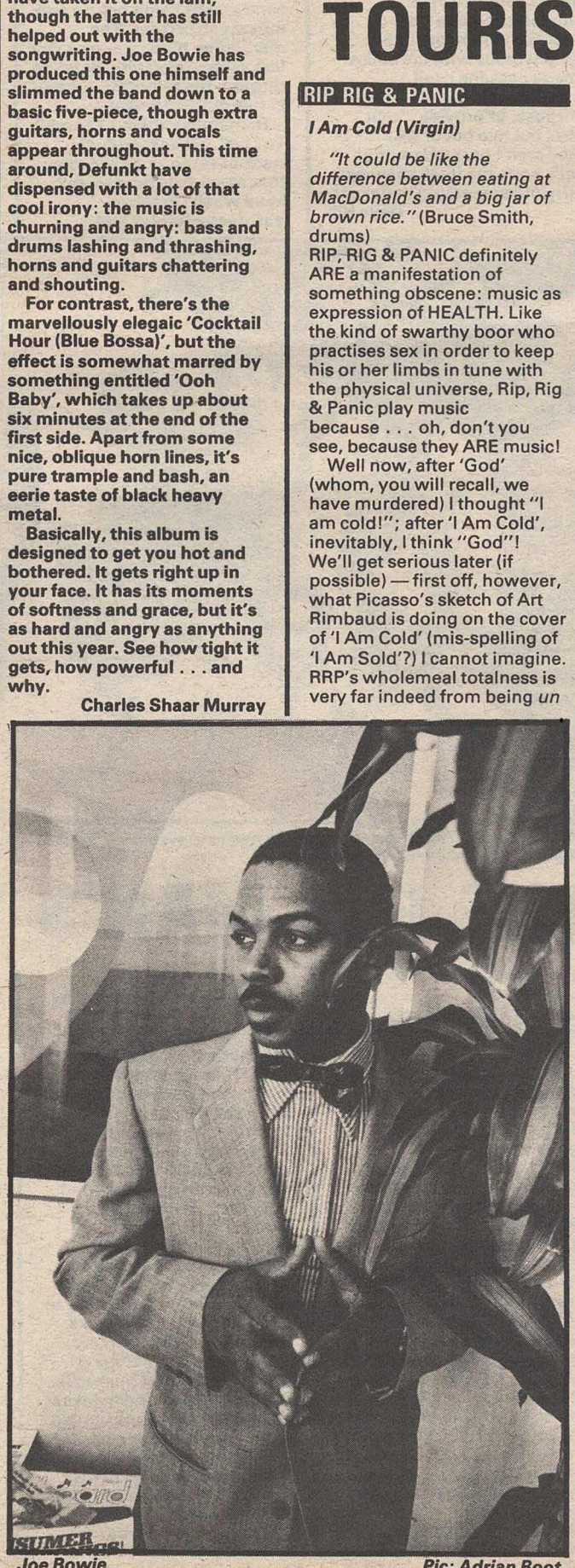
The title song of this set isn't actually on the album: it appeared on their first one, which included the ironic *tour de force* 'Make 'Em Dance', the scarifying 'Strangling Me With Your Love' and the incredibly chilling 'All The Good Times', which borrowed the venerable Chic rhythm 'Good Times' to serve as the background for a rap about a junkie shooting up. Since then, Defunkt has had a top-to-toe shake-up with only Joe Bowie himself and guitarist Kelvyn Bell remaining from the old band. The previous album was produced by Bowie's sax-and-flute-playing brother Byron in collaboration with one Janos Gat, who also contributed heavily to the compositions.

This time, Byron and Gat have taken it on the lam, though the latter has still helped out with the songwriting. Joe Bowie has produced this one himself and slimmed the band down to a basic five-piece, though extra guitars, horns and vocals appear throughout. This time around, Defunkt have dispensed with a lot of that cool irony: the music is churning and angry: bass and drums lashing and thrashing, horns and guitars chattering and shouting.

For contrast, there's the marvellously elegaic 'Cocktail Hour (Blue Bossa)', but the effect is somewhat marred by something entitled 'Ooh Baby', which takes up about six minutes at the end of the first side. Apart from some nice, oblique horn lines, it's pure trample and bash, an eerie taste of black heavy metal.

Basically, this album is designed to get you hot and bothered. It gets right up in your face. It has its moments of softness and grace, but it's as hard and angry as anything out this year. See how tight it gets, how powerful . . . and why.

Charles Shaar Murray



Joe Bowie — *Pic: Adrian Boot*

Rip Rig & Panic — *Illustration: Ian Wright*

TOURIST SEASON IN BEDLAM

RIP RIG & PANIC

I Am Cold (Virgin)

"It could be like the difference between eating at MacDonald's and a big jar of brown rice." (Bruce Smith, drums)

RIP, RIG & PANIC definitely ARE a manifestation of something obscene: music as expression of HEALTH. Like the kind of swarthy boor who practises sex in order to keep his or her limbs in tune with the physical universe, Rip, Rig & Panic play music because . . . oh, don't you see, because they ARE music!

Well now, after 'God' (whom, you will recall, we have murdered) I thought "I am cold!"; after 'I Am Cold', inevitably, I think "God"! We'll get serious later (if possible) — first off, however, what Picasso's sketch of Art Rimbaud is doing on the cover of 'I Am Cold' (mis-spelling of 'I Am Sold'?) I cannot imagine. RRP's wholemeal totalness is very far indeed from being *un saison en enfer*. You'd be forgiven, in fact, for thinking they were busking outside the gates of Elysium. But it's the tourist season in bedlam, and 'I Am Cold' may have been misconstrued by its makers as a black pool of illuminations . . .

'I Am Cold' (like 'God' a twin-set of 12" 45's) commences with a smugly ironical usage of the well-known TV jingle "Softness is a thing called Comfort". This is of course to be read as:

"No, we of Rip, Rig & Panic are *not* soft, and, as you will remember from your primers, we make you feel *un*comfortable. We liberate you from the humdrum existence which we see you enslaved by and we are going to lead you out of your ant-like belief in things like *Top Of The Pops* and give you — but hold your breaths — LIFE!" Of course, I may have misinterpreted it.

Cue my colleague Richard Cook in the last ish's Rip Rig splash: *"Had it occurred to them they might just be a remarkable set of cats?"* I'm sure it had, Rich, I'm sure it had. The Rips, however, are quick to reassure us that they're *"totally a part of pop music"*. We never doubted it, boys, we all want to make a bit of bread.

If it'll help we'll get serious: I detest this group of pseudo-offbeat cranks and their endless cronies. I do *not* think they are more important than New Order or The Associates or Soft Cell. I say Pop *is* a Love Supreme. And I say to you young man that it is *downright irresponsible* to place Rip, Rig & Panic in the same harmolodic *universe* as Albert Ayler!

There may be a Great Divide between jazz and popular vocal music but Rip, Rig & Panic do not bridge it. Possibly your own position within that divide depends on your estimation of the power and grandeur of the human voice and your corresponding estimation of such illustrious simulacra of it as the saxophone. "Am I hearing voices within the voice?" asked Roland Barthes (who, for a man obsessed by writing, was exceptionally musical.) For me, the greatest mystery in music is that moment when a word, or a phrase — what Lester Bangs called 'the Revealed Word' — *enters rhythm*.

That, however, is not the bone of this contention. The bone is that jazz's improvisation is in some way culturally superior, *deeper* (a facile word, since all music opens on the same surface) than the supposedly mayfly existence of pop records. The assumed opposition between 'organic' *music* and 'synthetic' *pop* is a similar distortion — witness the implicit puritanism behind the move to outlaw synthesizers. Gareth Sager exemplifies the whole conundrum with such altogether vile comments as: *"Once you've got hip, you've had it! Out on a limb!"* Even more sick-making are various oblique dicta, of which possibly the least helpful is: *"Avoid self-kleptomania, stealing something from yourself."* As yet the source has not been located in Kahil Gibran, but we're searching.

In his article, Richard boldly maintained that "Jazz *imparts truth* more deeply than any pop can do"; unfortunately, he omitted to tell us what the truth was. If it is love's Passion, or Keats' Beauty, I hardly see how Pop, Soul, etc., are deficient in those categories. Susan Sontag long ago noted that "passion" was an essential ingredient of Camp, for example.

It's fine for Rip Rig to emulate Coleman & Co. in their straying from the harmonic base; that they do it with so little panache and such a limited emotional range would appear only to highlight the wooliness and condescension of their stated ambitions. Of course they're so wacky you can practically hear them plonking sugars in the engineer's coffee but, for all the romping and jiving, for all their apparent free range and discontinuity, there's remarkably little variation and let us say, ahem, *divertissement*, in their keys and tempos. 'I Am Cold', as they themselves aver, is "all part of one flow": linear, homogeneous, unbroken.

Mind you, like 'Bob Hope Takes Risks', the 'Climate' 45 shows RRP *can* turn on simple heat if the (commercial) pressure's cooking, and there are a few of those things one calls "moments" on 'IAC" which verge on redeeming the whole slaphappy enterprise. One such occurs towards the end of 'Warm to the IF in life', and sure enough it comes by virtue of sudden melodic coherence — sax howling against melancholy layers of piano and a soft groundswell of bass — though it fades almost instantly. 'Storm The Reality Asylum' too, (title courtesy Crass) is something of a TOON, with Neneh Cherry featured in high guerilla chanteuse mode on a lilting and soulful soapbox smooch.

When Rig Rig are "harnessed" to the, er, pre-modal dynamics of a song-structure they're just fine, but their improvisations are for the main part plain uninteresting. 'Nameless Energy' scoots along without getting to any grips; here gather sporadic components of rhythm which amount to little more than out-takes from the "flow", the sacred totality that cannot be interrupted (certainly not by criticism). And 'Nurse Increase The Sedatives' is about as callous a throwaway as would be Captain Beefheart rapping 'Ella Guru'.

I am seldom turned on by free jazz piano at the best of times, but the noodling and doodlings of Mark Springer leave me more refrigerated than most: his 'MISA LUBA Lone Wolf' strikes me as a pretty dour effort. The excessive load of additional instrumentation crammed into various unoccupied spaces also seems not so much to interlock as overlap in a random fashion that you either take or leave. The idea that this freedom is inherently more advanced and risk-taking than "pop music" is, as Johnny Thunders would say with his usual delicate turn of phrase, "a buncha bullshit." Improvisation rapidly becomes a norm and jazz is as hidebound by convention as any other art form.

In summary, 'God' and 'I Am Cold' (unlike 'Kind Of Blue' or 'Strange Celestial Road') almost totally bypass me. Given that jazz composition is necessarily impromptu, to grip the soul it must still be rooted in some harmonic and rhythmic beauty — that is music's acitivity — and Rip, Rig & Panic manage, with a foolish arrogance and bogus "humour", to presume on its licence to looseness to the point of producing four sides of very uninspiring, albeit (groan) eclectic, jazz music.

Can I go now or am I being held in custody?

Barney Hoskyns

Camp 'un and Ball

FLUFFY PINK DECADENTS

SOFT CELL

Non-Stop Ecstatic Dancing (Some Bizzare)

IT'S NOT that I find the old Marc Almond routine secretly disgusting or in any way distrustful. It's just that exposure to the persona leaves me bored and untouched. Compared to what it could be, there's something the Soft Cell scenario lacks; and before any of you 'chaps' chortle manishly and throw a few demeaning teapot postures, let me explain.

It's all too *obvious*. Marc has very capably internalised the complete back-catalogue of camp artistry, merging that perenial *Cabaret* mythology with a few Earls Court leather bar cyphers, and a bit more twittering theatricality, to create a fluffy, fluttery pink vision of decadence which leaps luridly at you from every modern media device.

Frankly, I find it rather dull that Marc expects us to be somehow shocked and excited by this. Compared with a Bolan or a Bowie, flirting across a cosmetic divide with Marc feels very conventional and tame. Soft Cell's carry-on can be nice enough to watch, but it's *mannered*, and it's *ham*, and it doesn't do very much at all.

'Non-Stop Ecstatic Dancing' is a mini-LP of six segued Soft Cell songs offering a few favourites with tarty disco re-mixes, and a few new ones of varied tone and tune. And happily, in the opening 'Memorabilia' we at last get a sniff of what could be. After a preliminary lacing of echoed horns straight from the Norman Whitfield production manual, it rushes you directly into the land of lasers and amyl nitrate which the better parts of the Cell manifesto demands. This song moves both metabolism and imagination, working nicely beneath the surface, tapping the speeding psyche. Selfishness, selectivity and desire are gathered together and rolling around Almond's for once convincingly breathless tongue, before gossip-column darling Cindy Ecstacy slips into a slithery rap which injects apt cartoon sex with just the right superficial slink.

After 'Memorabilia' everything else thins out and flaunts the familiar, with many familiar failings. 'Where Did Our Love Go' is a typically over-fond Tamla cover, played too fast, and heavy round the hips. Marc and David add nothing to the song except a synthesizer, and a deeper appreciation of Diana Ross' voice. 'What' is less a dance than a '60s shuffle. It's the record's other good song, turning on simple, desperate frailty and one of those neat, logical melodies the straight man sometimes discovers. Murders 'Bedsitter', this one.

'A Man Could Get Lost' is a secondhand DAF/Depeche instrumental with an opportunist title, and then we get the sloppy, ham-fisted angst of 'Chip On My Shoulder' with added sax appeal and most of the empty bitching-by-numbers dubbed out. One for some of that constipated New Romantic dancing down the Kareba Club.

As a lousy inverse to 'Memorabilia', 'Sex Dwarf', the album's finale, captures everything crass, pointless and baldly literal about the duo. Here's the song to bludgeon all of Soft Cell's untruths home. 'Sex Dwarf' is just word association — *"leash", "vice", "sex"* — add a few coital gasps, and what you get is a pretty picture of romanticised sleaze, perfectly tuned to the daft plain-brown-Soho pose of their first album sleeve. 'Sex Dwarf' is uninteresting and trite; qualities I often fear to be synonymous with the entire image package itself.

So 'NSED' doesn't fulfill its purpose, or provide much else, but two out of six proves they aren't past redemption. Let's hope the freak show will turn into something better yet.

Dave Hill

ALL MOUTH AND TROUSERS?

GIRLSCHOOL

Screaming Blue Murder (Bronze)

ROCK'N'ROLL is dying to the sweet screams of burning guitars. Groups like Girlschool and The Exploited, Iron Maiden and Discharge co-exist in the sincere belief that they're all alive and kicking the shit out of a bloated monster. If they were told the truth, that they were actually nothing more than manifestations of the beast's agonisingly violent death throes, they'd casually dismiss is as nothing more than the worthless rantings of a madman, or the pseudo-machinations of a Spandau trendy, or most probably both.

'Screaming Blue Murder' could hardly be described as an exceptional record. Following an antiquated recipe that never ceases to sell records, Girlschool rant and rave beneath a militant fusion of horrorshow violence, utilising the age-old imagery as well as a range of darker base emotions. Rampant barbed-wire guitars blast out vast desolate craters through a landscape devoid of humanity, a disgusting subtopia populated only by acrid smells smelt before and mutant structures. The marauding bass strangles any last vestige of sanity, twisting through the remotest crevice in this guitar domain.

Remember 'Killing Yourself To Live', a Black Sabbath track of some years standing that never fails to enter my head when I listen to surrogate Purples and copy-cat Zeps. The trouble with Girlschool is that they persist so doggedly in pursuance of a futile race to occupy the ever-decreasing streak of no band's land between the barriers erected by punk and heavy metal. Briefly, they emerge in a somewhere league, slightly preferable to the anti-nowhere league, only to be dragged down deeper and deeper into the all-consuming carcass of orthodoxy.

"Action screams when there's something to say." **Girlschool scream no matter what they say.**

A considered scrutiny of the Girlschool career couldn't possibly fail to highlight the fact that the only creditable affair they've ever been involved in was their lengthy association with Lemmy and his school of degenerates. 'The St. Valentine's Day Massacre' adventure presented a stunning array of hot-headed gangsters machine-gunning mayhem, with a bullet, to the charts. But where 'Massacre' steamrollered along charged with an urgent forcefulness coupled with a scathing sense of humour, 'Screaming Blue Murder' prefers to rely on rehashing hackneyed rock platitudes with neither vigour nor resolve.

The title track introduces vinyl to stylus, activating the sound system VU meters, in grimly malevolent fashion: Needles shooting like missiles to red with no space or time for subtleties. Not for Girlschool the need for empty spaces to create any musical form or feel. The brooding

Burning Spear — *Illustration: Jill Mumford*

BURNING SPEAR

Farover (Radic)

JUST LIKE 'H.I.M.' a couple of years ago, this Spear set is a bit of a disappointment. Maybe the Tuff Gong set-up doesn't work for the father figure of The Sound of St. Anne's (north coast music), as the sharpness is missing. Surprisingly so, because the studio that Bob built was designed for preserving reggae music as a folk culture, and up until now has produced some of the most uncluttered, natural sounding roots reggae of recent years.

On 'Farover' though, the sound is just simple and, apart from the tribal tones of Rodney's voice, almost completely without character. His voice and lyrics are still intact, but in several places sound muted or mixed down while the band does nothing more than mark time. This leaves Rodney to try and carry the tune instead of spar with it, and the results are nothing more than ordinary. From the show he put on at the Rainbow 18 months ago, Spear has lost none of his power, so perhaps he just isn't too bothered about making records anymore.

Although even Spear at this level is better than most of 1982's reggae, if 'Farover' had been anybody else I wouldn't have played it twice.

Lloyd Bradley

THE BAND AKA

The Band (P.P.L. Records/Import)

ATLANTIC STARR

Brilliance (A&M)

FAT LARRY'S BAND

Breakin' Out (WMOT)

XAVIER

Point Of Pleasure (Liberty/Import)

BRASS CONSTRUCTION

Attitudes (Liberty)

Fun funk quiz: This band is one of the five reviewed here. Which? (Clue: Their hairdresser is called Alphonso). Answer at foot of page 49.

THE FAT MAN'S BACK!

THE FUNKY five from the last couple of months show up an interesting trend. There are so many new young bands coming up — here we have two of them — that the old timers are being scared into getting up off their laurels and giving up the best stuff they've done in years; this time it's the turn of Fat Larry and Brass to open their eyes. (Xavier are an enigma, but more about that later.)

Oddly named are The Band AKA, but there's nothing odd about what they can do. The only problem is that they don't do enough of it.

The Band are the first group to hit big from a little known LA label that is staffed entirely by black musicians with business studies degrees — thus the playing, production and presentation is all first class. What lets it down is unsure direction. As with a lot of labels that have struggled for a while, a hit becomes a must and they vainly try to cover all avenues in every ablbum. The Band suffer in as much as their funky stuff gets a little lost in two or three sloppy poppies.

Luckily though, the singles have earned The Band — and indeed the whole outfit, as the entire board of directors are directly involved — the recognition they deserve for what they do best (funk), so hopefully we'll hear more. In the meanwhile, this set is worth your time and money . . . just!

Atlantic Starr hit the right notes from time to time, but have never really been more than a singles band. What moves them up into the album bracket here is three red hot singles on the one set, 'Circles', 'Love Moves' and 'Perfect Love'. Buy this set for those three and you won't be disappointed: 'Circles' looks set to be THE SOUND of this summer!

After nothing special for a few years, Fat Larry is back with a vengeance. Ignore the absolutely dreadful cover, and go straight to the goodies inside. It's difficult to believe that someone who looks like Pilsbury The Dough Boy could make music like this, but 'Breakin Out' looks set to be one of the top ten soul albums of this year. Tripping through different tempos like it was child's play, Larry gives up half a dozen different moods and grooves. Bassy, spacey, racey and gracef'ly, it's damn near perfect except for the last track. There, it seems as if they let their brains go home early, but it's put in such a place that it's easy to miss out. So ignore it or scratch it or something and take in the rest and you won't go far wrong.

Xavier, however, have made one big mistake. Presumably because they didn't have enough bottle to do it on their own, they got George Clinton and Bootsy to guest on a couple of tracks. On one level, that worked, giving them a dynamite single, 'Work That Sucker To Death', with the option on an equally strong follow up; but as far as this album goes it means that the stuff they do by themselves pales in the shadow of the dynamic duo's inspired lunacy.

Pity, as most of what they do is very good, notably 'Love Is On The One' and the slow, slinky 'Dial The Love Man', but they're not going to get anywhere as 'the group that George and Bootsy jam with'. Still a must for P. Funk fans, and a name for the future. Try again, Xavier, but next time on your own.

Brass Construction's 'Attitudes' is the most welcome sound these ears have heard for a long time. It marks the return to form of a band that were a by-word in funk when Bootsy still wore a mohair suit!

They've recaptured that groove of seven years ago — 'Changing' and 'Moving' — not the tunes, just the spirit. The line-up is the same, the tailor still likes a good laugh and the album's got a name instead of just a number.

Brass Construction are back in business. There's nothing else to say about it . . . catch it!

Lloyd Bradley

Eyes down for a full heart

Pic: Anton Corbijn

CARROLL SINGER GETS BUM'S RUSH

(A drug reference)

JIM CARROLL

Dry Dreams (CBS)

THERE'S SOMETHING a touch *too* dubious about Jim Carroll, rock artiste. I'll make no comment about his talents as author or poet, having not investigated the texts *The Basketball Diaries,* but as one who has made the decision to do or die as a figure out to spread his version of the gospel through the mouthpiece of contemporary rock, Carroll patently leaves much to be desired.

As was the case with 'Catholic Boy', 'Dry Dreams' is wrong-headed, ungainly amateurish rock attempting to get by under the spurious pretence of primitivism. The musicians on call are all uninspired, unschooled in any concept of music-making that might involve such basic concerns as tension-and-release, anything remotely inspired and convincing. Unfortunately, any possibilities of producer Earl McGrath having learned from taking a long cold listen to the dull sheen that warped Carroll's debut are down the dumper from the first cack-handed attempt to provide 'atmosphere' via idiotic phase-ins of arbitrary synth and violin lines on 'Work Not Pay' through the tepid precincts of most of this record's playing time. Matters go from blunt to criminally inept at key junctures when the ensemble's dynamics are diminished to a nada of lumpy stew, leaving Carroll stranded in a mix that can only distance him from the stodgy performances to a point where, when he's not trying to croon like a male Patti Smith or ape the mongrel yowling of Iggy Pop, he ends up sounding like the vocal equivalent of Don Quixote: all wispy, callow resolve and desperate attack, facing off the leaden tread-mills of garage band heavy metal bombast that defeat him at every leaden twist.

With all these blights and more besides, Carroll's vehicle for infamy — his lyrics — are pitched at the listened like blunted spears that scarely even graze the senses owing to an irksome, uncertain drawl masquerading as vocals and the whole stodgy shapeless pantomime twisting his slack-jawed enunciations into shapeless incomprehensible phonetics.

In this depleted condition, it would be as easy to trash Carroll as it would be 'reasonable' to attempt locating any possible gems hidden under this wretched excuse for music. Yet these shortcomings finally rest on Carroll's wafer-shaped shoulders. He's chosen to ply his wares in a precinct where he is patently way out of his depth, and what could be viewed as first-time-around naive mistakes on 'Catholic Boy' have curdled further to a point where Carroll's shortcomings as rock performer are too legion.

If he's sincere, how come he refuses to learn fundamental lessons in the craft he's chosen to infiltrate? If he's *not* sincere, well then, the image of an ex-junkie/poet/novelist with an irksome croak of a voice and lyrics riddled with lines about *"angels on my shoulders"* and *"the ghost of my childhood"* — this pale aesthete 'slumming' for the bucks whilst the ghost of Jim Morrison sparks new heights of bankability — now that at least is a testament to guile.

Nick Kent

rhythm guitar overlay supplants overtones of intimidating aggressions, laced with tart redundancy, coursing cursing through a crazed backdrop of layered hysteria. War mongering vocals shriek in hopelessly atonal unison, united purely by virtue of the insanity clause inherent in the Girlschool attitude.

Through all the heavy plagiarism and blandness of this album, the only real saving grace comes in the shape of Gil, the newest pupil on bass. Sharing origins with no less than Kevin Rowlands (the pair being part of The Killjoys, an early Brum punk band), this cat frets a slick bass riff through an otherwise tawdry rock-'n'-raunch bellow.

***"You know the lines om the mirror / Are showing up your face."* And the cracks of creative deficiency have already forged sizeable bridgeheads on the Girlschool collective.**

Amrik Rai

IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT ROCKS

THE SHAKIN' PYRAMIDS

Celts and Cobras (Cuba Libre/Virgin)

WITH RECENT quietness on the Stray Cat front, the disappearance of The Polecats (they did tempt fate with a song called 'Rockin' On The Marie Celeste'), and the complete marginalisation of The Meteors, rockabilly-inspired penetration of the charts has been left to gerontologists like The Jets.

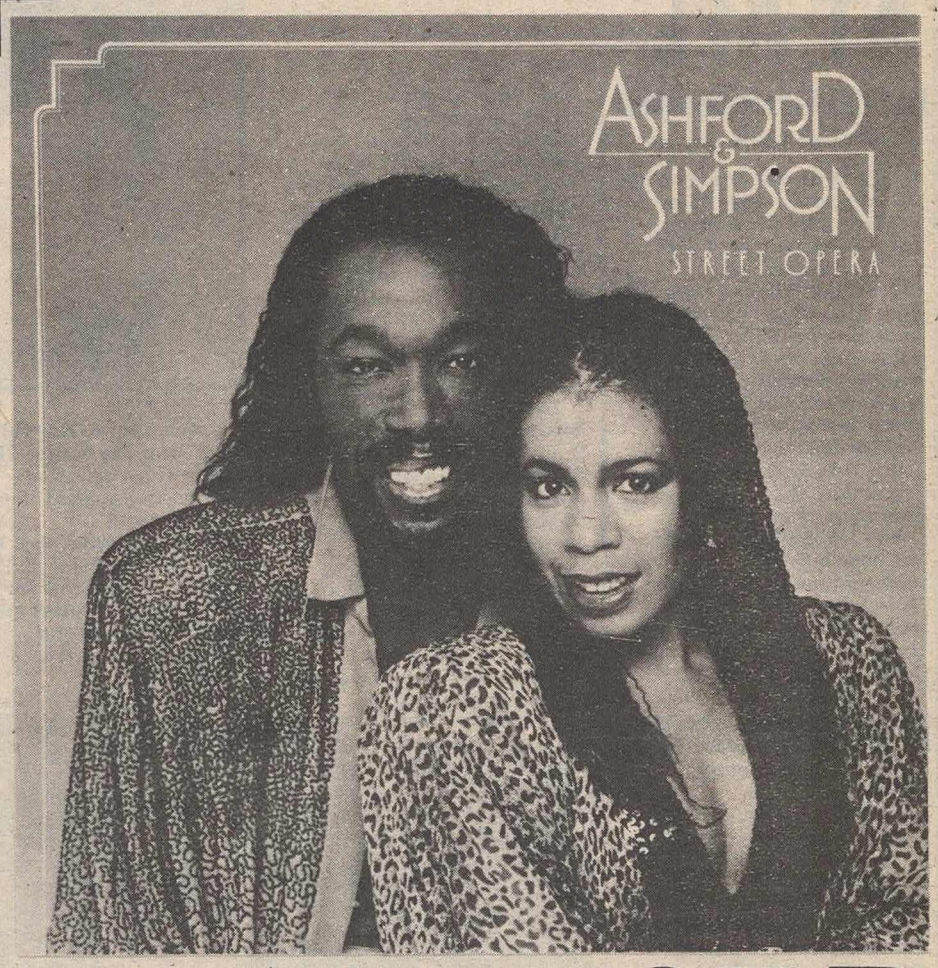
The new Shakin' Pyramids album probably won't change this situation, but I certainly wouldn't dismiss 'Celts And Cobras' out of hand. The band, heavily criticised or not, do have a zest in live performance, and their debut album 'Skin 'Em Up', in spite of its shameless pastiche and pale shadowing of Eddie Cochran and the Everlys, did have a certain charm. Although the second album continues in this vein, it has much less of an acoustic feel, and the frequent use of electric guitar and drums puts numbers like 'Ferocious' and 'Pharaoh's Chant' on Stray Cat territory. This uptempo material is offset by frequent nods to country and even ballads, such as a version of Elvis Costello's 'Just A Memory'.

If The Pyramids are currently sounding less like a busking trio and more like a group, that's as much to do with a fat modern production as additional instrumentation. Producers Bob Andrews and Roger Bechirian, whose previous credits include Costello, The Undertones, Jona Lewie and Graham Parker, have done one of those thoroughly professional jobs where everything sounds clear and crisp — well-done. However, this causes some of that Pyramid charm — a pleasant rather than memorable affair, anyway — to disappear: their untutored throwaway appeal and their limited, at times flat, voices are shown up by such a technically competent production. The version of 'It Hurts To Be In Love', for instance, is left, with its overkill of strings and backing female vocals, looking very stiff — no matter that the band are obviously so willing, trying so hard.

The polishing up of The Pyramids' roughness only really shines during 'Like Me With No-One' which is near the big beat country rock of 'The Air That I Breathe' by The Hollies in the early '70s. The comparison is flattering, though: what enjoyment I had from 'Celts And Cobras' won't encourage me to return to it. When you have to define a band's capabilities so negatively, there's something wrong.

Paul Tickell

The Shakin' Pyramids



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Trouble Funk

TROUBLE FUNK

Drop The Bomb (Sugarhill)

THERE IS a lot of action on the US funk scene these days. Wild cards like Soul Sonic Force coming up aces with unusual singles, sexy persuaders like the Peech Boys propelling the floor, the underground perpetually coming up into the light, and even good stuff from groups like Chic and Change putting some real life into the mainstream.

But Trouble Funk, that's not just action. That's a whole damn earthquake.

The Trouble Funk tremor has been building underground in Washington DC — where, when you go past the narrow confines of the Government area, the city is predominantly black and bad and likes its funk hot.

Their shows have a reputation for being marathon, multi-hour throwdowns, and they've released a series of tough EPs and two live albums on their own Jamtu label. But those records are hard to find anywhere outside of DC — forget about England — so cheers to Sugarhill for picking up a real, live, and mucho productive *band* and making them generally available.

'Drop The Bomb' hits like a holocaust. Never mind Defunkt, this is the real thermonuclear sweat. It's the most uncompromising funk on the market right now, pure sweat and heat, back-stabbing, ass-kicking and uncut. It blasts out its message so there's no mistake — body music, talkin' to ya loud and nasty.

The album is dominated by two super-minimalist extended jams, 'Hey Fellas' and 'Drop The Bomb'. They come down to crazed percussion, pushed along by cowbells and who-knows-what else. The bass lines are killer rumbles, the last word in this sort of thing. The five voices are gruff, hard, sexy and warm, full of playful let-it-loose celebration.

That's basically it — bass, percussion and voices stirring up a groove. So when the extra icing appears on the cake, like those exquisite blasts of horns on 'Hey Fellas' that lift you up and throw you clear out of the room, it's like free money, almost too good to be true.

But that's not all. Where this record improves most on the Jamtu EPs is its revelation of the group's versatility. There is an excursion into the more mainstream style of modern funk with 'Let's Get Hot' — elements of Funkadelic, Change, Lakeside — the kind of thing that defines today's "contemporary black radio" sound, only done with infinitely more power and style. There's a rap workout, 'Pump Me Up', that's a world-class example of the form, five-man vocal trade-offs backed by a pump-pump-pumping rhythm that could break your back. There's one ballad, beautifully sung with truly doowop harmonies. Seems there's nothing these guys can't do.

Even when the underlying song idea is not all that unusual — 'Get On Up' is just a riff you've heard before — the style and punch carries it, the power puts it over.

But the Trouble Funk speciality, those stripped-down, shake-the-house grooves, are unique, so simple and straightforward in construction they are a radical step forward. Sly and funny too, like the message on 'Hey Fellas' — ***"Let's take time out to get closer to the ladies"*** — or the way 'Drop The Bomb' applies a little racial-social levelling to the idea of nuclear disaster and embodies the apocalypse in a bass line and a chant.

Did someone say it was time for a summer party record?

Richard Grabel

GWEN GUTHRIE

Gwen Guthrie (Island)

Gwen Guthrie

GWEN GUTHRIE is a New York-based session singer whose credit has cropped up on a considerable assortment of album sleeves: she fell into Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare's orbit via a session for a Peter Tosh album, and work commenced for a Bits And Pieces album but eventually turned out to be a solo album for Ms G. 'Gwen Guthrie' is summer-weight soul, light and airy, with rhythm grooves halfway between a less stark and dramatic Grace Jones album and Tom Tom Club.

The producers and their usual crew — Wally Badarou, Mikey Chung, Sticky Thompson, plus extra guitarists Daryl Thompson and Monte Brown — lock into stuff ranging from the hectic, upful whirl of 'Peek-A-Boo', 'Gettin' Hot', 'Dance Fever' and the current disco success 'It Should Have Been You' to the unutterably slinky ballad 'Your Turn To Burn' and even — surprise! — one touch of reggae on Marley's 'Is It Love?'

Still, let's not forget whose show this is: Gwen Guthrie has a fine selection of voices: high, sweet and flexible, powerful, passionate and sly. The songs — mostly by Guthrie, Dunbar and Shakespeare in various combinations — are unlikely to be nominated for any major literary awards, but they're cute, provocative and danceable and occasionally — especially in the case of 'For You (With A Melody Too)' considerably more than that. Guthrie does all the leads and backgrounds: whispering, cooing, snarling, questioning, celebrating, the works.

'Gwen Guthrie' is an unassuming album, but it goes nicely with the weather. I play it a lot. If you had a copy you'd probably play it a lot as well. Your turn to . . .

Charles Shaar Murray

THE TINS

Buying In Bulk (Tintrax)

HAIL, THE Tins from Fleetwood; The Tins are blessed with an adroit eye for pastiche and parody, and a lively line accommodating underdog humour.

Their eminently commercial songs etch out an astute, deadpan (but plenty vigorous) view of many of the pop galaxy's stylistic phases, insolently recreating the gauchest synthi-pop, Ian Hunter-style yobbo boogie, and most other things of a short and sweet nature, in their own slightly seedy image. Tins-in-chief Filly Duntone and Willy Williams are perhaps the two most shockingly ordinary-looking men on this entire island, but their 'Justice' is indisputably the greatest protest song ever written.

This record was nurtured into life amongst Filly's crumpled pyjamas and socks on one of those Teac 4-track jobs. These are men of many parts; public servants by day, bedroom phonographic *artistes* by night. Here, surely, is what that Marx chap had in mind.

Dave Hill

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HOT CHOCOLATE are going out on a major UK tour in the late summer, and details of their schedule will be announced shortly. But one date already confirmed is Croydon Fairfield Hall on September 5, and tickets are currently available at the box-office priced £6, £5 and £4.

RIP RIG & PANIC have now re-scheduled a couple of dates they were forced to postpone recently — Portsmouth Gaiety Bar (June 21) and Liverpool Warehouse (26). As reported, they also appear in the Bracknell Jazz Festival (July 3) and the World of Music Art & Dance Festival at Shepton Mallet (July 18), then they're off to play a series of European festivals.

THEATRE OF HATE, newly returned from a European tour, are playing half-a-dozen Scottish dates this month — at Aberdeen Fusion (this Sunday), Dundee Marryat Hall (June 22), Dunfermline Glen Pavilion (23), Fort William Milton Hotel (25), Aviemore Centre (26) and Glasgow Tiffany's (27). They then travel south to play St. Albans City Hall (July 3) and Guildford Civic Hall (6), and a major London date is being finalised.

THE PHOTOS — steadily re-establishing their reputation with their new line-up, now featuring two girl singers following the departure of Wendy Wu — bring their new look and new sound to London this weekend. They play Fulham Greyhound (tonight, Thursday), Camden Dingwalls (Friday), Herne Hill Half Moon (Saturday) and the Marquee Club (next Monday).

ANIMAL MAGNET headline at London's Zig Zag Club on June 24, their first gig with the new line-up featuring new members Sean Lyons and Pickford Sykes — and they'll be joined on stage by a five-piece all-star percussion section . . . June 24 is also the revised date for the BLUE ORCHIDS show at London Victoria The Venue, with their original date of June 28 now headlined by A BIGGER SPLASH at The Venue.

RAY BARRETTO, who's played a dominant role in the recent rise of salsa music, flies into London for a one-off appearance at The Venue tomorrow (Friday). His latest album 'Lacuna' is available on CTI Records (through Polydor).

BERNIE TORME's Electric Gypsies have added three more dates to their previously reported debut tour, opening this weekend — at Bristol Granary (June 29), Worcester The Barn (30) and Glasgow Tiffany's (July 2).

HANOI ROCKS play the final date of their current UK visit at London Victoria The Venue next Tuesday (22), supported by Crown Of Thorns and Basking Sharks. But the Scandinavian band will be returning here in the late autumn for an extensive tour, and they'll also be recording their third album.

DENNIS BROWN is playing a few UK dates, to tie in with the release this week of his new A&M album 'Love Has Found Its Way'. So far confirmed for the reggae star are Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall (June 28) and London ZigZag Club (July 3 and 4), but more are being arranged. The title track from the LP is also being released as a single (7" and 12").

READING '82 LINE-UP

DAVE EDMUNDS

THE READING FESTIVAL line-up was announced officially this week, and proved *NME*'s forecast of the headliners and four other acts — three weeks ago — to be correct. As reported, the bill-toppers are Budgie (Friday, August 27), Iron Maiden (Saturday) and the Michael Schenker Group (Sunday).

On the Friday, Yesterday And Today are now expected to be special guests (not The Rods), and French band Trust are also appearing. The Satuday bill includes special guests Blackfoot, plus Gary Moore's new band and The Tygers Of Pan Tang. The special guest on Sunday, subject to confirmation, is Joan Jett & The Blackhearts — and they're joined by Dave Edmunds and Bernie Marsden's S.O.S.

Other confirmed acts — not yet slotted into the running order — are Cheetah (Australia), Red Baron (Spain), Rock Goddess, Stampede, Wilko Johnson, Tenpole Tudor, Spider, Marillion, Chinatown, Ore and Japanese band Bow Wow (not to be confused with Bow Wow Wow). And besides performing with his own band, Jackie Lynton will be link man.

This is the 22nd festival to be staged by the NJF, and the 12th at the present Reading Thames-side Arena. Advance tickets for the full weekend cost £15.50 including VAT, camping and parking, but without any booking fee — they're available by post only from Reading Rock '82, P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ; cheques or POs only made payable to "NJF/Marquee", enclose SAE and allow up to four weeks only for delivery. Tickets on the gates will be sold on a daily basis only, priced £6.50 (Friday), £8.50 (Saturday) and £8.50 (Sunday).

— AND FOR STONEHENGE

STONEHENGE again plays host to its midsummer Free Festival this month. And although the music runs for just five days, from tomorrow (Friday) to next Tuesday (22), crowds had already started to assemble last weekend. The 1981 event attracted 35,000 people and, if the weather holds, a larger turn-out is expected this year.

Three platforms have been erected to allow continuous music, and over 40 bands are expected to play on the main stage alone. Hawkwind, who were one of the star attractions last year, return for the '82 festival — and among other confirmed bands are Inner City Unit, Here & Now, Amazulu, Deke Leonard, Treatment, Miles Over Matter and Inner Force.

But a number of big-name acts who'll be appearing at Stonehenge won't be known in advance, because they'll be coming over from the near-by Glastonbury CND Festival this weekend — and for contractual reasons, they can't be named. But this week's *Gig Guide* gives the full Glastonbury line-up, and a chance to assess who might subsequently be playing Stonehenge.

For those travelling to the event, the site is in Wiltshire, adjoining the main A.303 road.

Motorhead outdoor bash in Wales

MOTORHEAD are to headline a second open-air concert this summer. It's at the Wrexham Football Club in North Wales on Saturday, July 24 — the day before their previously reported show at the Hackney Stadium in East London. And as with the Hackney event, they'll be appearing with guest guitarist Brian Robertson.

Also on the Wrexham bill are Budgie, Tank, Raven, Orion, Shoot The Moon (winners of the Northern Battle of the Bands contest) and Rampant Antics, plus a special guest band to be announced next week.

Advance tickets are £6.50 are now available by post from D & N Promotions (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), 70-74 Lower Bridge Street, Chester CH1 1RU, enclosing SAE. Tickets on the day will cost £7.50. There are also many ticket outlets for personal applicants in the North of England, North Midlands and Wales — including Wrexham FC itself.

☐ **IDLE FLOWERS** headline at London Camden Dingwalls this Saturday (19) at the outset of a new club tour, concentrated mainly around the capital. Among other gigs are Fulham Golden Lion (June 20), Brentford Red Lion (22) and Fulham Greyhound (26), plus an out-of-towner at Dudley J.B.'s on June 25.

☐ **MATCHBOX** are playing a series of selected dates during the summer, starting at Horsham Capitol Theatre this Sunday (20) and running through to London Victoria The Venue on August 13, the latter date coinciding with the release of their fourth Magnet album. Other confirmed dates include Leeds University (June 25) and Middlesbrough Raffles (26).

☐ **COLIN JUNIOR**, who was lead vocalist with the now-disbanded Sweet Sensation, has joined forces with Tony Etoria — who had a mini-hit last year with the single 'I Can Prove It'. Together they have formed New Sweet Sensation, and a tour is currently being arranged for the group by agent Barry Collings.

☐ **ENDGAMES**, the Glagow band who recently enlisted drummer Brian McGee (ex-Simple Minds) and guitarist Willie Gardner (ex-Zones) are supporting Defunkt at Leeds Warehouse (June 24) and London Victoria The Venue (25 and 26). The outfit, who recently signed to Phonogram, will then be playing dates in their own right — details to follow.

☐ **MARILLION**, who make their Reading Festival debut this year, have a headlining concert at Aylesbury Friars this Saturday (19). They begin a new one-nighter series of club gigs at London Hammersmith Clarendon on June 21, highlighted by two nights at London Marquee Club on July 1 and 2.

☐ **SARACEN** have extended their current tour through until late July, and among newly confirmed gigs are Sheffield Penguin Club (June 21), London Southall White Hart (24), Hull Tiffany's (July 6), Middlesbrough Cavern (7), Manchester Julie's (8), Manchester Phoenix Club (13) and Leeds Compton Club (24).

ESTHER PHILLIPS, the renowned American soul and R&B singer, plays an exclusive nine-day season at London Covent Garden The Canteen starting July 1 — and she'll be recording a live album during the engagement. Probably best known in the UK for her hit single 'What A Difference A Day Made', she first came to prominence in 1962 when — as Little Esther Phillips — she had the US hit version of Englebert Humperdinck's 'Release Me'.

MOUNTAIN have pulled out of their scheduled concert at London Brixton Fair Deal this Saturday (19). Apparently their European tour has been cancelled, and they say they don't want to come over solely to play a one-off London date. There's now a possibility of the band coming here in September; meanwhile cash refunds are available to ticket holders.

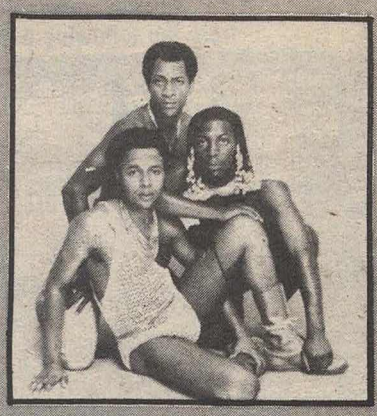
AMANDA LEAR — the colourful star of chic disco music, and a top attraction on the Continent — plays her first-ever UK date on Wednesday, June 30, at London Camden Palace. Tickets are now available from the box-office.

TENPOLE TUDOR, just back from supporting Meatloaf in the Dublin Festival, play their last London date until September at the Marquee Club on June 26 (tickets £2.50).

IDEAL, the top German four-piece who are based in Berlin, make their London debut at the end of the month with dates at Bond Street Embassy Club (June 28) and Victoria The Venue (30). Their new single 'Monotonie' has just been issued by WEA Records.

GLEN CAMPBELL returns to the UK in October to play a lengthy series of dates, as part of an even more extensive European tour. Dates so far fixed are Southport Theatre (October 2), Harrogate Centre (3), Nottingham Commodore International (4 and 5), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (7), Camberley Lakeside Club (8 and 9), London Barbican Centre (10), Portsmouth Guildhall (12), Eastbourne Congress (13), Birmingham Night Out (14-16) and a charity show at Milton Keynes Middleton Hall (17). Other dates are being finalised by promoter Jeffrey Kruger, and ticket information won't be available until the schedule is complete.

GASPER LAWAL, the renowned Nigerian percussionist, has formed a new group who will make their debut on July 17 at the World of Music Arts & Dance Festival — at the Royal Bath & West Showground, near Shepton Mallet in Somerset. It's called Gasper Lawal & Africa Drum Orgy Band — comprising Dada Davies, Adesose Wallace, Dada (Chukwuaka) Anyia, Fami Layi and Joni Haastrup. They'll be joined by dancers for their festival appearance.



IMAGINATION have added a third London concert to their previously reported UK tour schedule — it's on October 2 at the Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion, where their two original shows on September 30 and October 1 have now sold out. Another new date is at Ipswich Gaumont on September 11. Their new single 'Music And Lights' is issued by R&B Records this weekend, with their next album 'In The Heat Of The Night' due out in August.

THE PASSAGE

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Dexys new LP — at last!

DEXYS MIDNIGHT RUNNERS have finally completed work on a new album, their first for two years, for July 16 release by Mercury — titled 'Too-Rye-Ay'. It's preceded on June 25 by their previously reported new single 'Come On Eileen', in both 7" and 12" formats. These two new releases will feature the Dexys fiddle section The Emerald Express, as well as their already established horn section, and direction was by Clive Langer and Alan Winstanley. Now that the band have at last emerged from the studios, we can expect to see them in live action before long.

● **Culture Club** are releasing a new single to coincide with their tour dates, announced last week. Titled 'I'm Afraid Of Me' and coupled with 'Murder Rap Story', it's issued by Virgin on June 25 in both 7" and 12".
● Fast rising Australian band **The Church** release their second Carrere Records album on July 2, titled 'The Blurred Crusade', on which eight of the ten tracks were written by enigmatic singer and bassist Steve Kilbey. The band are planning a British tour towards the end of the summer.
● Guitarist and songwriter **Jakko**, who was formerly a member of Dave Stewart's Rapid Eye Movement, has his self-penned and self-produced single 'Straining Our Eyes' issued by Chiswick this week. It's taken from his upcoming debut album 'Silesia'.
● A five-track EP or mini album by Belgium experimental group **Allez Allez** is issued by Kamera Records this week, titled 'African Queen'. An edited remix of the title track is also available as a single.
● **First Light**, featuring the nucleus of Derek Green (vocals) and Paul Hardcastle (keyboards), have up-dated 'A Horse With No Name' — which was originally a No 1 hit for America ten years ago. It's available now in both 7" and 12" on the Oval Flight label, through Pinnacle.

MONSTERS OF ROCK

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record NEWS

FAIR DEAL LAUNCHES LABEL

PEOPLE RECORDS is a new independent label to be launched this autumn, and the first signings will include the winners — and possibly the finalists — of a nationwide talent search which gets under way next month. It's the brainchild of Alan Briggs, who runs the new Fair Deal venue at Brixton in South London, and the successful applicants will figure in a series of heats — as well as the final — to be staged at the Fair Deal during the coming weeks, with judging purely on audience reaction.

Says Briggs: "We're looking for all kinds of music — rock, pop, HM, reggae. We want to hear from anyone who's got the guts to stand up on our big stage and really give." The contest winners will be offered a People Records contract, and other finalists will be considered — and all finalists will also receive a videotape of their act for their own use. Interested bands and singers should submit tapes and pictures to People Records, Briggs Gigs Talent Search, The Fair Deal, 211 Stockwell Road, Brixton, London SW9.

ROBERT KING, former lead singer and songwriter with Scottish band The Scars, has signed a solo recording deal with the Charisma company. His debut single 'Paperheart' is issued this weekend on the Pre label. It was produced by Robert Blamire, and the two Roberts are now writing and producing tracks for King's first solo album, planned for release later in the year.

● **Christopher Reeves**, of *Superman* fame, releases his debut single on Y Records (through Rough Trade) this weekend. It's called 'Dining At Dzerzhinsky's', the place in question being the location of KGB Headquarters in Moscow.
● An extended mix 12-inch version of **The Virgin Prunes'** current single 'Pagan Lovesong' is available from this week on Rough Trade. The band are now rehearsing in readiness for the recording of their debut album next month.
● **The Monochrome Set** will have their album 'Eligible Bachelors' and single 'The Mating Game' issued by Cherry Red at the end of this month, and the band will then be playing dates to promote them.
● To celebrate their FA Cup Final success, **Tottenham Hotspur** are bringing out a souvenir seven-inch picture disc of their hit single 'Tottenham Tottenham' on the Shelf label. The pictures show the full team at Wembley with the cup, and Glenn Hoddle scoring the winning goal. It's a limited edition of 10,000 copies.
● Two new group compositions 'Rosemary' and 'Shake' are featured on the latest single from **Dislocation Dance**, issued this week by New Hormones.
● After issuing a four-track ten-inch EP by **Terry Dene**, Logo Records now extract two of the titles — 'Paralysed' and 'Lorna (The Girl In The Long Black Dress)' — for release this weekend as a single. The A-side has already received extensive airplay.
● The **Pere Ubu** album 'Songs Of The Bailing Man' is due out on Rough Trade Records early next month.
● Scottish band **Threats**, who have supported both Anti-Pasti and The Exploited on tour, have been signed by Rondelet Records. Their first single out this weekend is 'Go To Hell' with both 'Afghanistan' and 'Wasted' on the B-side, and all tracks are self-penned.
● Newcastle's Soul Kitchen is launching its own Kitchenware label, and the first single is 'The Sun Shines Here'/'I'll Be Your Surprise' by **Hurrah!** A single by **The Daintees** follows shortly. Distribution is by Red Rhino and Rough Trade.
● Canadian six-piece **Wrabit**, who were signed by MCA last year, have a new single out this week. It couples 'Back Home' and 'Don't Say Goodnight To Rock'n'Roll'.
● Welsh band **The Partisans** have an EP released on the No Future label this week, produced by Anthony Pringle. Titles are '17 Years Of Hell', 'Power And Greed' and 'Boys In Blue'. They'll soon be starting work on their debut album.
● **Paul Roland**, who last year released the album 'Werewolf Of London' under the band name of Midnight Rags, has a new single out this week on his own Aristocrat label. Titled 'Dr Strange', it was produced by ex-Radio Stars front man Andy Ellison, and is distributed by Rough Trade.
● Five-piece Birmingham band **Quartz** are back in action, now that original vocalist Taffy Taylor has re-joined them after a six-month break, and Geoff Bates has been added to the line-up as second guitarist. They're currently rehearsing material for a new album, and negotiating a new label, having now split from MCA.

HAWKLORDS' WAR PROTEST

HAWKWIND have a single issued by Flicknife Records on June 25 under the earlier name The Hawklords. It's a live version, previously unissued, of 'Who's Gonna Win The War', and a percentage of the profits will be donated to Amnesty International. The band's Dave Brock (left) said they felt the time was right to release the track, "as Hawkwind have always been a pacifist band". Indeed, the lyric — written in 1978 — is remarkably topical, as this extract shows:

Lonely figures waiting
shodows on a hill,
Looking into valleys where
everything is steel,
Only death is lurking, the
creeping sickness waits
So who's gonna win the
war?

TALK TALK have a new single out next Monday through EMI, 'Today'/'It's So Serious'. The tracks are taken from the band's upcoming debut album 'The Party's Over', scheduled for July 12 release, and the band will be undertaking a club tour next month to promote it.

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE

JIMI HENDRIX is showcased in yet another collection of his work, issued by Polydor this month under the title of 'Voodoo Chile'. Other June albums from the same label include 'Greatest Hits' by GLORIA GAYNOR, a self-named set by JANIS IAN, 'The Early Years' by GEORGE BENSON, 'The Tra-La Days Are Over' by NEIL SEDAKA and 'Live And Low-Down At The Apollo' by JAMES BROWN.

CAPTAIN SENSIBLE of The Damned has signed a solo deal with A&M, and releases a single this weekend — would you believe, it's 'Happy Talk' from the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical 'South Pacific'! A solo album follows in early September. He stresses that he's not leaving The Damned — it's simply that his solo career gives him a new freedom outside the band. Incidentally, A&M paid The Captain his royalty advances in £1 notes, due to his inherent mistrust of banking systems!

THE ROLLING STONES' new album 'Still Life (American Concert 1981)' is being made available by EMI in a limited edition picture disc. It should be in the shops this weekend.

RANDY EDELMAN's new single, which he wrote with his wife Jackie de Shannon, is out on Rocket this week — titled 'Nobody Made Me', and featuring backing vocals by Kiki Dee and Jackie de Shannon, it's taken from his upcoming album 'On Time'. Randy and Jackie are visiting London this week for TV and radio promotion.

CHICAGO switch from CBS to WEA Records for the release this week of their sixteenth album which, not surprisingly, is called 'Chicago 16'. It features 11 tracks, mainly written by members of the band.

MODERN ROMANCE follow their hits 'Everybody Salsa' and 'Ay Ay Ay Ay Moosey' with a new single issued by WEA on June 25, titled 'By The Way (I'm Still In Love With You)', produced by Tony Visconti.

CHAS & DAVE follow their smash hit 'Ain't No Pleasing You' with a new single released this weekend on their own Rockney label — titled 'Margate', it's the full-length version of the jingle from the recent Courage Beer TV campaign. The duo are currently writing fresh material for their new album.

RANDY EDELMAN

PAUL McCARTNEY

CARAVAN release their new album 'Back To Front' on Kingdom Records this weekend. And for this LP, Richard Sinclair re-joined them on bass and vocals — so making it a return to their very first line-up of Pye Hastings, Richard Coughlan, David and Richard Sinclair.

LYNYRD SKYNYRD have their classic 'Freebird' track reissued by MCA this week as a 12-inch picture disc — it was originally released in 1976 to coincide with their appearance with The Rolling Stones at Knebworth, and this time it's coupled with two other Skynyrd classics, 'Sweet Home Alabama' and 'Double Trouble'... There's also a picture disc from GENESIS, a seven-inch of their current chart EP '3x3', and it's the first-ever picture disc on the Charisma label.

PAUL McCARTNEY has a new single issued through EMI next Monday (21), the second to be extracted from his hit 'Tug Of War' album — the tracks are 'Take It Away' and 'I'll Give You A Ring'. A 12-inch version follows on July 5, with a third bonus track also taken from the LP, titled 'Dress Me Up As A Robber'.

JERRY LEE LEWIS has three ten-inch albums issued on June 25. They all stem from his 1956-58 period with Sun Records, and they appear on the Sun logo through Charly Records. They include many of his greatest hits — like 'Great Balls of Fire' and 'Whole Lotta Shakin' — and many lesser known tracks. The albums, each with ten tracks, are titled 'The Pumpin' Piano Cat', 'Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On' and 'The Great Ball Of Fire'. Retail price should be £3.99 maximum.

MICK KARN is the first member of Japan to come up with solo material, as the result of the various solo activities they are all undertaking this summer. His single 'Sensitive' / 'The Sound Of Waves' is issued by Virgin on June 25, and he's now working on his debut solo album, assisted by Japan colleagues Richard Barbieri and Steve Jansen — it's planned for October release, shortly before Japan begin their already announced autumn tour.

FRANKIE MILLER returns to the recording scene this month, this time on the Capitol label, with the release on June 28 of a new album called 'Standing On The Edge' — produced by Barry Beckett at Muscle Shoals Studio. It's preceded next Monday by a single lifted from the LP, 'To Dream The Dream' coupled with 'Don't Stop'.

JERRY LEE circa 1958

GARY US BONDS

EURYTHMICS release a new RCA single this weekend titled 'The Walk'. On this track, the nucleus of Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart are augmented by the same musicians and electronic wizardry that accompanied them on their recent UK tour. The B-side is 'The Walk Part II'. There's also a 12-incher featuring an extended version of the A-side, while the coupling comprises three new studio tracks playing at 33 rpm.

GARY US BONDS releases his new single 'Soul Deep', a re-working of the 1969 Box Tops hit, next Monday (21) on the EMI America label. It's a foretaste of his upcoming album 'On The Line', produced by Bruce Springsteen and Miami Steve, due out in July.

EPIC SOUNDTRACKS & JOWE HEAD — who used to be drummer and bassist, respectively, with the late lamented Swell Maps — have now teamed up for various recording projects. The first of these is a 12-inch single 'Rain Rain Rain' / 'Ghost Train', issued by Rough Trade this weekend. An intriguing aspect of the single is that it features guest vocalist C.T. McCourt, an alias hiding the identity of a well-known singer.

● Glasgow band **The Imprints** release their debut single this week on their own Jammy Records label, with distribution through Pinnacle — 'It's Over' coupled with the instrumental 'Free Ourselves'.

● Four-piece Ipswich band **The Adicts** have their single 'Viva La Revolution' issued tomorrow (Friday). It's on Fall Out Records through Jungle Distribution, a new company formed by ex-Fresh Records staff.

● To tie in with his current UK tour, **Van Morrison** releases the single 'Dweller On The Threshold'/'Scandinavia' on the Mercury label this weekend. Both tracks are from his current album 'Beautiful Vision'.

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FAC 51 THE HAÇIENDA

Saturday June 19th
CULTURE CLUB
Tuesday June 22nd
DEFUNKT & HIGSONS
Saturday June 26th
NEW ORDER
Tuesday June 29th
52nd ST. & SWAMP CHILDREN
Saturday July 3rd
FUNKAPOLITAN (rearranged from June 4th)
Friday July 9th
A CERTAIN RATIO
11-13 Whitworth St. West, Manchester
Members and their guests only

DOMINION THEATRE

Derek Block presents
FASHION
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
STEVE TORCH & ROY WHITE
★ **FRIDAY 18th JUNE 8pm**
TICKETS 3.50 3.00
FROM BOX OFFICE 01 580 9562 & USUAL AGENTS.

LEE FARDON

+support
MON. JUNE 21
8:00 p.m. £2.75
CLARENDON BALLROOM
hammersmith broadway

Animal Magnet

ZIG ZAG CLUB
THURS. JUNE 24 AT 8pm

THEATRES

Oi! FOR ENGLAND
BY TREVOR GRIFFITHS
Oi! FOR ENGLAND
A Play by Trevor Griffiths
Music by
Andy Roberts and the band
Mon-Sat 7.30
Mats Tue & Thurs at 2.30
from 15 June
All seats £2
Concessions: Students/UB40
Royal Court Theatre Upstairs
Sloane Square, SW1.
01-730 2554

CINEMAS

Scala CLUB CINEMA
KINGS CROSS 278 8052/0051

Thursday 17th
THE WARRIORS
3.50, 7.25
+ LINDSAY ANDERSON'S IF
1.50, 5.25, 9.00
Friday 18th
in 3D
REVENGE OF THE CREATURE
3.30, 7.50
+ I MARRIED A MONSTER
5.00, 9.20
+ MONSTER THAT CHALLENGED THE WORLD
2.05, 6.25
Saturday 19th
FRANK SINATRA ALL DAY MARATHON:
DOUBLE DYNAMITE
+ STEP LIVELY
+ FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
+ PAL JOEY
+ MAN WITH THE GOLDEN ARM
11.30 ALL NIGHT
MARILYN MONROE
Sunday 20th
LAUREL & HARDY FESTIVAL
2.00, 6.30
Monday 21st — Thursday 24th
BARABARA STANWYCK IN STELLA DALLAS
+ HAWKS' SCREWBALL COMEDY BALL OF FIRE

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 17th

Aberdeen The Crown: **Big Jay Monque'd**
Basildon Raquel's: **Hi-Tension**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Ida-Red**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Carlton Ballroom: **Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Last Detail**
Birmingham Romeo & Juliet's: **Shark Taboo**
Birmingham University: **Wipeout**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Force 9**
Brighton New Regent: **The Higsons / The Razzors**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips / Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Derby Blue Note: **Wasted Youth**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Shakatak**
Eastcote Bottom Line: **Santrax**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Roy Orbison**
Farnham The Maltings: **Moving Hearts**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Barrel House**
Glasgow Dial Inn; **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Jamaica Inn: **Plastic Flies**
Harlow Benny's Disco: **C-Saim / Bone**
Heanor Miners Welfare Club: **Sparta**
Hemel Hempstead Cellar Rock Club: **Stopband / Freebird**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Howard Jones**
Hoddesdon Rye House Tavern: **The Frets**
Jersey Corbiere Pavilion: **Turquoise Days**
Lampeter St. David's University: **Talisman**
Leed Polytechnic: **Orange Juice/The Go-Betweens**
Leeds University: **The Alarm**
Liverpool Grafton Rooms: **The Stargazers**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Janet Simpson / The Mental Defective League**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Thin End Of The Wedge**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Dave Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Three Courgettes**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Rodeo**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Lightning Raiders** (Note: the S.V.T. gig is cancelled)
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Silent Majority / The Crows**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **De Stijl / The Gymslips**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Illinois Jacquet Quartet with Slam Stewart** (until Saturday)
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The 45's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Photos / Empty Vessels**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Design For Living / Family Rico**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Paint / Space**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Cayenne**
London Hammersmith The George: **Harfoot Brothers**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Flats**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Meteors**
London Islington Pied Bull: **The Beatroots**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Marquee Club: **Claire Hamill's Transporter**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.1 (Gloucester Ave) Musicians Collective: **Elliott Sharp**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Bright Moments**
London Peckham Bouncing Ball: **Bad Reputation**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Kelly & Jo-Anne Kelly**
London Putney White Lion: **Conflict**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe & Guests** (until Saturday)
London Southall White Hart: **Stray / Liaison**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Strand Adelphi Theatre: **Laurie Anderson**
London Victoria The Venue: **John Cooper Clarke**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Winter Trees**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Sunwind Music**
London W.1 (Down St) Gulliver's: **Naughty Thoughts**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.1 (Princes St) Le Beat Route: **The Bluebells**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Gary Boyle Band**
Manchester Golden Garter: **Modern Romance** (until Saturday)
Manchester Pips: **The Pistons**
Newcastle The Soul Kitchen: **Hurrah! / Daintees**
Newcastle Spectro Arts Centre: **Nod**
Nottingham Blitz Diner: **D-Void**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham University: **Morrissey Mullen / Mood Elevators**
Oxford Apollo Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Rhythm'n'Booze**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Drifters**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Van Morrison**
Saltburn Philmore Country Club: **Rules Of Croquet**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Hambi & The Dance**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Swansea Dublin Arms: **Dance With Disaster**
Weymouth Baxters Wine Bar: **Crossfire**
Wokingham Angie's: **Juke Jump**

friday 18th

Aberdeen ABC Bowl: **Pallas**
Bath Moles Club: **The Ivory Coasters**

Lively up in the '82 chill out — *Black Uhuru/Duckie Simpson pic: Pennie Smith*

ALTHOUGH dozens of local events and folk frolics have already taken place, the first of the summer's big-name festivals occupies centre stage this weekend — it's the GLASTONBURY CND Festival in Somerset, which runs for three days from Friday. Among the many names involved are BLACK UHURU, VAN MORRISON, JACKSON BROWNE, RICHIE HAVENS, A CERTAIN RATIO and ASWAD — but see under the daily Listings for a more details running order. The site is at Pilton Village near Shepton Mallet, and you can buy a £9 weekend ticket at the gate.For BLACK UHURU, it's the first date of their UK tour, which climaxes with The Rolling Stones at Wembley next weekend — and in the meantime, they headline at Leeds (Saturday), Brighton (Sunday) and London Brixton Fair Deal (Tuesday and Wednesday). RICHIE HAVENS has also slotted in a London concert during his brief visit — that's on Saturday.

Talking of THE ROLLING STONES, the first of their four big outdoor concerts is at Newcastle United FC next Wednesday, with the J. GEILS BAND supporting — but we'll be dealing with them more substantially in next week's issue. Meanwhile, the outstanding one-off open-air event of the week is the SIMON & GARFUNKEL reunion concert at Wembley Stadium, when they'll attempt to re-create their New York Central Park show last autumn. And before we leave the vast outdoors, a mention of Lincoln's first country festival on Friday and Saturday — with BILLIE JO SPEARS, SKEETER DAVIS and DON EVERLY, among others.Outstanding new tour of the week is undoubtedly TOYAH's, which runs until the latter part of July and is already a virtual sell-out. She's been busy preparing a brand new show, incorporating material from her new album 'The Changeling', it's unveiled at Sheffield (Friday and Saturday), Bradford (Sunday), Manchester (Monday) and Birmingham (Wednesday) . . . Also going on the road are DEFUNKT, who'll be in action at Birmingham (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Nottingham (Wednesday) . . . And BERNIE TORME sets out with his new band Electric Gypsies, who open their debut tour at Retford on Saturday.

Finally, Uncle FRANK ZAPPA — is back in the UK again, for a couple of nights at London Hammersmith Odeon on Friday and Saturday.

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Willy & The Poor Boys**
Birmingham Bournbrook Hotel: **The Pinkies/Crucial Music**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Natural Mystique/Rockastyle**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Skinflicks**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Bransgore Saddle Bar: **Crossfire**
Cambridge Kelsey Kerridge Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **Amyl Dukes/Mad Shadows**
Canvey Island Goldmine: **Pride**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Roy Weard's Last Post/Chariot**
Chesterfield Brimington Tavern: **Dawn Trader**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Crewe Alsager College: **The Passions**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Pete Sayers/Hank Wangford Band**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The 45's**
Croydon The Star: **Avenue**
Darlington Raw Noise: **Red Alert**
Derby The Albion Suite: **Foot Soldiers/The Perfect Party**
Dundee Tayside Bar: **The Pulsebeat Plus**
Falkirk Callendar Park College:**Richard Strange/Richard Jobson/Paint**
Feltham Football Club: **Restless**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Eddie Waldo's Go Kill Flowers Band**
Glasgow Bell Geordie: **Rapid Dance**
Glastonbury Festival: **Randy California/Black Uhuru/Funkapolitan/A Certain Ratio/John Cooper Clarke etc.**
Glossop Surrey Arms: **Kirlian Lens**
Gosport John Peel: **The Time**
Harrow The Roxboro': **Dream Cycle 7**
Hindley Green Red Cat: **Warrior**
Lincoln City Football Stadium: **Billie Jo Spears/Skeeter Davis etc.**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **Ulterior Motive**
Liverpool Warehouse: **Durutti Column/Ex Post Facto**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Rock Band**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Frankie Armstrong/African Dawn/Pauline Melville/Felix & The Cats**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Glamorous Block Of Voice**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Photos/Airport & Dean**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyrool Blues Band**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Chelsea The Roebuck: **Harfoot Brothers**
London City Polytechnic: **Talisman**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Hoi-Polloi**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Go Fundamental**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **A Bigger Splash/Red Banner**
London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Electrix**
London Eltham Avery Hill College: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Stan Webb's Speedway**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice/Naughty Thoughts**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Golders Green Prince Albert: **Vanishing Point**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Drivers/The Stingrays**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Frank Zappa**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **The Act**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Republic/The Pals**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Roddy Radiation & The Tearjerkers**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **The London Cowboys/The Hamsters**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Crannog**
London N.15 The Fox: **The West City 5**
London N.W.2 Grosvenor Rooms: **Clay Baker/Jimmy Day/Texas Honky Tonk Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Feelers/The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Duphorias Last Dance**
London Plumstead The Ship: **The Climb/Aquilla**
London Putney Half Moon: **Moving Hearts**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Hi-Tension**
London Stratford North-East Polytechnic: **The Faraway Stars**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion Theatre: **Fashion**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Design For Living**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Beatroots**
London Victoria The Venue: **Ray Barretto**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Southern Death Cult/Jump Squad**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Swinging Laurels**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **The Belle Stars/Jools Holland & His Millionaires/Screen 3**
London W.C.2 Cheshire Cheese: **China Pig**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Split Image**
Manchester Free Trade Hall: **The Wolfe Tones**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **23 Jewels/The Innocents**
Nottingham University: **Culture Club**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Spider**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **Manta**
Purfleet Circus Tavern: **The Drifters**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Redcar Albion Social Club: **Remuda**
Redhill Lakers Music Club: **Tour De Force**
Ripley Moseley St. Hall: **Ipso Facto/Quite Unnerving**
Shanklin I.o.W The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield City Hall: **Toyah**
Sheffield George IV Hotel: **Bass Tone Trap**
Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic: **Gang Of Four**
Stanwell Genesis Club: **Deadman's Shadow**

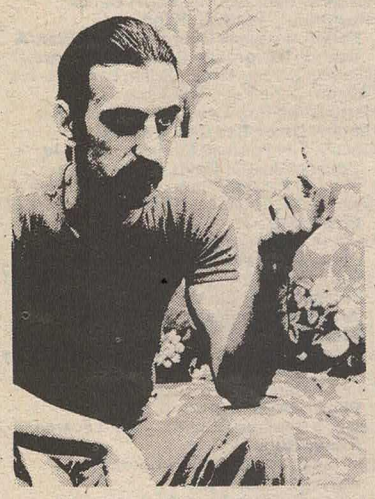
☐ *CONTINUED OVER*

nationwide GIG GUIDE

☐ FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Stoke West End: **Day Five/Last Chance**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes**
Warrington North Cheshire College: **Second Image**
Winchester Theatre: **John Otway & Wild Willy Barrett**
Wokingham Angie's: **Travelling Shoes**
York College of York & Ripon St. John: **After The Fire/The Bloomsbury Set**
York University: **The Alarm**

saturday 19th



Frank Zappa: London

Aberdeen ABC Bowl: **Pallas**
Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Roy Orbison**
Aberdeen The Crown: **Ruthless Blues**
Aylesbury Friars: **Marillion/Cruise/Solstice**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Prediction/Precinct 1**
Birmingham Midlands Arts Centre: **The Copy**
Birmingham Junction Inn: **Headbolt**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Barbara Dickson**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Boldon Colliery Hedworth & District: **Remuda**
Borehamwood Civic Hall: **Morrissey Mullen**
Boston Youth Club: **The Shattered Dolls**
Bridge of Allan The Smith: **Kenny Walker's Ding-Dong Band**
Cambridge Sound Cellar: **The Swinging Laurels**
Canvey Island Monico Disco: **Stax Century**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Dance With Disaster**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **Mad Shadows/The Volcanoes**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Talisman**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Paco Pena**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Hambi & The Dance**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **We Changelings/The Blonde Brothers**
Glastonbury Festival: **Sad Cafe / Aswad / Van Morrison / The Blues Band / Jean-Phillipe Rykiel & Didier Malherbe / Ekome etc.**
Hastings Pavilion: **Matchbox/The Hamsters**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Zilch**
Huddersfield Greenhead Park (2pm): **Little Egypt & The Walls Of Jericho/ Natural Progression / The Utang Tumblers**
Leeds University: **Black Uhuru**
Leicester University: **Cabaret Voltaire/A Certain Ratio**
Lincoln City Football Stadium: **Billie Jo Spears/Don Everly etc**
Liverpool Adams Club: **Frantic Elevators**
Liverpool Warehouse: **The Room/Black**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Bayswater Porchester Hall: **Richie Havens/Root Jackson/Combo Passe**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Head**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Studio 2**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J. J. & The Flyers**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Remus Down Boulevard/Naughty Thoughts**
London Catford Black Horse: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Up-Sect/The Influence**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Republic/My Silent War**
London Deptford Royal Albert: **A Bigger Splash**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Frankie Miller Rock Band/The Heroes**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Salt**
London Golders Green Prince Albert: **Hibi Yaki**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park: **The Temperance Seven**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Waves/The Masked Orchestra**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime, free): **Ted Beament Quartet**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Frank Zappa**
London Harrow Rd. The College Park: **Mr. Clean/Roland Muldoon**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Photos/Any Anxious Colour**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **King Sounds & The Israelites**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Motor Boys Motor**
London Leytonstone Oliver's: **Park Avenue**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Dave Ellis Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **25th Street/Steol Resort**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Jump Squad/Instant Automatons**
London Putney Half Moon: **Moving Hearts**
London Roehampton Digby Stuart College: **Shakatak**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Jazzband**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Syd Lawrence Orchestra**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **The Big Combo**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **The Beatroots**
London Victoria The Venue: **Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes**
London Wembley Stadium: **Simon & Garfunkel**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Urban Shakedown**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Fixx/Bambi Kino**
London W.1 Dover Street Wine Bar: **Gilly Elkin Band**
London W.9 The Factory: **Abacush/Jah Shaka**
London W.9 Zig-Zag Club: **The Flying Padovanis/Ground Zero/Midnight Oil**
London W.C.2 School of Economics (noon-midnight): **Pookiesnackenburger / The Flying Pickets / Rescue / The Ambivolent Pilots**
Luton Technical College: **Toad The Wet Sprocket/C-Saim/Faded Secret/Bone**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Masai**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Culture Club**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Osibisa/Claire Hamill's Transporter**
Milford Haven Torch Theatre: **Zipper**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Gang Of Four**
Nottingham Midland Group Gallery: **The Howdy Boys**
Nottingham Test Match Hotel: **Dawn Trader**
Oxford Radcliffe Arms: **'Splash' Wilson**
Plymouth Theatre Royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **The Higsons/Farmers Boys**
Retford Porterhouse: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Ruthun Folk Festival: **The Wolfe Tones**
Shanklin I.o.W. The Clarendon: **The Choir**
Sheffield City Hall: **Toyah**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Shoreham Community Centre: **Dynamite Band**
Stourbridge The Broadway: **Lady Killer**
Watford Wall Hall College: **Ground Zero**
Winchester Theatre: **Otway & Barrett**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Alligators**
Wollaston Nags Head: **Mortal Disguize**
Worthing Lennox Hotel: **Little Sister**

Simon & Garfunkel: London

sunday 20th

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Theatre Of Hate**
Basildon Raquel's: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Bedford Bunyan Centre: **Fred Wedlock**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Otto's Bazaar**
Birmingham Irish Centre: **The Wolfe Tones**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Toyah**
Brighton Top Rank: **Black Uhuru**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Glasgow Kelvingrove Park Bandstand: **The Dolphins**
Glasgow Kings Theatre: **Roy Orbison**
Glastonbury Festival: **Richie Havens / Judie Tzuke / Jackson Browne / The Chieftains / Climax Blues Band / Talisman etc.**
Hebburn Iona Club: **Remunda**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Horsham Capital Theatre: **Matchbox**
Hull Humberside Theatre: **Righteous**
Hull New Theatre: **Barbara Dickson**
Ilford Palais: **Shakatak**
Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel (lunchtime) and Central Station (evening): **Volunteers**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Out To Lunch**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Boris** (lunchtime) / **Rodeo** (evening)
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Onward Internationals** (lunchtime) **Ricky Coll & The New Cool** (evening)
London Camden Grapes Wine Bar (lunchtime): **The French Impressionists**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Electrix**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Into The Blue / Not Exactly**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Big Snuff / Freeland**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Carte Blanche / Afghan Rebels / The Area**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Deptford Prince Rupert: **Vendetta**
London Finchley Torrington: **Tilt**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Idle Flowers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Howard Jones / Grubstreet**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Combo Passe**
London Greenwich Well Hall Open Theatre: **Arizona Smoke Revue / John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris / Joe Stead**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Captain Bewildered Quartet**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Tropical Fish / The Dads**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park (3pm): **The Few**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Future Daze**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Cab Drivers**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes**
London N.W.2 Hogs Court: **The Reasons**
London Putney Half Moon: **Moving Hearts**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Dig Wayne & The Subway Sect**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Jerry Richardson & Guests**
London Stoke Newington Clissold Park (noon-6pm): **CND Event with Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Stratford Green Man (lunchtime): **The Funky B's**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dirt/Anthrax.**
London Wimbledon Nelsons Club: **Cool Snaps**
London Wood Green Trade Union Centre: **Benjamin Zephaniah / Jim Barclay / Roland Muldoon**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Johnny Parker's Good Time Jazz**
London W.C.2 Arts Theatre Club: **Chris Biscoe Band**
Luton Cottars: **The Psy-kicks**
Manchester Portland Bars: **Rhythm Squad**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **The East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Alan Bell Band / Steve Turner**
Royton Railway Hotel: **Night Train**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Sweet Sensation**
Whitefield Masons Arms: **Rockin Horse**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ruthless Blues**

monday 21st

Toyah: Manchester

Bannockburn Tamdhu: **City Limits**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Mayday**
Birmingham Bournebrook Hotel: **Mike Sheridan & The Nightriders**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Defunkt**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Thrillers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Chainsaw**
Chester Edwardians: **Rhythm Squad**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Lone Wolf**
Hemel Hempstead Pavilion: **Gang Of Four**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Keighley Funhouse: **Abrasive Wheels / The Xpozez / Ultra Violent**
Leeds Queens Hall: **Liquid Gold**
Leicester Beaumont Hall: **Talk Talk**
Lincoln Lindsay's Disco Bar: **Ik**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Roy Weard's Last Post / Blow Monkeys / The Operators**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Clapham 101 Club: **R.S.V.P. / False Pretences**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Flight One Nine / Lost Boys / Ideal Homes**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Co**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Rye & The Quarter Boys**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Fundation**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Daryll Way**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Lee Fardon (Ballroom) / Marillion and Zoo Radio (The Broadway)**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Helicopters**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Vanishing Point**
London Kilburn National Club: **The Wolfe Tones**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Eddie Thompson (until Friday)**
London Marquee Club: **The Photos**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **West End Stompers**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Wilmer Williams & The Combo**
London Victoria The Venue: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **I Am Alone / Soma Coma**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Max Collie's Rhythm Aces**
London W.1 (Baker St) Barracuda Club: **Hambi & The Dance**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillrays Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Manchester Apollo Theatre: **Toyah**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Southern Death Cult**
Middlesbrough Brambles Farm: **Remuda**
Sheffield City Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Sheffield Penguin Club: **Saracen**
Southend Focus: **Stax Century**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Hank Wangford Band**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Thatcham Silks: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Watford Bailey's: **Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (for a week)**

tuesday 22nd

Defunkt: Manchester

Belfast Errigal Inn: **The Perfect Crime**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **The Ramparts**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Holy City Zoo: **Kabuki**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Money**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **Abrasive Wheels/The Expelled/Cops & Bodies**
Bolton St. Dominic's Youth Centre: **Warrior**
Brighton New Regent: **Vice Squad/Flowers Of The Past**
Brighton Sherrys: **Culture Club**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Harvest Moon**
Doncaster Main Line: **Limelight**
Dundee Marryat Hall: **Theatre Of Hate**
Gloucester The Barge: **Spynal Chordz**
Hastings Downtown: **Dance In Apathy**
Ilford Palais: **The Wolfe Tones**
Kingston Grey Horse: **Toward Shadowed Places**
Leamington Spa Crown Hotel: **Mortal Disguize**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Idle Flowers**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Black Uhuru**
London Brixton Town Hall: **Pete Nu Quartet**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Ninth Anniversary Part**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Civilization/Boys In Darkness**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Sad Among Strangers/The Deadbeats**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Alan Glenn's Radical Sheiks**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Pencils**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Feelers/The Amazing Rhythm Burglars**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The 45's**
Longon Hammersmith Palais: **Gang Of Four/King Trigger**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park: **Walls Have Ears**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Wipeout**
London Marquee Club: **Grand Prix**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The E Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **20th Century Blues**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Electrix**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **C-Saim/Faded Secret/Bone/Gone Fission**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **London Jazzband Composers Orchestra**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **The Polo Club**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **The Nice Men**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberry's: **Household Names**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **Line Up**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Defunkt**
Nottingham Rock City: **Freddie McGregor**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Swansea White Swan: **The Lightning Flyers/Davy Jones**
Swindon Brunel Rooms: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
York Bay Horse: **X-Press**

wednesday 23rd

J. Geils Band; Newcastle

Aberdeen The Crown: **Short Stories**
Aberdeen Valhallas Rock Club: **H20**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Osprey**
Birmingham Odeon: **Toyah**
Birmingham Quinton Punchbowl: **Teaser**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Brighton The Cavern: **South Street**
Cardiff University: **Wasted Youth/The Berlin Blondes**
Carshalton Cottage of Contest: **Avenue**
Chadwell Heath Greyhound: **South Side Blues Band**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Doncaster Radburn Social Club: **Whammer Jammer**
Dunfermline Glen Pavilion: **Theatre Of Hate**
Durham Dunelm Ballroom: **Lindisfarne**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Steve Brown Band**
Gravesend Red Lion: **The Hamsters**
Hitchin The Regal: **Filthy Habitz/Chiarocuro/Vortex/The Paramedic Squad**
Hull Wellington Club: **Righteous**
Leeds Central Station Hotel: **Promise/Destiny**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The Flyers**
London Brixton Fair Deal: **Black Uhuru**
London Camden Dingwalls: **San Francisco Blues Festival with Sonny Rhodes/Mississippi John Water/Troyce Key/J. J. Malone/Little Frankie Lee etc.**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Tex Axile & Los Incognitos**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Clapham 101 Club: **De Stijl/Apres Ski**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Future Daze**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ground Zero/Ruthless Blues**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Midnight Oil/Moontier**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Streetwalker**
London Hampstead Starlight Room: **Spynal Chordz**
London Haverstock Hill Country Club: **The Fixations**
London Islington Hare & Hounds: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Nervous Germans**
London Islington Pied Bull: **Soma Coma**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **J. J. & The Jealous Guys**
London Kensington Ad Lib: **Ray Shields Combined Forces Orchestra**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **The Heavenly Bodies**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **True Life Confessions**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Free Hand**
London Plumstead The Ship: **Peacock Dance/Zoawent**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Hyett Good Vibes Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Danny Moss & Guests** (until Saturday)
London St. John's Wood The Crown: **Short Stories**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Jay Monque'd**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Outfit**
London Wimbledon Nelsons Club: **K. K. Khan**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **Design For Living/Family Rico**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Art Theman**
Manchester (Ashton) Shades: **The Politicians**
Manchester Band on the Wall: **The Cheaters**
Mansfield Leisure Centre: **Shakatak**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Bernie Torme's Electric Gypsies**
Newcastle The Lonsdale: **The East Side Torpedoes**
Newcastle United Football Ground, St. James' Park: **The Rolling Stones/J. Geils Band**
New Romney Seahorse: **The Farce**
Nottingham Old Bell Hotel: **If All Else Fails/23 Jewels**
Nottingham Rock City: **Defunkt**
Reading University: **The Passions**
Runcorn The Cherry Tree: **Rockin Horse**
Southampton The Canute: **The Time**
South Shields Working Men's Club: **Remuda**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club: **Jimmy James & The Vagabonds**
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High acclamation . . . Fred Locks *Pic: Murphy Hershman*

NEW IN the shops this week on the Regal label is an album of material from former Lyrics vocalist and beachcomber **Fred Locks,** who is joined by the vocal duo **Creation Steppers** for 'Love And Only Love' (RLP 002).

Recorded at Channel One and Harry J studios in Jamaica and produced by London sound system owner Lloydie Coxsone, the LP features 10 titles of previously released vintage, including the highly acclaimed title track — a long time Coxsone Hi-Fi favourite — plus such as 'Voice Of The Poor' and 'What You're Not Supposed To Do' and others penned by Mr Locks under his original identity of Stafford Elliot, plus one Fuzzy Treston composition 'News Carrier'.

Dingle DJ **Ringo** — currently in England on his first visit to the country — has his latest LP out on the MC label entitled 'Eyewitness' (MC 002). Produced by Tommy Cowan, the set is an eight track excursion featuring his current 'Video' single, as well as toast comment on the 'Bendown Plaza' flea market in Kingston, and 'Come Back Ringo', which last track might well be retitled 'Come Back Bradley Miller'.

Also up from Jamaica are the first pair of 45s from new toaster **Charlie Chaplin.** Issued on the Dove imprint and produced by Royals leader Roy Cousins, the cane wielding comedian relates 'Mother In Law' and insists 'Naw Leave Me Chalwa'.

Morwells music issued on discomix presents **Bingy Bunny** recording two titles for the Number 1 label: 'Train To Zion' (MR 01) and 'Lonely Widow' (MR 02). **Lee Van Cliff** provides a further toast of each for 'Train Is Coming' and 'Try You Best' respectively, and rides the second side of each for further comment on 'Georgie Porgie' and 'Get Up Style'.

Other new discomix include the fourth release from **Erica Gale** with 'Just For A Moment' (Ital — ITD 0103) — produced by Leonard Chin; **Angela Stewart** interpreting the 'When Love Comes Knocking' song beloved of Yellowman c/w a **Dean Frazer** horn workout of the same (Dynamic DYN 12-11) — produced by Blackbeard; **Dennis Alcapone,** 'World Cup Football' (Empire — EMP DC 316); **Eek-A-Mouse,** 'Do You Remember' c/w **Toyan,** 'Strictly The Dread' (Greensleeves — GRED 88) — produced by Linval Thompson; and **Cassandra,** 'Love Me Sweeter Tonight' (Red Nail — RN 0036) — produced by John Kpiaye.

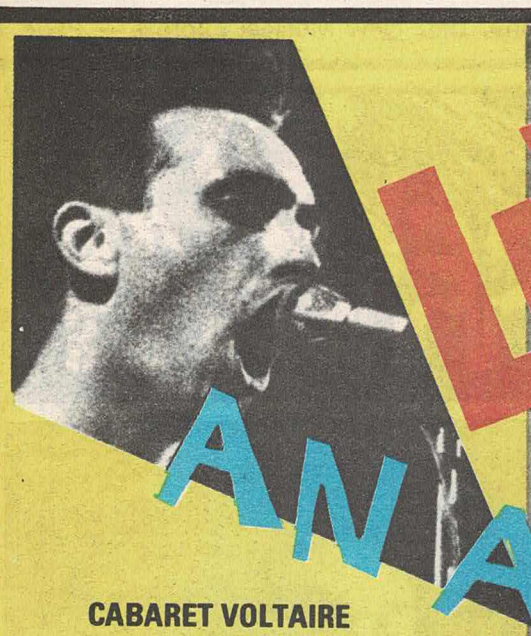
Latest 10" slate: **Yellowman,** 'Stay With Me' c/w 'Out Of Hand (Pama — PMD 3214); Yellowman and **Fathead,** 'Operation Radication' (Pama — PMD 3213) — both the above produced by Lloyd Campbell; **Classic Black,** 'End Of The Line' c/w 'Liberation Dawn' (Classic Roots — CBR 003) — produced by Bobby Phillips; and **Sister Nancy,** 'Money Can't Buy Love' c/w 'One Two' (Techniques).

Every Thursday night at Hotel Mamakoko, 11 Down Street, Mayfair, W1 — 9.30 to 3.30 — African pop, Afrobeat, high life and juju. Plus live band at 1 am.

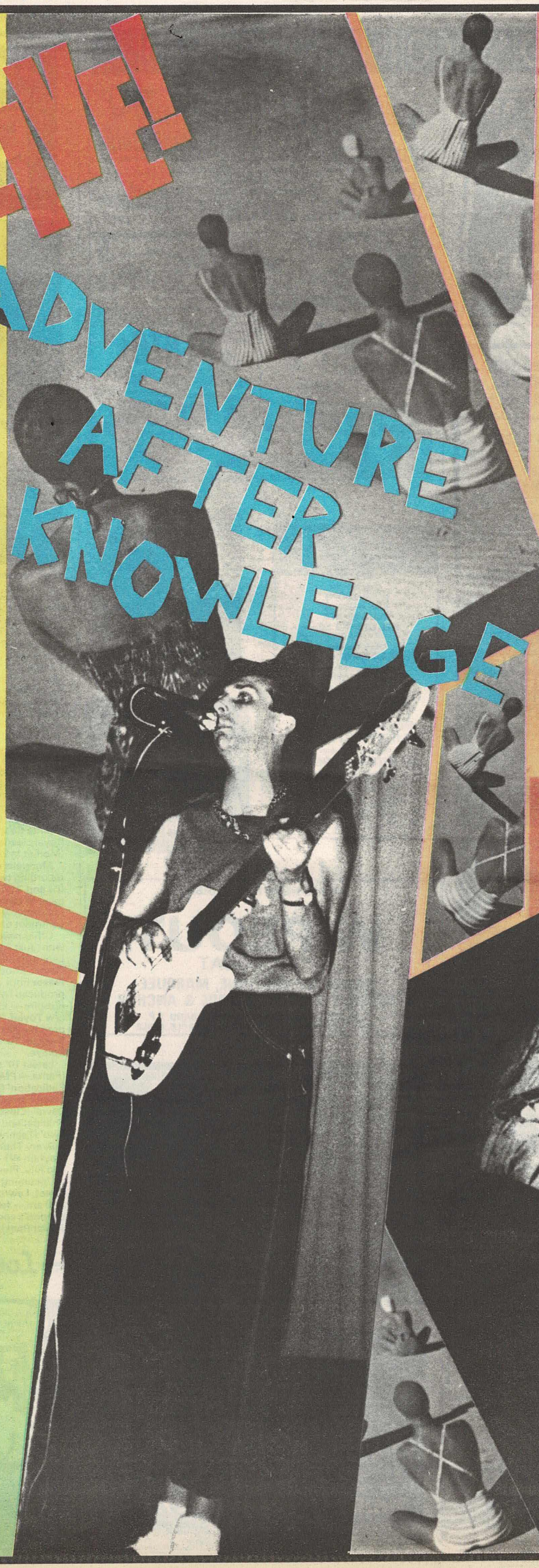
Upcoming on Saturday, June 26 at the Riverdale Hall, Rennell Street, Lewisham, SE13 an exclusive show and dance — 8 pm to 2.30 am — featuring the stage debut of **Makka.** Sounds by London's cool operator **Christopher + Holy Trinity** with DJ **Junior Ranking** doing his thing.

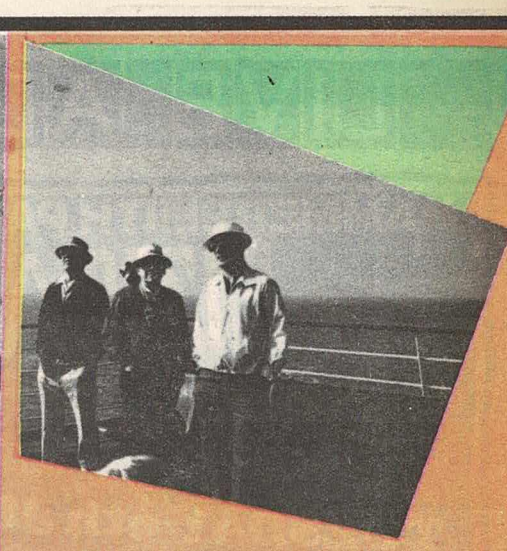
Penny Reel

Lowry



LIVE! AN ADVENTURE AFTER KNOWLEDGE





CABARET VOLTAIRE

The Venue

What it might well be.

MIX UP the bogus man roxy, eno's warm jets, zappa's coldest spray, the clear faust, the foggier velvet notion, miles macbeth's bitches brew, coleman's mustard freedom, a couple of cans of stewed tago mago, add a dash and slow it down, then pile on top some crudely grated tangerine dream: place a fez on your head and a song in your heart. Then think of the number you first thought of, scratch its eyes out, multiply it by three, divide it by Reagan's age, flash a light, add salt and pepper to taste, move out of the shadows, spit out the pips, catch hold of your breath, get out your best table cloth.

Repeat.

Mingle in some Mingus, burrow into the dirt for a sly stone, add two slugs of Jesus, stir in words cut out of a Max Hastings war report, lock the door, fasten your kafka-links, drop a spam can into a pool of water, slice into strips.

Repeat.

Move the dial slightly to the left, check your own worth, raise the volume, flash the lights, move into the shadows, quote Ballard . . . "it's rather like a film, watching a film, where the action is suddenly overlaid by another image, just briefly, and one is conscious of a different system of time, perhaps a more dream-like atmosphere, something that touches another level of the mind . . . To imply that the psychic levels have changed . . ." and don't forget to peep through keyholes.

Repeat.

. . . and what you get is: a fractured blurred and very cautious interpretation of what Cabaret Voltaire might well be. Not quite a Fab Description, but who needs Fab Descriptions? One person's Fab Description is another person's drab cul-de-sac.

Perhaps an anti-fab, anti-cool, good and useful suggestion of what Cabaret Voltaire might well be is . . . 'ill-AsTic ease.'

That leads no one into a cul-de-sac.

A Review Of Cabaret Voltaire by James Joyce.

"Are you all in this vibration? I say you are. You once knobble that, congregation, and a buck joy ride to heaven becomes a back number. You get me? It's a life brightener, sure: the hottest stuff ever was. It's the whole pie with jam in. It's got the cutest, snappiest line out. It's immense, super-sumptuous. It restores."

241 words to go.

After Cabaret Voltaire's unique performance at The Venue last Tuesday I congratulated Richard and Mal on the consistency and intensity of their performance: the most damaging pop trio since the Hendrix Exp., still. They themselves, as usual were *quietly* pleased, preferring to think about what is to come. We discussed the current chart climate and decided that we could yet live to see the day when Cabaret Voltaire are played on day time radio. That would add whole new zests to what it might well be Cabaret Voltaire get up to. "You wait till you hear the next single", Mal marvelled. I could have sworn he said it was a cover of 'Chaingang' — one of us was *too* drunk, I feel.

Still, Richard also talked evocatively about their next music, so there's no chance of these adventurers letting up: there's more hot jam to pour into the pie, and for sure more signs that people won't lick the jam and complain about the apparent lack of sugar.

Cabaret Voltaire: the knowledge that there is always more to be done. Cabaret Voltaire: and then there is the adventure (be still and still moving). And after the adventure there is always time for a smile.

Hugo Ball would be as pleased as a crunchie.

Paul Morley

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

The Dominion

THE CHILLING dignity and modernity of Marianne Faithfull's two most contemporary albums, 'Broken English' and 'Dangerous Acquaintances' led me to expect more than the same tired old rock cliches from this, her only British date in an extensive tour of Europe and visit to New York. But those two remarkable records had merely raised my hopes unrealistically high — Tuesday was another utterly frustrating evening in Tottenham Court Road.

A sold-out crowd had come not to hear whether the wonderful tension and tenor of her recent recorded work could be Faithfully recreated, but to wallow in Marianne The Myth — the museum piece preserved, the relic revisited, the glorification of the youthful '60s they were all yearning for!

The tell-tale signs were detectable long before Faithfull herself set foot onstage. The mood of the evening had already been created by the number of dope badges adorning those wide lapels (!); by the number of people sitting *on the floor* in the bar areas (!); by the highest beard ratio seen at a gig in the capital for many months (!) and, more seriously, by the manner in which support band Urban Shakedown were practically booed offstage by the more reactionary elements in the audience.

As her four-piece band — guitarist Barry Reynolds, organist Geoffrey Wang, drummer Terry Stannard and bassist Fernando Saunders — strike up the opening bars to a superb 'Broken English', the star slopes onstage dressed in faded denim and a white shirt, but the rest of the set fails dismally to follow such a fine opening shot.

Though she stuck largely to tracks from those last two albums, the overall tone could hardly have differed more and the show was frequently interrupted as Marianne nipped offstage for sustenance of some sort or another to loud, knowing, cheers.

The lowest point of the evening was an awful 'epic' version of Lennon's 'Working Class Hero', performed with a throbbing theatrical excess that would have shamed Kiss. It brought the house down. It brought the show down to a matter of the lowest common denominator.

The only worthwhile moment apart from that opening 'Broken English' was her touching, torch-ing rendition of 'The Ballad Of Lucy Jordan', where she proved that she could still hold and captivate an audience by virtue of her own charisma rather than some fatuous concept of outlaw chic.

Her arrogance, an arrogance born out of drug chic and '60s affluence, should have no place in modern music. While Marianne's audience were all too ready to endorse such a regressive mood, it left me feeling like I had just gatecrashed a stranger's party.

Adrian Thrills

SUNNY FRIDAY afternoon in a Soho coffee bar and Perry Haines, man of ideas and action, is suffering from last night frolics at his former club Dial Nine For Dolphins. Actually Perry's almost as eager to discuss the Falklands Crisis as reveal his fertile future plans: "I'm very disappointed that there's been a switch to Thatcher because of the war. Nearly all our analyses of the Argentines are really a reflection of our own problems at home."

That said, the former fashion student, sloganeer, style spotter and irrepressible instigator is launching into clothes that compliment his Dolphin philosophy. He has now teamed up with an experienced pattern cutter and he hopes eventually to make his designs available by mail order, although, because of the quality of cut and cloth, his Dive or Boot Suits won't come cheap.

"Originally it was to answer a problem for myself. I didn't like being part of the flavour-on-the-month thing, but at the same time I like style, and generally I think the rag trade abuses the intelligence of the public.

"The design is a combination of the Italian look of the '50s, and the mod/ skinhead look of the late '60s with the finer points of style exaggerated."

Dolphin lovers who were deprived by the demise of Perry's Thursday nights at the Dial Nine, can now look forward to the opening of his new club on June 30 at 18, Foubert's Place, off Carnaby Street. The congenial club has reasonable restaurant and bar prices, pinball, pool tables, and different levels for dallying around the central dance floor, while the three resident DJs, Marine Boy, Flipper and Starfish, spin discs that encompass the range from Was Not Was through The Sweet to Skidoo. Every other Thursday Perry plans to take the Dolphin entourage into the provinces, initially to King Arthur's Court, Charing in Kent on July 22.

"As with fashion," he says. "I recognise that all the bits of music are equally relevant The club will be like a rainbow representing all the colours. It's simple and obvious but people put themselves into boxes, and I'm not into that."

Lynn Hanna

PHOTOGRAPHY AND DESIGN BY PETER ANDERSON

SUMMER HOLIDAY SPECIAL

New York Clubs Part One

AH YES, the city that never sleeps. The nightclubbing night of New York starts about the hour the pubs of England close. The legal last orders time is 4am. After that you're at the mercy of the illegal after-hours clubs. These are a thriving business these days, with several to choose from on weekend nights, all crowded with revellers, the pasty-faced damned, till well past sun-up. It all depends on your budget and your stamina (mania).

Clubbing in the Apple is expensive. So come with the green or prepare to stay sober.

Perry Haines and Boot Suit by James Palmer

But before you can even part with your dough you have to get through the door. When this practice of posting doormen behind ropes to choose who gets in and who doesn't first appeared, Nocturne thought it was elitist and discriminatory and un-democratic. I still do, but I advise not worrying about it.

When it's done right it can improve the flavour, the atmosphere, the spark in the air of a place.

The scene on the sidewalk on weekend nights can get crazy. Yelling at or threatening the doormen will not work. Getting their attention by being beautiful or famous or on the guest list will. Patience pays. People with English accents are assumed to be civilised and may therefore be ushered right in (though that's no guarantee).

So let's go out. Where to? Probably *Danceteria*, which at the moment (things in clubland change at a fast and furious pace) is the most comfortable place in Manhattan to run free, indulge your mood, play around and change your mind as you like.

Once inside, you smile at Audrey and Debbie the elevator girls (oh don't worry, you will) and enter the first floor band watching and dancing room. If you're here for the band, here's where you'll be. But the second floor is best for dancing, and it's usually the most crowded floor of the club. The third floor is quiet, a place for talking, posing and pulling. On one side is a video lounge, on the other side is a restaurant, with good food, fair prices but small portions.

Further downtown is the *Mudd Club*, another place that pursues an adventurous booking policy. There's also a multi-floor set up here, second floor for dancing, third floor for hanging out, but the difference in atmosphere between the floors isn't as great as at Danceteria. The Mudd Club can be a great place to go out dancing — DJ Ivan can be hot! And it can be a great place to watch a band, intimate and loud.

Around the corner from Danceteria is the new *Peppermint Lounge*, another large club with a multi-floor set up, video, cabaret in the basement, the works. This just opened, and it's too early to tell whether this place will establish a following of its own. The old Peppermint Lounge was usually a nice place to be.

***CBGB's* is still there, and still boasts one of the clearest sound systems in the city. Problem is that there is rarely anyone playing through it worth hearing. *The Ritz* is more a concert hall, along the lines of the London Lyceum, than a club. Better to get off the beaten track, take the PATH train to Hoboken and go to *Maxwell's*. Just a back room of a bar/restaurant, the Maxwell's club lacks decor, atmosphere or diversity. But it also lacks high prices or a door policy, or pretension of any kind.**

Next time I'll tell you about where to get a drink at dawn and a few other things.

Nocturne

LIVE!

THE GUN CLUB

ALL DRESSED UP LIKE A NEL VIS FROM HELL

sounds

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NME

THE GUN CLUB

Fire Of Love

IT SHIVERS, it slithers, it shimmies with a suggestive wink. It creeps up on you like a spook in the night, and grabs you when you're sleeping. Look out. I didn't want to like it, honest. It *made* me.

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LIVE!

THE MEMBERS
THE THREE COURGETTES
BOYS OWN

The Membership Club

THE TALE OF THE ANCIENT MARINER OR MY LIFE IN THE CRUSH OF BOASTS

The Barracuda, that dark and dangerous denizen of London's sea of clubs, is the precarious perch for a new one night Wednesday niterie — The Membership.

THE BOARDING PARTY

Law 1: There is no membership needed at The MEMBERSHIP

Law 2: If you don't known The MEMBERS you'll have trouble becoming one of the members.

Law 3: Members come in various shapes and sizes:

(i) The REAL MEMBERS, short with white leather hats or long with cocktails and doing two mini-sets and a version of 'The Model' that was dubbed funky by some and funkily dubbed by others.

(ii) FRIENDS OF THE MEMBERS, an assorted school of first night fish faces. These ranged from mundane managers to the HEAVENLY Martyn Ware and Glenn Gregory, all drowning in cocktails.

JUST THE TICKET

Of course the only way to really differentiate between the MEMBERS, the members and Jo and Joanne Public was to look at the colour of their tickets: friends of The Members had blue tickets which upon production entitled you to TWO free cocktails. With a brown ticket (£2.50 at the door) you were entitled to the proverbial sweet FA. This discourse is falling into bitchery so let's have a musical interlude . . .

Boys Own have an interesting line in moog synths and stacatto songs. Indeed it was a fair case of contrast compere as the man at the controls seemed intent on slaying us with salsa and clubbing us with coffee and calypso. The dance floor was the only source of life on the ship — a fountain of youth compared to the seedy snails at the bar.

The rumoured PA by old Barracuda member August Darnell remained a rumour so it was left to those legumes of acapella, the incomparably atonal Courgettes. Obviously a little worse for wear after using their BLUE tickets, they still managed to rouse the audience and even some of the members (not the MEMBERS) from their drunken discussions. They screamed and twisted until the bedimmed club was alight and illuminated by a blue blues light.

The dancefloor was still drumming with the diehards' dance steps when thanks to Martin Rushent's humanitarian nature our ears were graced with a special selection of secret tapes featuring the toughest tracks from his proteges, all specially remixed for the event.

An opening evening of some fun, but still only an opening. It'll be interesting to see the ship afloat for a good cruise.

David Dorrell

GANG OF FOUR
KING TRIGGER
MATT FRETTON

Sheffield

TO FOLLOW in the footsteps of the Pope's 'Apocalypso Now' tour is no safe bet at the best of times. But this return match is being staged only a matter of weeks after a double booking with the Pope in Portugal led to a total ban on the gangsters' tour with excuses of 'overt politicism' — it's gonna be HELL!!

But the Gang are steady. Are you ready Gang? Play your cards and GO.

ONE. The first trick plays it cool, concealing a sensational ace. Matt Fretton juggles the pyramid of backing-tape backdrops and forward shuffles with a slick soul twirl. There's no room for jokers like Dolby when Fretton's around, dealing and wheeling in high-stake technology.

TWO. King Trigger shoot a mean round of brag but they're no Royal Flush. The whooping, hooping, coughing rhythms echo to the distant tune of Adam's early Antics but ultimately drown in a cess-pit of heavy dirge-beat, destroying the slightest stirrings of life.

Trigger stay crushed and down and out with lead-weight manacles firmly attached. Stand up percussion and sit down drums pound dimmer traces of Burundi black, beating on the crest of hiccuping guitars going nowhere, fast.

If I was Trigger I'd gallop away somewhere strange but they return time after time to the safe, soft enclosure of complacency, subservient to the last. It's time you called their bluff and kicked the table over.

THREE. The Gang Of Five with Sara Lee. Sartorially cool, this new card adds blazing torches to the old Gang twang. Cutting a colder contrast to Jon King's manic onstage jerk, Sara stands motionless, sending sparks of steel flying through the sound. The bass is brutal, a viciousness so essential to feed the cravings of Andy Gill's demented guitar hysteria.

FOUR. Number five in the Gang Of Four (the deal is moving slicker, the stakes are rising hotter, can you take this numbers pace?) is a wandering minstrel banging anything within reach. The smart grey waistcoat twists another percussive angle, dicing with sharper edges on the already abrasive Gang-funk wheels. Play Russian roulette with fire(arms), gamble on the Armalite . . four years on and it can still DO YOU HARM.

FIVE. The temperature moves to tropical and the gangers show their hand. GO CRASH! A kaleidoscope of pulsating rhythms, sharp and dangerous. 'To Hell With Poverty' and damn the repercussions, to hell with compromise and hit that surging dance of empathy. As far back as the punky trappings of the 'Damaged Goods' era, Gang Of Four have doggedly chased the ace of tantalising funk in a rock location . . . and they've never been closer than NOW. All the unfullfilled vitality of 'Songs Of The Free' gushes uncontrollably through an explosive live situation.

Jon King leads the full house of spectators patiently through their paces, discarding the pedestrian march for a less rigidly structured stampede. Andy Gill, a staunch victim, stokes the red-hot poker, cutting and thrusting into Hugo Burnham's faithful thumping machine. The guitar shapes its presence like a broadsword, shearing and cleaving out mayhem in wild but delicately controlled structures.

The Gang Of Four have had their fair share of beginners' luck, vaulting into hearts and charts with the high anxiety of 'Entertainment', they've also experienced the wasted despair of going bust, tripping up at the very next hurdle with the leaden sobriety of 'Solid Gold'. Now, facing the harsh reality street crossroads, they've chosen to go for a completely new deal. .

The pack's been cut and the Gang are ready. Ready, steady to GO CRASH!

Gang Of Four, see the amazing five card trick for yourself.

Amrik Rai

ROYAL FLUSH OF FIVE

Andy Gill and Jon King transcend entertainment
Pic: Bryn Jones.

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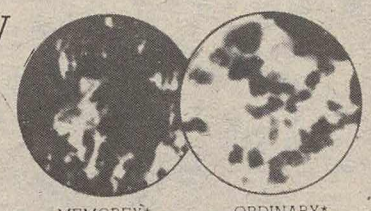

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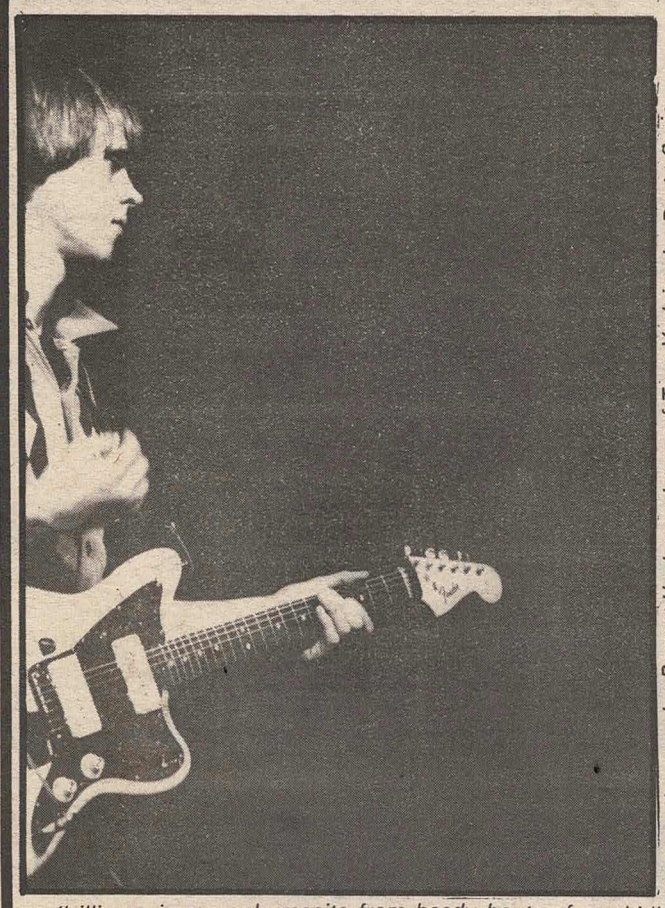

Weltanschauung by Barney Hoskyns picture of Tom Verlaine by David Corio

. . ."silliness is my only respite from heady bouts of morbidity."

LIVE!

TOM VERLAINE

Venue

WE YOUNG Rimbauds came for diamond spears and the licks of an icepick and went away with a few mangy cardboard boxes. I hope that answers your question.

Now hear this. When ROCK (circa '75) was on the very verge of spewing up the lining of its own stomach, a number of arcane underground missiles penetrated its enormous, engulfing anus (which resembled Mick Jagger's mouth) and saved its myth-sodden life. These had names like 'Heart Of Darkness' by Pere Ubu (which I'm convinced spawned Joy Division) and 'Little Johnny Jewel' by Television (which spawned me).

Television lacerated rock's bowdlerizing bowels and sheered away an abyss between the music of hallucination and the music of inoculation. Paul Valery was on hand to describe it: "As in a saturated salt solution, a crystalline universe awaits the molecular shock of a minute crystal in order *to declare itself.*"

Television were that crystal, and their mystery and miracle (in a sense minute because so *delicate)* was to pare a four-piece rock (without so much as a roll for good-times'-sake) down to Sartre's "diamond pain". Television held Rock in the thraldom of a trance, the chains of a mesmerising ethereality. At a precise mid-point between the physical and the cerebral Verlaine and Lloyd balanced life and death. Their guitars glistened with the cruelty of gods.

How then to explain (away) the various slabs that have subsequently been hewn off a matrix of such glacial purity? How did a crystal come to be split back into dull mineralities like 'Alchemy' and 'Dreamtime'?

Because you *could* put it like this: even if guitars had wings and a Fender Jaguar could fly it would *still* have got stumped on Fred Smith's blubbery bass and Jay Dee Daugherty's dopey drums. I mean, what a bunch of boogie dorks! This bumhugging slump was a trillion whipchords from 'Ain't That Nothin' (a song which really DID prove that rack'n'rawl needn't simply echo back from the crypt) and only Tom's goat-like wheedle of a voice distinguished it from a host of minor cock-rockers.

Echoes? There's *nothing* of Bunnymac's breathless joy here, none of his frantic interjections — and there *could* be. OK, so neither of them plays it for the demon of Sex, neither has a particularly lusty charisma, but stood erect against, say, 'Show Of Strength', Verlaine's 'Always' sounds positiveley dehydrated.

Nobody's writing the guy off in toto; there were some perfectly adequate songs being thrown around. It's just that Tom's lost that vigilant perforation, the tumescent gulping of the solo on 'Torn Curtain'.

One admittedly godlike moment occurred when — significantly — the other dodos fell away and Verlaine stitched up the frets with a string of notes as rounded, tangible, and shattered as pearls. Yes, very occasionally — fretfully — Tom blistered. More generally, though, he's already a victim of the Neil Young Syndrome: in other words, he's become yer average cult guitar hero.

'Penetration' was a brighter sparkle, but it didn't, you understand, SHAKE.

My my, hey hey (etc), there was more heartbreak in Pete Perrett or Neil Young at their VERY SOPPIEST than in this evening's 'Breaking In My Heart' which sounded like some ropey old classic of pub rock '75. And the song 'Marquee Moon', which I've always thought the only really boring song Television ever wrote, came in for more stifling treatment than could possibly be imagined by anyone who wasn't there. Half an hour or so through and a demure kind of Lydia Luncholite wandered onstage to pout alongside Tom in what seemed to be a rather dewy-eyed Loft Mix of Tom Petty's and Stevie Nicks' 'Stop Draggin' My Heart Around'. (Petty and Knickers were a good deal cuter).

I can't bring myself to admit that old Verl ain't still an "important" (yeah!) "figure" (hooray!) — and actually the OGWT 'Days On The Mountain' session was pretty sublime — but compared with The Associates on TOTP (I may soon have to get my haircut altered) his gaunt ceremony, give or take the odd soft spot, was UTTERLY ANODYNE.

Hats off and eyes down to Morley's manifesto-ation of faith (let my signature be the first of many) in New Order, for coincidentally the forlorn Verlaine is precisely the *lack* of a new order — a name that derives surely not from any rightist futurism but from the aforementioned Valery, who said that if you heard a "pure and exceptional noise that cannot be confused with others, you would at once have the feeling of a beginning of a new world . . . a new order would arise, and you yourselves would unconsciously organize yourselves to receive it."

Tenderly and hurtfully yours,

Barney Hoskyns

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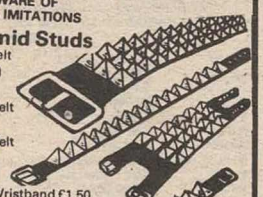

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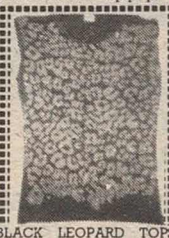

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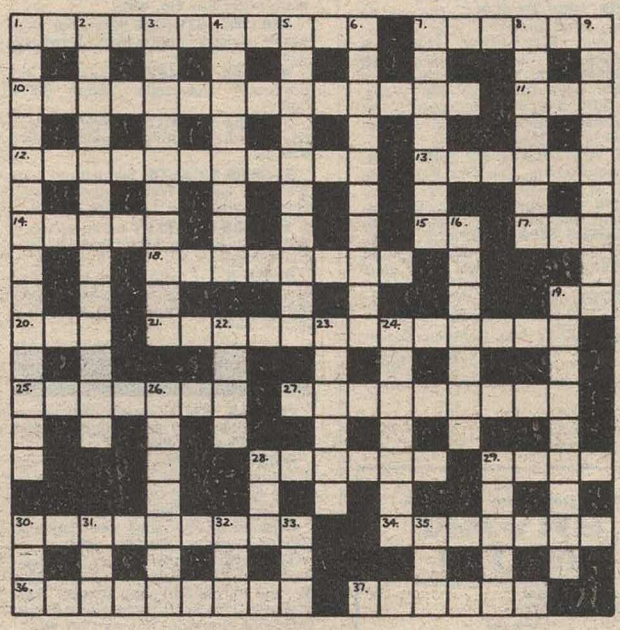

ACROSS

1 The Jaz-band that folded due to Iceland's World Cup call-up or something . . . (7-4)
7 & 29 . . . and this chap, whose surname suggests another Joe Jordan, also heard the call to quit recently (6-6)
10 Crashed planes let Elvis become part of Funboy Three (7-7)
11 Peek, Flowers and Co., from the wide blue yonder (3)
12 *"Hong Kong is up for grabs, London is full of Arabs"* — line from which ditty? (7-4)
13 Siouxsie song is real but not quite . . . (6)
14 . . . Roxy Music song is rubbish but not really (5)
15&19&36 B. A. Robertson's *"in hard-back or paper cover"* single (2-2-2-3-2-2)
17 Duran Duran label label (1-1-1)
18 *"We got your message on the radio, conditions normal and you're coming home"* (5-3)
20 Hank Marvin nearly wrote a fib 21 years ago (1-1-1)
21 They've been caught in a flux (7-2-4)
25 & 27 & 37 Beatles album track also featured in Stars on 45 (1-6-4-5-6)
28 see 7A
29 Group therapy (4)
30 True to their name, undistinguished group who scraped bottom of the charts in 1980 with 'Parisienne Girl' (9)
34 Clint's pardner (7)
36 see 15
37 See 25

DOWN

1 Fad Gadget's trouser zips and buttons rule o.k. . . . (4-2-3-5)
2 . . . and what is o.k. for UB40 won't be for McEnroe & Co (4-2-7)
3 Jackson Five's fourth successive top 10 hit in 1970 (3-2-5)
4 Randy Bachman's group prior to B.T.O. (5-3)
5 John Cooper-Clarke married someone from here (5-5)
6 Pete Townshend solo album (5-5)
7 What a present — with Jam on it too! (3-4)
8 Their specialist subject is XOYO — unsure on Mastermind a long time after (7)
9 Gerry Rafferty went to great lengths to see the Queen (5-4)
16 Something that goes up your nose, but with a french letter on the end, a la Jam Jarre himself (7)
19 *"Glory, glory, glory, listen to the band"* — Blue Mink (6-3)
22 He was known as the man with the Twang . . . (4)
23 . . . and this was one of his twangiest hits in 1960 (6)
24 Britain's 1965 entry in the Yawnosong Contest from Kathy Kirby (it came 2nd)! (1-6)
26 And in the following year Little Stevie Wonder's first hit (7)
28 Rod Stewart's legs? . . . (3)
29 . . . and from a band of the same name in 1972 emerged a well-known singer, writer, video producer, etc (5)
30 & 32 Originally a hit for Dixie Cups, currently revived by two new versions including Belle Stars (3-3)
31 German band formed in 1968 in Cologne (3)
32 see 30
33 Bobbie Gentry gave one to Billy Joe (3)
35 Blondie's accompaniment to the beat (3)

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LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Across: 1 'Playground Twist', 7 Strummer, 10 'Omma', 12 *NME*, 13 In Pink, 14 'Sextet', 15 'Heartbeat', 17 'Ich', 20 U.D.R., 22 'House of Fun', 24 Teg, 27 Ebo, 28 Ette, 29 D.J., 31 Olive, 33 Hot, 34 Amy, 35 Element, 37 Disc, 38 Minnie Pops.

Down: 1 Passions, 2 You, 3 Over, 4 Temptation, 5+26 'I Want Candy', 6 Three Courgettes, 8 Rap, 9 Mania, 11 'Fever', 16 *Rudeboy*, 18+19+30 'Hit The Road Jack', 19 See 18, 20 Use, 21 Rool, 23 Five, 25 Eton, 26 See 5, 30 See 18, 32 Elvi, 36 Map.

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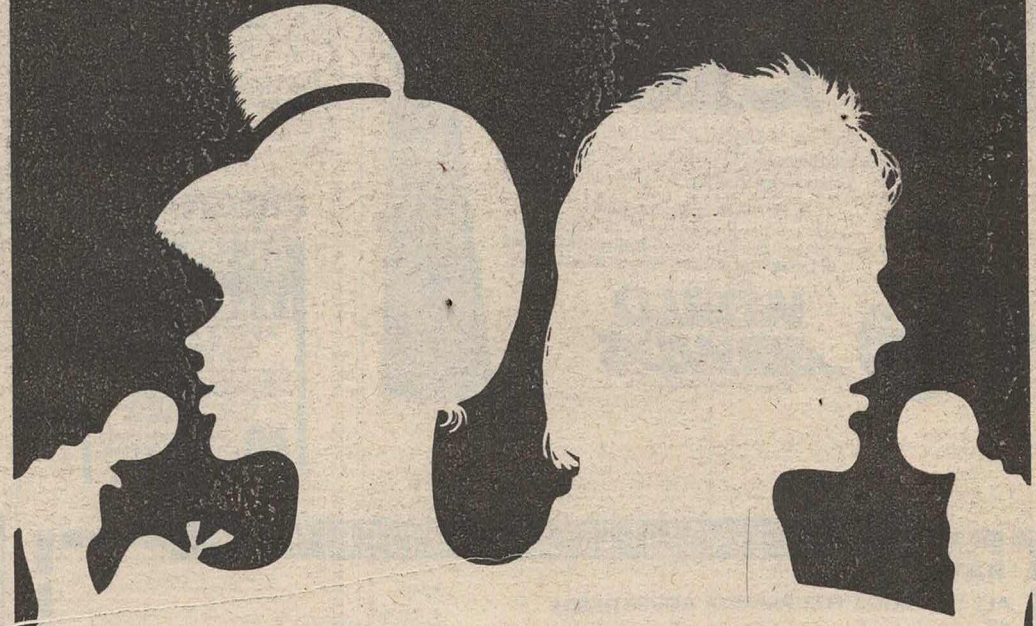

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Comfy Cosey *Pic: Alain de la Mata*

SYN-DRUM TANTRUMS

CHRIS AND COSEY

Trance (Rough Trade)

IN THEIR fifteen minute heyday Throbbing Gristle were startling, bizarre and provocative. Their experimental gauntlet, thrust boldly into the face of post-punk indecision, remained unchallenged; and almost overnight, the peculiar sub-band of mutant electro-pop cavortings proceeded to sew another branch to the punky sapling.

But that was THEN, and this is NOW! The sapling became a tree, suffered all kinds of plagiaristic disease and died the Dutch Elm death. Now, the cavortings have lost their freshness and electronic therapy classes are held twice weekly in a selection of Indie garages. Now the Gristle's past its prime but Chris and Cosey have persevered to stay throbbing doggedly on, stranded aboard a deserted ship; 'Trance' should make them walk the plank.

The curriculum of 'Trance', a manifesto of no-dance, still lies deeply embedded in the TG syndrome of syn-drum tin-drum tantrums. But these are no jazz-funk greats, only stilted synth-bores with neutered claws, jaded and faded into complacency. Chris and Cosey, aka The Creative Technology Institute, present the pedantic machinery of 'Trance' as eight different tracks, but there's really only three: 'Secret', 'Re-education Through Labour' . . . and the rest.

'Secret' echoes the dub-funk rhythm steeped in intricate gadgetry. Stabbing horns jump-start the beat and fade in phase to face with shrieking synthesisers. A vocal flashes past fast and in and out (of love) fast. There's manic percussion pulsing with flavour in favour of a more cathartic concoction.

The rest present a tame fabricated formula of Soft Cellish hellish base rhythms distorted and contorted, slowed down and speeded up to suit each track. Chugging sluggish electronics with a superimposed veneer of weird noise pyrotechnics touting for interest, shouting for help. Creative Technology? Trance'd be a fine thing.

'Re-education Through Labour' deserves recognition and acclaim, if only because it shatters sinfully through most of the flaccid conventions of the 'Trance' genre. Where 'Secret' succeeds with a fractured display of horns and vocals nagging at the senses, 'Re-educated' merely wreaks havoc with available resources. The lazy electronic veneer mutates and becomes a perverted blanket of noise caterwauling beyond the point of frenzy. Another machine thunders through a frenetic eastern drum sound. The final result is a collision of disturbing imagery from machines moving closer to ecstacy and pain in a moment of pure trance.

Coming out of trance and back to 'Trance'. And a hefty descent it is too. The colder, calculated pose of peddling overused ideas wears far too thin for far too long to justify anything more than a casual interest in Chris and Cosey's presentation. And at the present rate of two runs an album, The Creative Technology Industry's batting average seems doomed to obscurity.

Amrik Rai

FROM FLOOR TO BED

RICK JAMES

Throwin' Down (Motown)

A TIGHT black leather suit with thigh-length red leather boots was what Rick James sported on his last album cover; on this one he's stripped down warrior fashion to a loincloth, an axeman in greaves (metallic shinpads) astride a guitar — and a woman in slavish pose. Not only does James' music, then, suffer in comparison to the best of Parliament-Funkadelic and Collins-Clinton; the imagery doesn't come off very well either: the trappings — remember that some of his roots are in hard rock — come courtesy of that lowest form of fantasy, HM. Simple-mindedly so.

While Prince, for example, turns this heavy heritage (as that inveterate phallocrat-watcher Ian Pen(is)man pointed out in a review) into a perverse porno pantomime with sinister conservative overtones (at least Ray-gun's got balls etc), James is very much the innocent, for all his flash vulgarity and talk of kinkiness and freakiness and sexiness.

What dirty edge there is to his funkier material (a lot of it formally like the harder parts of Wonder's 'Innervisions' knowingly re-visited) is blunted by the out-and-out love songs and ballads which James feels he has to include on an album: 'Throwin' Back' does its duty with 'Teardrops', 'Happy' and 'My Love' and with the help of Teena Marie. The ultimate effect of the duetting is of a less syrupy Billy and Syreeta. Not that the production (all of it, like the arranging and writing done by James) is ever rough: this is an '80s Motown record, made in California *about* New York.

However, James the self-advertised punk funkster can't be totally written off as Motown's token rebel, some kind of glib proof that the company can still get down to street level, after two decades of aspiring above it. No, he's not all blunt: his harking back to the streets, his funk with the rock 'quotes' (and Prince does that too), does have a degree of honesty. James doesn't pretend, in the wake of his worldwide success (everywhere but Britain, that is), that he's still down there with his beloved hustlers, pimps, whores and casualties. 'Standing On The Top', looking down on the crawling city from the great height of stardom, is certainly no piece of romanticisation, but neither does it fall into the trap of look-at-me-I-just-moved-up snobbery. It's nearly a great track with the horns locking onto the beat, and James' voice, with help from the Temptations, stretching over it. It's all too short, though: what should've developed into a great work-out remains a kind of half-number.

'Dance Wit' Me', 'Money Talks', 'Throwdown' and 'Hard To Get' are in a similar but more complete vein. Unfortunately the vocal sometimes shows the strain: James might have one of those very workable mid-range voices capable of quite a bit of power, but it still gets patchy. The change-over to those love-songs underlines this all the more: there's something hollow and sentimental when a fellow who makes such a play of swagger and braggadocio, sets out to prove he has a heart of soul. At least Prince has the benefit of the irony of his ridiculous castrato voice.

If James mostly divides his time between being hard and soft, '69 Times' (are we being nudged in French, soixante-neuf etc?) is meant as something of a compromise. It's also nearly a pop song. Like so much of this album, though, it doesn't quite come off. Doubts remain: why, those God-fearing Christians The Commodores have at their best made a much better job than him of alternating the funk with loving fancifulness.

And I've already made adverse comparisons with Prince, Funkadelic etc. That said, I like Rick James: there are few who make such enticing invitations to the floor. He can stick his bed, though.

Paul Tickell

Rick James *Pic: Joe Bangay*

Fun funk quiz answer: The Bend AKA

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'THOSE' PICTURES

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Reader Dolores of Crawley sent us in this perky snap, which she titled: "Thursdays wouldn't be the same without my NME: *those guys bend over backwards to please!!!"*

Letters edited by The Ghost of the Marquis de Sade

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SEXUAL POLITICS

I was shocked, disgusted and thoroughly upset at the sight of willies on the inside back page (5.6.82). Just what is this paper coming to? I was thoroughly insulted. Why can't a man read a paper without having to see a willie somewhere in it? I will certainly never bother to buy *NME* again, it is becoming just another trashy, sexist peep-show. It seems to me that your *TZers* page is just turning into a "Where can we show another naked man?" syndrome. Does a politically and intellectually stimulating page such as *TZers* have to degrade itself by showing nude men? Please, please, please stop this burst of anti-male propoganda.
Michael Holt, Chadderton, Oldham.
For the benefit of a less, urm, politically flexible readership, perhaps it should be pointed out that the preceding epistle was of a subtly parodic nature. — TGoTMdS

From my perusal of the Bag lately it would seem that the definition of a sexist is "any man who disagrees with a feminist". As one who has had occasion to disagree with the more hysterical of our "sisters" and their liberal-guilt-ridden/ condescending male chums, I must applaud the Bag for its subtle deflation of these New Victorians. Also I commend X. Moore for his numbering of that stale old biological-reductionist red herring (no pun intended) "patriarchy".
B. Spence, Cumbria.

D. H. Lawrence wrote an essay about English and French painting, or more specifically about the lack of nudes in the former and the abundance in the latter. He concluded that the English were basically ashamed of the body and frightened of sex because two royal houses — both the Tudors and Stuarts — had died out as a direct result of what are still coyly called 'sexually transmitted diseases'. The French had been more lucky in these matters.

The fear and loathing seem to remain in the male and female feminists who winge on this page. Honeymoon Killer Veronique has a body rather like most other female members of the species. But pictures of these people make the life of at least one of your readers 'hell'.

Do these feminists really believe that with every British newsagent full of nude mags and half the newspapers full of tits the *NME*'s male readership buy the rag to use as pornography? *Zut alors!*
A Frog, the Alps.

Quite right (on)! Sure not every display of sexuality need signal a diminution of the individual body — there is nothing "sexist" about the humour or ambiguity or even force of the sensual moment. Rip it up! Awhipbopaloobop — Oh no! Here come the stern troopers. . . — TGoTMdS

51% of the population of this country is female. However, you wouldn't think so if you looked at the institutions of power . . . and needless to say this situation is reflected in music, where the vast majority of musicians, writers, technicians, and record company people are men. I would have thought this was pretty obvious (look through any music paper any week) Yet arseholes like Monty Smith discuss the relative merits (ha!) of pornographic magazines, and put down women who write and complain. Well, I'm a man and can see, 'objectively' and from outside that women are oppressed. So let's see something positive about women for a change, eh?
Simon Gaffe, Brockley.
A) For you I would recommend a read of some of Angela Carter's admirably named 'The Sadean Woman' and challenge the claim to 'objective' validity of any male analysis of female 'oppression'. Whilst *NME* reflects the imbalance of participation you mention — in terms of ratio: male/female writers — the Editorial staff don't discriminate against anyone but bad writers. The 'causes' of such a dichotomy are obviously deep-rooted . . . not just the obvious black/white Leftist ones so often (and so vociferously) aired. B) Monty's writing is a rapturous blend of frankness and many kinds of humour. C) What's so bad about the "arsehole", oh Liberal one? — TGoTMdS

I just do not believe the way the *NME* has recently nose dived into the pits. N. Wiltshire writes to complain (quite rightly) of the bare breasted Isabelle Huppert *(Stephane Audran actually — Ed.)* The reply is that *"Gay News is available over the counter."* Does this mean to say that because he is male and complains about bare breasts that he is a homosexual. I too am of the male species (unfortunately) and I too do not like to see exploitation of the female form in the media, and I am certainly not homosexual. If there were a scene in *Clean Slate* containing a bare penis I very much doubt whether this would have been shown. On the same page a woman wrote to complain that you have become a *"trashy sexist peep show"* Monty Smith then insults her terribly by saying that she is a *"sad miserable person and just a wee bit perverse"*. Just because she does not like to see the female body spread all over your pages in obviously seductive poses?
A very radical male feminist.
A) Fed up with the male species? Sex changes are now available courtesy your very liberal NHS. B) Bare penises *(sic)* are few and far between (?) in the movies for antique legal reasons — there's little *we* can do about that. *Zipper* is available over selected counters. C) The photo in question does not feature the female body in an "obviously seductive pose" — but features a scene of voyeurism, one stitch in the fabric of *Clean Slate*'s comic view of sex and sexualities. D) Perhaps 'radial' was the word you were searching for — TGoTMdS

Anyone for S/M (arties)? Well those two are *so* masculine they can do for each other too! Wow, so when the barricades finally go up Penprick and Maulme will definitely be on the other side — they have been seen nailing their satin shorts to the mast, true (black'n') blue Tories to a boy. Tho' so young and pretty today (or so they tell us) tomorrow we'll see them heading straight for the expense account lunchtime — more pissed, more lies (geddit!) — of Fleet St itself. I mean, Eel and Porn's embarrassing S&M laced ("uptight") mysoginist *(sic — I. P.)* piffle would be more at home in the *Daily Express*. So we'll leave 'em flagellating each other into a frenzy of self-aggrandisment and mediocrity till they turn completely into wobbling paranoid jellies finished off at the top with whipping cream, of course! You never know your luck Porman, you might even get knocked down by an ambulance too!
Cheryl Barrat, Crawley, Sussex.
PS: I know you could be really funny and head this letter PRE MENSTRUAL TENSION or something hysterical — if you ever print it.
Freeze the fury a bit, whatever you modern-age young moralists do to unwind . . . What *do* you do?

In my long experience as pleasure-terrorist, Sado-Masochism is no hiding place for 'misogyny'; it is a stamping ground for skin-psyches unsuited to the linear demarcation of sexual release. It is a code which divides or discriminates *NOT* on gender. It is a code world in which people *know* what they want and what's likely to be at risk. (It also stands for Slave/Master — try *that* out for metaphoric 'political' resonance) How your modern world has sublimated the surface aesthetic of "S&M" into advertising or the sectarian marketplace of dilapidated male-desire-orientated pornography . . . that is your problem, not ours — TGoTMdS

THE WONDERFUL (?) WORLD OF LINDSAY ANDERSON!

No doubt I was naif to expect a sympathetic, iconoclastic humour from any representative of *The New Musical Express*. But I was really amazed — as well as

★★★★★★★★★★

Clean living Monty 'Clutches' Smith poses with personal secretaries Dawn and Marie, in a break from his gruelling schedule (he is currently writing an expose on "verbal abuse" offered in certain Soho establishments: Bar Food: NO Holds Barred???)

★★★★★★★★★★

disappointed — to find you, interviewer evidently having expected a sort of Salvation Army message of Hope, an affirmation of Man's Unconquerable Mind, Spirit or whathaveyou, from a film that is so evidently a satire, a mockery of the way things are, a *memento mori*. If I am convinced, and if my work reflects the conviction, that humanity is suffering critically from a dangerous form of moral cancer, then it is useless for Richard Cook to hate me for not reassuring him that the species is merely suffering from a nasty cold, and everything will be all right next week.

Partly this is a simple question of critical intelligence. There's no point in approaching a film like *Brittania Hospital* as though it were attempting (and missing) the comprehensive humanity of, say, *The Grapes Of Wrath* or *Panther Panchali*. You don't dismiss Celine for not writing like Tolstoy. Don't ask Beckett to make you laugh like Ben Travers. Or Woody Allen. And so on.

I certainly claim that *Britannia Hospital* is a humanistic film But humanism is not sentimental: it cannot afford to be. It is humanistic in that it places man at the centre of his world, with nothing to fall back on — no God, no built-in mechanism of survival — except his own intelligence. It's a grim joke. And the only "Hope" is in the resilience and resolution with which we face our situation.

Richard Cook taxed me with "arrogance" — presumably for defending my work against ignorant and uncomprehending attack. How would he describe, I wonder, his colleague Andy Gill, an intellectual Storm-trooper if ever there was one. Andy Gill has no time for analysis, for definition of terms or argument or anything old-fashioned like that. "God knows what these people hope to achieve. . ." These people? Well, if I have to go out of the window with Aristophanes, Jonson, Shaw and Brecht, Vigo and Bunuel, I'll be going in good company. And happy to leave Andy Gill to strut round his bonfire of books and movies with the Yahoo philistinism which is nearer than he thinks to the soppy, non-commital alienation of his "liberal" colleagues. It's odd how many of these critical bullyboys get a real rapist's hard on when they find themselves behind a typewriter.
Lindsay Anderson, 9 Stirling Mansions, Canfield Gdns, NW6 3JT.

***Britannia Hospital* may well be *"a grim joke"*, Lindy. Unfortunately, the accent would appear to be on "grim". And as rapist's hard-ons go, you seem to be pretty tumescent yourself — A.G.**

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE INTERNATIONAL POP STAR!

Excellent Human League interview; one of the best yet. But one more crack about Leeds United and I'll smash your faces in.
A Camden Leeds supporter.
OH! Let it be me! — TGoTMdS

I really enjoyed your article on the Human League, but there's one slight problem. The picture of Phil Oakey on page 27 is backwards. What I want to know is, did they 'dare' to take a drive across the Golden Gate?
Lisa, a Human League fan from the S. Bay Area.
What I wonder is did Phil Oakey dare go out on the streets of San Francisco at night with those incendiary nipples of his — careful with that keychain, Phil baby! — TGoTMdS

After reading Andrew Tyler's article in *NME* (29.5.82) I felt stimulated into writing a letter on how I feel synthesizers are killing not only music but also basic human emotions. The creation of music is art, while the creation of little tunes from a synthesizer is nothing but sheer commercialism. People need physical power, stimulation, to increase communcation and bring down barriers. Technology is creating a breed of individuals without human emotions.
Eric Gilbert, Bexhill on Sea, Sussex.
What is this instrument of terror and dissolution you call a synthesizer? It maims "basic human emotions"? It is easy to manipulate? Lead me to their store! — TGoTMdS

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF PAUL MORLEY!

Speaking as someone who was part of the audience at Wembley, I (and ten thousand other people) enjoyed Foreigner's performance immensely. If your writer had made any criticism I would have been pleased to disagree with him but as he made no sense whatsoever, I am unable to reply. Ten thousand other people were brought together at Wembley Arena by one common denominator and Paul Morley, without a doubt, must have been the loneliest man in the world that night. The affinity that we, the audience, felt with one another obviously did not touch him at all. How sad.
Beverley Osborne (Mrs.), Barking, Essex.
Paul Morley — the loneliest man in the world? Ah, well, these young *NME* boys have their existential reveries from time to time, but where Paul and companionship are concerned I can assure you that wherever his princely countenance wanders, a throng of admirers is sure to follow. Let's just start with the A's . . . ! — TGoTMdS

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SIL McNEILL'S OUT TRAY!

Dear Sil McNeil,
You very kindly suggested that if I wrote a short note about the Samaritans and the Festivals this year you might be able to make some mention of this in your magazine. Anything you can do to help us tell more people

that we about during these coming months will be terrific. There is so much loneliness and misery around, hidden by a great euphoria of many thousands of rock lovers. We don't want to make a depressing statement, but just to say positively "We'll be there, to be with you and listen — but only if you want to."
Rex Cannon, Hon. Publicity Officer, The Samaritans.
It was my experience that loneliness and misery often went hand in hand with great euphoria . . . But who are these "rock lovers"? Is this some delightful new American perve I've yet to encounter? — TGoTMdS

THE EVER WONDERFUL WORLD OF SHORT-LETTERS!

I bought two copies of the BowWowish one-sided single and glued them together. But I'm 'fraid I must have made some kind of mistake, 'coz I can't hear anything on either side.
Mats Wilander, Linkoping, Sweden.
Ah, the wonderful world of Nordic humour! — TGoTMdS

Are you sure George Harrison has nothing to do with Monsoon?
John Connolly, New Barnet.
As far as inflicting pain goes, John Connolly's sense of humour can be relied on to consistently deliver around about the neck area. — TGoTMdS

I find it sad that some people's intellects are so limited that when confronted with Toyah, the most they can manage is childish comments about her lisp. If you don't like her music then be adult and articulate enough to criticise that commodity which she is offering, and not continue to make those cheap and boring digs at a superficial and irrelevant quality such as a speech impediment. I'm sorry we don't all speak exactly the same.
C. Grogan, London EC.
Tho am I — weally *weally* thorry. (Heh heh heh!) — TGoTMdS

Dear Danny, although I thoroughly enjoyed your zany piece of journalism on Miss Ross I must say how dismayed I was by your whopping great blunder — you failed to mention the price of the seats!
Carmel the Catholic, Oxford.
How's this for smarting FACT: Danny didn't pay for his and doesn't give a good Goddamn if you had to! Let's leave his whopping great blunder out of this, though. — TGoTMdS

I feel I should make an appeal on behalf of Billy MacKenzie. If just half the people who waste their time reading the letters on your page went out and bought the Associates' 'Club Country', then our Billy'd be able to splash out on a new shirt. Therefore the next time he appears on TOTP, he won't have to make do with just a vest.
Anonymous, Crouch End, London N8.
I thought his musculature looked rather fetching, actually — although *who* could take their eyes off Martha Ladly's beautiful leather thong ensemble? — TGoTMdS

Once upon a time, I wrote a gratuitous letter of praise to a certain Mr. Penman. I did not receive a reply. Common courtesy costs nothing — indicative of modern manners, methinks.
Regards, Hank 'Show me the way to the next candy bar' Quinlan, Gwent.
Not only is young Penman the strong and silent type, but — just between you and me — I happen to know that praise (gratuitous or otherwise) will get you nowhere. Try toilet language and heavy abuse, he'll be on his knees before you can say "use me". — TGoTMdS

Not exactly Rodin, But Dept.

Summer in the city and hearts throb everywhere, so hie yourselves along to the Photographers Gallery at 5 Great Newport St, W1, any Tuesday-Saturday between 11 and 7pm to feast your peepers on* Derek Ridgers' *series of pix entitled 'The Kiss'. Admission is free; the exhibit opens June 25th.

t-zers

WE REGRET to announce that this week's *T-Zers* — a bright, breezy, witty and wild bunch of thirty or more prime pranksters — are unable to be with us, following the breakdown of the specially-chartered chara bringing them home from a gay weekend in Yarmouth . . .

And so, as our little absent friends while away the time in a lay-by off an arterial road Somewhere In The South Of England, fortified by crates of brown ale and singing non-sexist rugby songs to keep their peckers up, we at *NME* HQ must step person-fully into the breach. In place of our advertised programme, therefore, we bring you — strictly as a second-best, *ad hoc* emergency arrangement — a nutritious diet of facts, true stories, accurate reports and certified real-life events. Don't pull a face. IT'S GOOD FOR YOU, dammit! So shut up, sit back, and get this down yer neck . . .

Our first TRUE story takes us to the picturesque port of Liverpool, a place that will be remembered by reggae superstar **Freddie McGregor** for evermore. For it was that town's largest venue, the Empire Theatre, that saw more than 2000 people turn up to see him, many under the mistaken impression that Freddie was, in fact, **The Rolling Stones**. Which he isn't, nor ever has been, nor has any intentions of becoming. It all began last Wednesday, the day before his scheduled appearance, when a local DJ announced that the Stones would be playing on Thursday night, "under the name of Freddie McGregor". *NME*'s switchboard was inundated with calls from Merseyside readers, anxious to know if the story was true, and even Granada TV rang to check it out . . .

Full of that cool, assertive authority for which we are so (un)justly renowned, we were able to assure them that the tale was totally false, as the **Stones** would be playing to 72,000 people in Munich on the night in question . . .

Fortunately — for us, at least, if not for them — not *every* Stones fan in Liverpool thought to check with us or with anyone else. As a result the Empire which till that point had sold relatively few McGregor tickets — completely sold out within hours. The DJ's hysteria-provoking announcement wasn't entirely out of the blue, however: rumours of Stones appearances on selected McGregor dates were circulating for at least two weeks beforehand . . .

Fuel was added to the fire by news from London's Capital Radio that the group would appear with Freddie at the Brixton Fair Deal on July 16, based on a tip-off phoned in by "a press-agent". According to the Fair Deal: "We've known about these rumours for weeks, but we have no reason to believe they have any validity". So how did the story start? Well it's true that McGregor has opened for the Stones on some US dates. In any event, it hasn't harmed his box-office receipts . . .

Meanwhile, the Stones' proverbial 'spokesman' tells us that the group "have a full schedule of stadium dates this month, in Britain and Europe, and they're certainly not going to interrupt that for some small surprise gigs. At the moment they have some gaps in their July schedule, and there is the possibility of more 'commando raids' then — but I should think that any Freddie McGregor shows would now be at the bottom of their list, in view of all this publicity" . . .

DEDICATION! **Echo And The Bunnymen** sacrificed huge amounts of money in studio-costs to interrupt their third-album recording work at Rockfield studios, driving down to London to catch **Tom Verlaine's** London show, and driving back the same night. Also in the audience was **Laurie Anderson** . . .

TROUBLE, it seems, doesn't just follow **Johnny Thunders** around, it surrounds him like an aura. Having already made the front pages of the Swedish papers earlier this year — courtesy of his customary onstage antics — he disgraced himself again last week after managing to complete a mere three numbers on the first of his return-visit concerts in Stockholm. Because the venue was packed with police and journalists, all in attendance to observe how he behaved, Thunders immediately cancelled the rest of the tour . . .

But that wasn't the last of it. Having returned to Englandby boat with bassist **Tony James**, Thunders booked a flight home to New York last Thursday. Waiting for his plane, he was apprehended by the police and found to be carrying the usual "various substances". In the meantime, while Thunders waits to hear the conclusions of the police analysis, his passport has been confiscated, and it's reported that his band has broken up. Almost inevitably, Thunders himself has gone AWOL . . .

Andy Gill, Gang Of Four, on last week's Gang *T-Zer,* which colourfully suggested that they all donned drag for a promo film: "It's completely untrue and actually quite damaging. The vaguest connection was that the TV producer wanted **Sarah** to wear a girl guides outfit, a request which we politely declined." Weeelll. What's a bit of gentle exaggeration between friends. Andy? "Exaggeration? That's not an exaggeration. It's a lie!" The video itself, alas, will never see the light of day. The Gang had to hot-foot their way out of the Yorkshire TV studio before filming could be completed, to play a gig that night . . .

The next single from **DAF,** we learn from a source not a million miles away from **Chris Bohn,** will be a re-working of their first one, 'Kebab Traume'. But aren't they all? . . .

Squeeze are being despatched, via Concorde no less, to the States this week to resume their US tour, where they're due to headline at Madison Square Gardens . . .

ONE **Ferry**-ette on the way: cover-boy **Bryan** has announced his upcoming marriage to 22-year-old debutante-style girlfriend **Lucy Helmore,** scheduled to deliver a bouncing baby Bryan-ling in November . . .

Leonard Pountney's hair clinic — previously noted for its proprietors uncanny **Kissinger**-similarity on tube station posters — can now boast yet another famous client in the form of **Gary Neuman.** That's right: according to *The Sun,* our Gaz has become "the youngest star to have a hair transplant" — an operation said to have cost something like £1,600 . . .

T-Zers does its routine *Police Five* spot: this time it's on behalf of **Mood Six,** who found their cars bereft of contents after last week's London show. Missing items include demo tapes, videos and stage clothes. Info to EMI press office on 486 4488 . . .

In these days of jealous backbiting, poisonous rivalry and all-round paranoia, it's nice to record that cuddly **Miles Copeland,** at least, has a pleasant word for everyone. Check his upcoming interview in *International Times.* Of **Jake Riviera?** "He's a raving prick". And **Jane Fonda?** "I hate that bitch". And, gulp, what of the good ol' *NME*? "It's snide and nasty". Well he should know. Seems only the Tory Party escapes unscathed from Miles' misanthropy. That and capitalism itself: "It's the greatest thing of all" . . .

Oops. So upset was **Amrik Rai** in his review of the **Dexy's** Radio One gig in Newcastle last week when he saw DJ **Peter Powell** "selling" his autograph that he forgot to find out who was collecting the receipts. Not PP himself, as AR suggested, but charity. *T-Zers* humbly skulks into the corner mumbling apologies. . .

Blondie's drummer **Clem Burke** was up before the London beak last Friday, being fined £50 for illegal possession of cocaine. Charged under his real name of, uh, **Bozeswki,** Clem admitted possession of about £20 worth of the stuff, found on him when police stopped and searched him in Victoria last month. "It's the sort of temptation to which people living the life that he lives succumb," said counsel for the defence.

Harlem's Apollo Theatre, which in its day hosted the likes of **Billie Holiday, Duke Ellington, James Brown, Aretha Franklin** and **Bob Marley,** is expected to re-open this autumn as a cable TV studio. The studio will be operated by the Inner City Broadcasting Corporation, which also owns two New York radio stations, the Caribbean-oriented WLIB and the soul/funk WBLS . . .

All the same, rock 'n' roll depravity isn't what it used to be. **Madness** were in Japan when news came through of their first UK number one, 'House Of Fun'. So what'd they do? Well, **Lee** went out and bought a huge basket of fruit and, and, they all cut themselves a slice of melon each, and, and, they *ate* it. And what else? Well, then they went to bed . . .

Sounds like a sound idea to us . . .

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Start as you mean to go on.

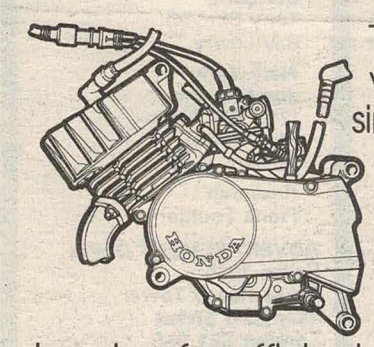
You'd love to sling a leg over the new CB1100R, or our V-four VF750S, or maybe one of our meaty dual purpose bikes like the XL500R. Perhaps, even the CX500 Turbo.

Only problem is, you're sixteen and the people at Westminster won't let you.

But you can still be part of the Honda legend. With the MB50 and MT50. The same technology and craftsmanship that went into creating our faster bikes went into creating these two beauties.

Little engine. Big thinking.

You could be forgiven for thinking that, as the engine has to be restricted to keep it legal in Britain, we mightn't have given it our all.



On the contrary. The 49cc reed-valve induction single-cylinder two-stroke engine features a carefully developed 'bell'-shaped combustion chamber for efficient combustion. The inlet features the same jet stream port scavenging system that was developed on our works motocrossers, and ignition, like some of the bigger bikes, is CDI with no points to adjust or replace.

No need to worry about mixing petrol and oil either, as it's all done automatically by a throttle-linked pump that meters out just the right amount of oil for every throttle setting. And, typical of our engineering thoroughness, we were the first manufacturer to fit a two-stroke motor with a balancer shaft to smooth out high frequency vibrations.

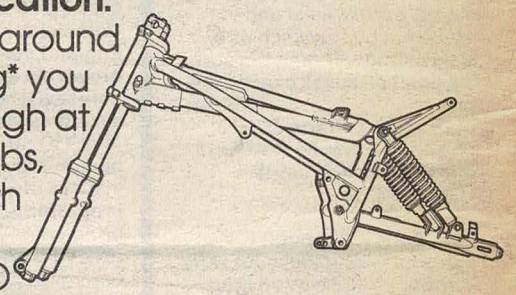
Lightweight handling. Heavyweight technology.

Simple and light, the X-type frame was designed along classic racing lines: triangulated configuration, using straight tubing wherever possible.

Forks on both models are leading axle, with 125mm of travel for the MB50 and 135mm of travel for the MT50, and feature proper damping, unlike a lot of other lightweights.

Like the forks, the five-way adjustable-preload laid-down shocks at the rear feature proper damping, with 90mm of travel for the MB50 and 125mm of travel on the MT50.

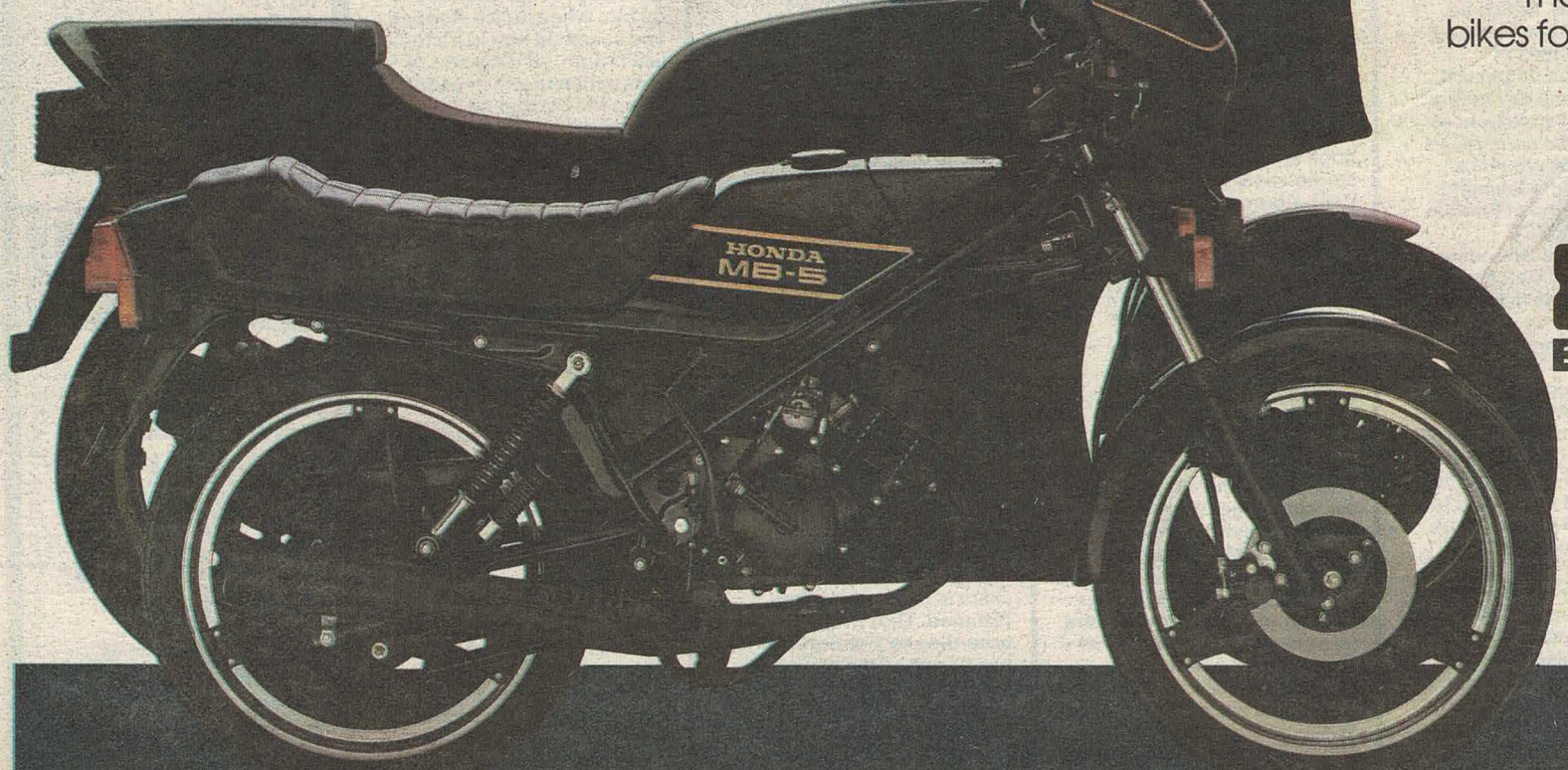
Lightweight price. Heavyweight specification.



At around 90mpg* you can laugh at the Arabs, and with a price of £340 for the MT50 and £351 for the MB50 you can laugh at the finance companies.

And if you're still not convinced, here are some more features normally found on bigger bikes: front disc brake, Comstar wheels, rev counter and handlebar fairing on the MB50, and Enduro styling, high level exhaust and knobbly tyres on the MT50.

The MB50 and MT50. Serious bikes for serious bikers.



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MB50S-A **£351** MT50S-A **£340** (Prices include manuf. delivery, m/cycle Tax, VAT and 12 month unlimited mileage warranty, exc. PDI, no. plate, etc.) HONDACARE

*Source: "Which Bike?" Road test.